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July

Collective Capitalism . . . . . George H. Hull, Jr.
Hexa Buch *A Story* . . . . . John Lineaweaver
An Evangelical's Defense . . . . . Frank E. Gaebelein
The Landowner's Lot . . . . . Julius M. Nolte
The Gentleman from Maryland . . . . . Henry Carter
Cynics Leave the Theater . . . . . Louise Maunsell Field
Chicago Strikes Back . . . . . William F. McDermott
The Newspaper's Lost Leadership . . . . . Burges Johnson
Willis Fletcher Johnson . . . . . B. S. Stanoyevich
Scenarios to the Office Boy . . . . . Bernard Simon
A College Warden Speaks . . . . . Laura W. L. Scales

Departments by William A. DeWitt, Barbara E. Scott, John Peil *and* Herschel Brickell

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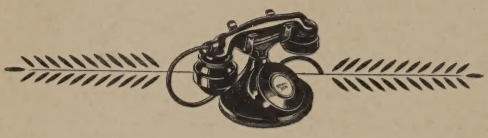

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WALTER BUTLER MAHONY
Editor

WILLIAM ALTON DEWITT
Managing Editor

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Per Dept
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Vol. 232

ONE-HUNDRED-SEVENTEENTH YEAR

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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

The Business Cycle

The New York *Times* Index of Business Activity, after reaching a peak during the first week of April, has declined steadily and precipitately ever since. It is hoped by all and believed by some that, after making a double bottom at or near the February low, the Index, following the pattern of 1921, will begin to climb out of the depression zone during the closing months of the year. So far, however, there is no statistical evidence that this will be the case. Few constructive developments may be hoped for during the immediate future, with price wars raging in our leading industries and the necessary wage readjustment delayed by the unfortunate interference of the Administration. On the other hand, nothing has happened yet which would prevent gradual recovery from setting in later this year. Fortunate are those financial prophets who are taking their vacations now. The immediate future is anybody's guess.

Last month I suggested that the years 1920 to 1930 might come to be known as the Chart Decade. The depression which followed may also be called the Ostrich Depression because, ostrich-fashion, it stuck its head in the ground, mumbled encouraging prophecies to itself, and believed that nobody could see that it was an ostrich. A few days ago, for the first time in two years, an important business leader called a spade a spade and admitted that things were not all right in his industry. Mr. Farrell's speech of May twenty-second before the Iron and Steel Institute was one of the most encouraging events of the year. The bad news is out. The public knows that at least the foremost industrial leaders realize that business is in very critical condition and that if the Government and labor officials would leave them alone they would try to do something about it. If a few more men of Mr. Farrell's calibre would follow his example and admit publicly what they tell their friends privately, it would alleviate the panic psychology which has seized the minds of the many thousands of individuals who control the nation's capital and are allowing it to stagnate in idleness. Uncertainty breeds fear. The optimistic hokum which our misguided leaders foisted upon us last year produced nothing but doubt and hesitation.

Construction

As explained last month, I consider the volume of contracts let for new construction as the most important business barometer. The present depression was forecast by their falling off throughout 1929, after the peak year of 1928. I am watching now to see whether this year my new-construction chart will follow the design of 1921, the recovery year of the last major depression. For a while this year the analogy was perfect, the abrupt decline of the closing months of 1930 being regained in the first quarter of 1931. The peak of the new construction line is normally reached in the spring for the logical reason that building can be done most easily in the summer. A contract let in April or May ensures six months of good building weather. In 1921, however, after a slight falling off following the normal peak reached in May, a second and higher peak was reached in September, the abnormal construction activity being the result of the very low building costs which, in turn, were brought about by the depression.

This year the spring peak appears to have been reached in April. In other words, the summer falling off began a month sooner than in 1921. Unless a secondary abnormal peak begins to materialize in the next month or so, as was the case in 1921, the new-construction barometer will point toward even lower corporate profits in the closing months

(*Continued on page X*)

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

When the ancient Emperors of China and the Moghuls of India with their Persian memories planned their gardens of desire — gardens which have, many of them, survived until our own times — they frequently embodied the idea of having them appear most perfect at a certain time of the year, or of the day, or night, and somewhere in each one was a quiet pool for reflection. They planted gardens which sent forth their fragrance only in the moonlight, others which attained perfection only when the shadows lengthened at sunset; they made gardens for the springtime, misty pink with peach and almond blooms, and gardens for the flaming maples of the autumn. In somewhat the same thoughtful way that those ancient beauty lovers planned their gardens do we of modern times try to gauge our seasons of travel. We seek the country we would travel at the season when she synchronizes best with nature's most perfect mood. Little wonder then that alert travellers are taking advantage of a cruise to the lands and islands of the Pacific in the fall of the year. It is an experience to be treasured. It is as though you had found a golden opportunity to walk through dozens of gardens of bewildering beauty, each peering at her own loveliness in their common pool — the Pacific.

Hawaii Shimmers on Your Horizon

Hawaii is the first of the garden-like islands on your path. It welcomes you with its own peculiar flower, the lei, which is hung about your neck in fragrant beneficence. Here on your drives over fine roads through the countryside you will see such a riot of greens and reds and purples as you scarcely dreamed could deck a single island. At the Pali nature seems verily to have run amok, so magnificent is the play of light and color on the landscape. At Hilo, too, if you have opportunity for a visit there, you will be impressed with the magnificent growth all about you — the tree-like ferns, the palms and other natural beauties within Hawaii National Park. You may have a look while you are there in the Fire Pit and before you leave watch the mists of Rainbow Falls blow away into dreams.

That Garden in Miniature — Japan

In Japan. A whole group of islands, each so much like the favorite work of a delicate miniaturist. Your first day ashore a medley of fresh experiences. Your first rickshaw ride, perhaps, your first whirl through a narrow street hung with lanterns at dusk. Your first glimpse of the Japanese tea ceremony in some secluded garden where a waterfall plays a gentle accompaniment to the graceful movements of an ancient rite. You may find the land so sweetly strange, after your days at sea, that you are willing to part with your ship-home for a week, while it sails on around to Nagasaki and leaves you to linger in more of Japan's alluring gardens.

Her temple gardens are pictures of artists come to life — everything in perfect balance, exact in proportions. Nothing in these gardens ever "hits you in the eye" as sometimes it does in ours, but from the dainty stepping-stones to the dwarf trees you are aware of a poetic restraint. Even the cranes and other birds which frequent these quiet retreats move gracefully, almost silently about, as though even they would not disturb the peaceful repose of nature. At Nara, where the park is virtually a garden, the sloe-eyed deer come confidingly close for largesse which has been thoughtfully provided before you reached them, for feeding the deer at Nara gives you the feeling of a true Japanese.

In Kyoto and Kobe you will learn that the pungent smell of burning charcoal floating through the golden haze means that autumn is just round the corner, that *hibachi* are

being lighted, that the slight chill in the air will soon bring the flaming of the maples on the hillsides, and that, as your rickshaw whirls through frequent villages you may see countless happy little families gathered round the red coals of their *hibachi* toasting their fingers. You will never again inhale that homely fragrance without remembering the gay throngs of laughing children scuffling at their play on wooden *geta*, the baskets in the flower markets piled high with the royal chrysanthemums of the Emperor and the enchanting little shops that line the streets filled with teapots and lacquer.

Across the Yellow Sea to China

NOTHING could be more in keeping with things than having to cross a yellow sea to reach China. Isn't yellow the imperial Chinese color? And the sea really is yellow — yellow as the Mississippi where the Missouri pours out its muddy soul to the Father of Waters. Now you will love China. She is quite irresistible from the moment you slip up to the dock on the Bund at Shanghai, past all the frantic little river craft which have scurried along beside you on the broad bosom of the Yangtze as though they would serve as a royal escort; or perhaps they just want to get all the journeying they can on the old river before she reaches the sea.

Chinese Garden Lore

RIGHT in the very midst of Shanghai, though it echoes much of that excitement we always associate with Paris, you may come upon gardens of great repose. There are the Pang Sung Gardens, and the rock gardens around the Willow Pattern Tea House in the Native City with its crooked bridges and fantastic pavilions. And if you choose to go farther inland to Soo Chow, perhaps, you will see the perfection of some of their, to our eyes, curious rock gardens. We wonder at the appeal of these strangely shaped rocks. Yet it leaves us more thoughtful to learn that each one stands for something. Some stones, those which are valued most highly, resemble standing figures of people. There are river stones. When a stone is brought from a river it is always placed near a pool or stream, for it is a water rock. When stones have been brought from a sunny land, they must be placed where the sun will warm them in the garden. So it is with trees, and trees really seem to mean more to the Chinese in their gardens than flowers; if a tree has been growing on a hillside, it will be transplanted to the little hill which every proper Chinese garden possesses. These gardens are not made as Kipling writes, "by saying, 'Oh, how lovely,' and sitting in the shade," but they stand for a lifetime devotion to nature. And in a Chinese garden you will always find a dainty pavilion where you may meditate and a still pool which mirrors the perfection of the universe. No wonder that we seek out these cherished Chinese gardens.

At Peking, half the glory of the Forbidden City and of the Summer Palace are to be found in their gardens. True, we may only surmise much of their magnificence now, but when their courtyards were gay with the splendor of the Manchu Court, they must have been surpassingly beautiful. Even now the yellow roofs of the Imperial Palaces, signifying the glory of the Emperor, and the pinkish red of the walls, which color bespoke the Empress, help to recreate the picture for us, as do the marble moon bridges and the sight of a royal peony.

We Catch Up With Summer

AS YOUR liner glides into the magic circle of Hongkong's perfect harbor, you catch up with summer again. Out of your trunks which have been stowed in the hold, you fetch everything thin and filmy that you can lay your hands on. Summer hats, parasols, fans. What fun — at the end of October! And whatever your clothes, they are always so up to the minute, because you know, fashions just crawl out to the East. So those who live in the Orient the year round admire our clothes, and because they do, we rather like them a bit better ourselves, and we are all happy. You will flaunt a gown you particularly like when you go to tea at the Peak Hotel where you may look down from its height over one of the most remarkable panoramas you will ever see. It may be unspeakably colorful and gay and inconsequential, or, if you chance to see it as I did, you will know the tenseness of a great stillness, of huddled sampans glimpsed at the docks

below, of humidity, and an uneasy waiting for the typhoon to strike.

A Touch of Spanish

Down in the Philippines you come upon that sudden touch of Spanish, unless, perchance you have already glimpsed it at Macao in the almost forgotten garden of that rare old Portuguese adventurer and poet, Camoens. When Spain mingled with the East, she always did it diplomatically, casting her spell gently over her Eastern possessions as though to coax them to her ways. You will find the touch of her finger in Manila — in the cream-colored old Cathedral with its Spanish towers, and in a bit of the old city wall.

Siam, Singapore, Java, Bali, the Celebes, the Fiji Islands and Samoa — each one is a garden with its palms fringing the great pool of the Pacific, and each is "number one" as your China boy would say. How happily, how contentedly then, may we leave our gardens at home to the birds and bees for a while, and wander through some of the forgotten love gardens of the East.

To India — Luxuriously or Economically

Almost every one has said to himself at one time or another, "Some day I shall go to India." Naturally enough, perhaps, he has felt that India would have to be considered as a single unit in his travel ventures, that it was a good way off and far too vast both in wealth of interest and size to consider lightly as a part of his general travel itinerary, and there was a time when he might have been right. For there is a lot to India. Distances are great and there is a tremendous amount to see and absorb. But times have changed even in India. Good hotels are found throughout the country and train service is excellent. The days when it may have seemed rather precarious to visit India are past. "Aright Naow," as our friend Maurice Chevalier reminds us, is the time to go to India or to lay your plans for doing so. Never have travel facilities there been so well organized. Perhaps that is because the Government has determined that India is to take her place on travel itineraries with the rest of the world.

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At any rate, they are doing wonders to make travel in India attractive both for those who wish to travel luxuriously and for those to whom economy is the watchword as well. You may have your choice — economy or luxury — and both are exceedingly satisfactory in their own ways.

Across Country in Your Own Hotel

If you wish to travel in what amounts to your own private car (though in India it will be called a "tourist car" and may be misleading to you on that account), you may follow your own itinerary, having your car detached at any place that strikes your fancy and staying as long as you like. Your car is your hotel. It may surprise you to learn that these cars embody really everything you would expect to find in the way of accommodations at the best hotels, even as we know them. Bathrooms with tiled floors and walls, enamel tubs, sleeping compartments with beds instead of berths, comfortably appointed salon and dining room, a modernly equipped kitchen boasting a refrigerator — think of it in India! — electric fans, your own servants with their private quarters, your meals when you want them and the way you like them. Really all you are called upon to do is to decide where you want to go and enjoy things when you get there. It is like a house-party on wheels. Rates vary, of course, with the size of the party and the tour taken, but a party of eight persons and six servants including all expenses except food averages between fifty-eight and sixty cents a mile.

When Pennies Count

But perhaps you are a teacher and have just so much to spend both as to time and money. You have never been to India because it always seemed just a little beyond you. Or you may be a student with ideas which need contact with the ways of the East typified by India, to lend authority to your thesis, yet your purse is slim. There is a way for you too to travel the India road as did Kim. Twenty-eight day tours have been arranged and are sponsored by the Indian State Railways in which $500 will cover your entire expense (including first class hotels) to all the principal points of interest in India, and if you have time to linger, you can live like a lord for fifty dollars a month in a house-boat in Kashmir. There is just one stipulation. You must not attempt to visit India at the wrong time of the year. November to the middle of March is the season, and the end of March should see you well out of the country, unless you have found your way to one of the hill stations such as Simla or Darjeeling, or perhaps to that ever alluring Vale of Kashmir.

Your House-boat on the Jhelum

How often have we all dreamed of Kashmir, nestling up there at the very peak of the map of India at the edge of the roof of the world. When you go there you will probably leave the railway at Rawal Pindi and travel over the Jhelum Valley road, over Murree Cantt at an altitude of 6,500 feet, and then drop gently down into the valley of the Jhelum River at Kohala. Who that has seen the Jhelum River foaming through its gorges or lazily meandering through its poplar bordered reaches has not remembered tracing its winding way through the pattern of some old family Kashmir shawl, where it flowed so conventionally across an astounding background of *mille fleurs*. It decks an enrapturing landscape whether it be in make-believe on a shawl or in reality.

An alley of white poplars running for a stretch of miles along its banks brings you to the gate of Srinagar, the city of Lalla Rookh and Shah Jehan, most romantic of all the Great Moghuls. Along its canals, as lucid as those of Venice, glides your house-boat rowed by a Kashmiri family who willingly provide either motive power or musical entertainment in accord with your whim. You will think yourself quite away from the world, when suddenly the canal twists and you come upon a lively market, its stalls afloat in small bobbing boats all clutching each other for company. Flowers and fish and frantic fowl command attention. The air is vibrant with strange cries, with laughter, and good-natured bargaining. You linger, enjoying the hub-bub. Marketing accomplished, your enchanting little house-boat with its latticed windows and terrace atop the roof, glides gently away to new discoveries followed obediently by its kitchen which idly dallies along behind with the small boat for going ashore.

Into a Srinagar Shop

PERHAPS one of the Srinagar merchants has intrigued your curiosity because of his queer little shop which leans giddily over the river's bank, its elaborately carved balcony yearning towards the snowy mountains of Pir Panjal in the distance. Irresistible. Sipping green tea and nibbling his sweetmeats, you marvel for hours at his cherished collection of sandalwood boxes, lacquer work on *papier mâché* in the old Persian manner, embroideries strewn with roses and bulbuls, strangely wrought silver necklaces and kashmir shawls of surpassing loveliness.

Spring is creeping through the valley. Young poplar leaves shining and happy clap their joy to the breeze's accompaniment. April and May can be wet and a bit chilly, but the end of May and June bring the new blossoms and low snows on the mountains stretching away to the pearly sky-line. Even the roofs of the houses in Srinagar have turned into gardens, for their mud roofs have caught vagabond seedlings and suddenly these have grown and burst into bloom flinging their color abroad with lavish hand. In this land you will forget time and remember only that all about you are forgotten love gardens. You will find time for a day at Sunghal and going to Manasbal Lake wander in the fragrant ruins of the garden of Lalla Rukh which Moore endeared to us all. You will seek out the Nishat and the Shalimar — beautiful gardens which still whisper the splendor of Shah Jehan and his Empress — their fountain-filled water channels, fretted water slides, their great chenar trees first brought from Persia to this garden by the Lady of Shah Jehan casting grateful shade over velvet vistas of grass. It is a land of love and laughter and precious memories, of aspiring mountains and dimpling streams, of history and mystery and endless beauty. A land to seek out and make your own.

August NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
Town of a Hundred Millionaires
by Ben Dixon MacNeill
What's Left for the Novelist?
by Struthers Burt

When a hotel manager
made a road map

THIS guest was leaving early in the morning for the South. And he didn't know the road. During the evening, the manager himself made a road map for the guest. Did the guest appreciate it? He wrote back and said he never made a wrong turn.

Perhaps we're wrong in talking about such little things, when we have such big things to offer. Bigger rooms, at lower prices... Roomy closets... Popular cafeteria or coffee shop... Central location... Even specially selected meats for all dining rooms. But somehow, it's the little extra things that bring our guests back. You'll be back, too, once you know us.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.....The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA.....The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA.....The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA.....The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT.....The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.....The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT.....The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

(*Continued from page II*)

of the year than in the opening. Of course there is no reason why this should not occur; in fact, two very good reasons — cheap building and credit costs — why it should.

Labor

THE late George Hull discovered, and explained in his book, *Industrial Depressions*, that most depressions result from a falling off of construction activity, which in turn is caused by inflation of construction costs. The individual who invests in a construction project is animated by very much the same reasoning as the long-pull stock trader. This fact, when understood, discountenances the theory that demand is the controlling factor. Neither the speculative builder nor the long-pull trader is primarily interested in the immediate return on his investment, and to both, the element of greatest importance is the price at which the commitment is made. Should a given stock be bought when it is paying a large dividend and selling at several hundred, or when it is paying nothing and selling in the twenties?

The great majority of the depressions which Mr. Hull studied were preceded and brought about by a sudden rise in the cost of iron. Partly as a result of this discovery, and partly because of greatly increased production facilities, iron and steel prices were held at reasonable levels throughout the period of prosperity which preceded the present depression. In spite of this, the Federal Reserve Bank's Index of construction costs rose nearly fifteen per cent between December 1927 and September 1929. As soon as this rising trend of costs was well under way, contracts for new construction began to fall off and depression followed. Since the price of materials did not rise, the inflation must have been entirely in labor costs. This deduction is confirmed by a chart of the Standard Statistics' Index of Building Wages. In 1929, between April and September alone, the Index rises nine per cent. In these last months of prosperity builders were scrambling for labor to finish up the jobs contracted for the preceding year. Alert labor leaders did not fail to see their opportunity and through their immense potential voting power have been able to coerce even the President to aid them in a campaign to freeze wages at the absurdly inflated levels of 1929. Since economic laws can not be circumscribed, labor is now obtainable at less than Union rates on a bootleg basis. The foreman puts the regulation stipend in the laborer's envelope on Friday evening, but the latter returns a part of it on Monday morning — if he doesn't he loses his job. On the other hand there are men who are starving because they can not obtain work at Union rates, and speculative builders, realizing that wage rates will have to come down are holding off from making new commitments, thereby prolonging the duration of the depression. In other words it is my opinion that organized labor, through its greed for higher wages, brought about the present depression and that the Administration, by allying itself on the side of labor — the side with the most votes — is responsible for its duration and severity.

Credit

EARLY in May the New York Federal Reserve Bank reduced its discount rate to one and a half per cent. Shortly afterwards the Clearing House Member Banks informed their customers that they would pay only one half of one per cent on deposits. It is the hope of the banking leaders that these moves will force money into the bond market and into construction or other industrial enterprises. But fear is the master of reason. As long as panic psychology predominates and there is utter lack of confidence in our business and political leaders, gold will lie idle in its coffers. It is better to have no income, the capitalist argues, than to have no capital.

Bonds

AFTER losing most of its spring advance, the bond market appears to have made a double bottom. The announcement of the lowering of the New York Federal Reserve discount rate checked the decline in the domestic bond average, but the rebound from the lows can hardly be called spectacular. It is most important, banking leaders undoubtedly feel, to stabilize the market for foreign obligations in order that we may supply our potential customers with buying power by floating their security issues in this

country, but such announcements as the default of the Peruvian Bonds and the uncertainty of the Australian situation hardly increase confidence in these investments. It is becoming a fairly widespread sentiment among Americans that the safest place for their money is America.

Stocks

I RECENTLY asked a very successful trader what he thought about the market. "The best thing you can do for the next month or so," he replied, "is to play golf." The more I think it over, the more I agree with his advice. Sometime in July or August there may begin a general market advance in anticipation of an autumn upturn in business. But there is no knowing what to expect meanwhile. Nothing very encouraging is expected from business, but, on the other hand, technical strength is supplied by an enormous short interest. In all probability we shall have a "market of stocks," individual issues seeking their values without reference to any general market movement. I am quite certain that some issues have already made their bear market lows, while others would seem to have downward adjustments still to make. A good deal of hot air has been removed from the new-era balloon. Earnings have regained their old prestige and stocks are no longer gobbled up by a stock hungry public, just because they have impressive names. As I have mentioned several times before, there is panic in the air. Liquidation can only be accomplished at great sacrifice. I believe, however, that there is little liquidation left to be done.

Commodities

THE downward trend in commodities continues unabated. Cotton, wheat, copper, iron, rubber, and practically everything else you can think of are selling at less than the cost of production. Efforts at curtailment are widespread, but little progress has been made so far. In the long run economic adjustments take care of themselves, but the periods of adjustment are apt to be painful. The farmer starves to death, the farm is abandoned, the potato crops are smaller, the price of potatoes rises, farmers are prosperous, a bright young man decides to be a farmer, finds the abandoned farm, and plants potatoes — which suggests:

Agriculture

THE latest available estimate places the wheat harvest at approximately 878,000,000 bushels, a figure which has been exceeded only six times. Furthermore, there is increasing evidence that Russia will become a formidable competitor in the wheat trade, particularly in the European import market. As reported by Standard Statistics, the League meeting has emphasized the development of closer credit relations between the Soviet and several European states, in which Russia's vast potential production and the low costs on her collectivized farms will figure prominently. The reported disinclination of the United States to enter into the policies evolved at the world wheat conference, and the prospective price and production policy of Russia, undoubtedly will further deflect foreign sales of American wheat. In other words, if weather conditions during the summer months are even moderately favorable, the world level of wheat prices may be expected to sag somewhat further.

The price of cotton, meanwhile, has sunk to approximately 1915 levels. Cotton mill activity, however, has risen steadily so far this year, although it is still well behind that of last. The outlook is somewhat confused by Government interference, as outlined in this column last month. At best, near term prospects are not very promising.

Railroads

ON MAY FOURTEENTH it was announced that the railroads were preparing to ask the Government for an increase in freight rates. The spokesman for the railroads made the point that declining revenues have prevented the roads from buying materials in normal quantities and thus deprived many industries of their best customers. If their revenues can be restored by higher rates, he argued, the railroads will again begin to buy, industry will benefit and the end of the depression will be seen. The railroads normally consume as high as twenty per cent of the country's production of iron and steel. In 1921, under similar circumstances, a sizable

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By B. S. Stanoyevich

Rockne. By *Warren Brown.* Chicago: Reilly and Lee Company. $2.50.

In view of the great popularity attained by its subject, the record of his life will appeal to many readers.

Memories of Sixty Years. By *Henry Sanderson Furniss.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

A peer of England, blind from his birth, tells what his life has meant as economist, teacher, politician and traveler.

Vie de S. François d'Assise. By *Paul Sabatier.* Paris: Librairie Fischbacher.

This life of St. Francis of Assisi presents fresh viewpoints on his personality and modes of thinking.

Call Her Savage. By *Tiffany Thayer.* New York: Claude Thayer. $2.50.

A girl who came out of the Indian land played a part in modern life.

The Bell Street Murders. By *S. Fowler Wright.* New York: The Macauley Company. $2.00.

A strange invention occupies a central place in this thrillingly imaginative story.

International Administration. By *Norman L. Hill.* New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. $3.00.

A good book to take with one to Geneva.

The Labor Movement in Post-War France. By *David J. Saposs.* New York: The Columbia University Press. $6.00.

A practical book for those who view the labor movement either as employer or employed.

"Gimme." *The Complete Story of New York Graft.* By *Emanuel H. Lavine.* New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

A further subtitle to this saucy book is *How Politicians Get Rich.*

Sun Up. By *Will James.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Another tale for juveniles from the great open spaces populated by horses and red-blooded men.

Our National Ballads. By *C. A. Browne.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $2.50.

The story of how patriotic as well as sentimental American songs were written is set down here.

French à la Mode. By *E. E. Pattou.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

The right things to say and do in France.

increase was allowed. Nevertheless, no immediate action of this nature is expected.

Stock-market-wise, the railroads have fared the worst of any group this spring. Investors' fears were realized when the first quarter earnings made their appearance, and little improvement is expected from the second. Truck lines do not have to argue with Commissions when they wish to raise their rates, and they can make door to door deliveries. I recently heard of an important automobile manufacturer who has found that he can save an average of twenty dollars a car by shipping from the factory to the dealers by truck-and-trailer instead of by rail. In spite of these gloomy factors, I should not be surprised to see some improvement in sentiment towards the railroads during the next few months. When the harvest begins to come in, railroad earnings normally show some improvement, a fact which may be accentuated by the poor relative showing of many other lines this year.

Foreign Trade

Making due allowance for seasonal factors, American exports of merchandise in April receded to a new low level for the entire post-war period. At this level they were in dollar value only forty-five per cent of the amount recorded in the peak month of November, 1928. If, as Mr. Farrell recently asserted, foreign trade constitutes ten per cent of our business activity, it is easy to see where five per cent has disappeared. With political and economic conditions abroad what they are, I can not foresee any marked recovery in the near future.

Conclusion

The generally gloomy aspect is not without its encouraging side. Low prices — once they have stopped precipitately falling — stimulate activity. I believe that most of the bad news is out, and that one important constructive development could change the picture overnight. Savings are rising, there is a plethora of money in the money markets. Individuals as well as great corporations have learned economy, which everybody except Calvin Coolidge had forgotten in 1929. The weak have fallen by the wayside, the strong are stronger than ever.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Pulp

THERE was a man standing on the corner smoking. It was raining a little. I went up to him and asked politely if he had a match, and he said yes, he had, fumbled in his pockets and handed me one. I lit my cigarette, thanked him and began to turn away.

"I beat her to a pulp," he said, without warning.

I stopped turning and looked at him.

"I beat her to a pulp," he repeated, a trace of urgency in his voice.

"Well," I hedged, "I suppose. . . ."

"What else could I do?" The question was curiosity, nothing else. I held my ground, thinking.

"Well, you could have reasoned with her, couldn't you?"

He made a disdainful gesture and said, conclusively this time: "I beat her to a pulp."

This settled it, as far as I was concerned. I moved to go on.

"Wait a minute," he said. "You don't understand. Let me explain."

"But it's raining here," I objected.

He admitted it, then looked around and pointed toward a low flight of steps. "Let's go in there and I'll tell you."

I followed him in under the stairs and we sat down at a table and ordered beer. He started talking.

"Spafford says pacifism is treason — then they sell poppies on the street, and they had their bonus, didn't they?"

"Yes." He was twisting his glass around, one way then the other.

"And a lot of them used it to buy second-hand cars. There's a judge complains that people marry nowadays only for better, not for worse, because no crime has to be shown for annulment. He says New York State courts encourage companionate marriage, and this is the reason he gives — no crime has to be shown. You don't have to commit a crime to get an annulment. Do you have to commit a crime to get a divorce?"

"It looks that way."

He brooded awhile, then went on.

"You can't swear on the radio. You couldn't swear in the movies once. A long time ago you couldn't swear if you were writing a book. Now you can say anything you want in a book; Mr. Hays is letting down

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in the movies; but you can't swear on the radio, not even if you're Smedley D. Butler. You can stand on the street and swear, you can go to a party and swear, you can swear in a speakeasy, in an airplane — anywhere but on the radio. You can't swear on the radio. When are you going to be able to swear on the radio?"

"I don't know," I said. "When are you?"

He shrugged thin shoulders. Then through his teeth, savagely distinct, he breathed: "I beat her to a pulp!"

There was nothing for me to say.

"And Mussolini!" he hissed. "Mussolini falls off a horse, scratches his nose. The Prince of Wales falls off a horse, suppose *you* fall off a horse. There may be a laugh — smile anyhow — mostly bored silence. But Mussolini — Mussolini gets cheered. He's a hero, because he falls off a horse."

He was a little calmer.

"Take Alberto Huertado. Hugo Izquierdo stabbed him. Why? There was an argument over the Einstein theory. People get together, begin talking about astronomy — *astronomy*, mind you — and stab each other."

This was beginning to make sense. I nodded slowly: "You beat her to a pulp?"

His face broke into a smile, then tightened and his lips quivered in the foam of his beer. He banged his glass down on the table.

"Listen," he said, "they could have Prohibition; they could have depression; they could have movies and baseball and football and colleges and higher rates for the railroads and Philippine Independence and Bishop Cannon and automobiles and Stock Markets and Aimee Semple McPherson. I wouldn't care. But they have to have parades. They *have* to have parades!"

"Beat her to a pulp," I urged sadly. "Beat her to a pinguid pulp."

Waves of melancholy beat over me; he peered disconsolately into his glass. A bartender whistled off key in the back, and my friend looked up.

"Derision," he said. "The Filipinos change their minds. They decide they don't want independence so soon after all. Everybody says, 'Well, make up your minds,' and laughs. Why? Filipinos know. Anything Congress gives philanthropically must have something wrong with it.

"Look what they call 'liberal.' Look what Mark Sullivan calls 'liberal' — the Supreme Court, because it upholds a tax on chain stores. Discrimination is liberal. Sure it is. God used to be on the bankers' side.

"Liberalism. Government ownership and operation. They set up a government to protect the people and it's so efficient *regulating* power companies that it's liberal to have it *run* them." He leaned back. "But I beat her, I beat her to a pulp."

He drank beer.

"There were the Huichol Indians. Maybe there still are. Once a year the men went on a long journey — forty-three days — to get a drug made from cactus for a ceremony. While they were gone the women had to sit around the fire and tell about their love life, all of it. They took a string and tied a knot in it for each affair they'd had. When they got through confessing, they threw the string in the fire and that ab-

solved them, made them pure. The men on their journey did the same thing. It made sure that nothing would happen to them, that they'd get the cactus drug and bring it back all right.

"I have a nephew I hate named Freddie. He went to college and got Buchmanism. I have a niece who reads confession stories; maybe she writes them, too. So we have civilization. Listen in at a tea table, in a speakeasy — you'll hear civilization. Why do the churches want a confessional?"

I had no idea.

"Down in Georgia, where they've had public school education ever since 1870, Oglethorpe University makes Dorothy Dix a Doctor of Letters. For advice to the lovelorn.

"A newspaper editor thinks it's fine that in the last two years there-'ve been forty-five sudden changes of governments all over the world, meaning revolutions, I suppose, and the United States is 'on cordial working relations with all the new governments.' — I had a red flag I waved when I was beating her."

I was discouraged. I told him that these things had to be ignored, that you couldn't get bitter over all of them, but he shook his head, and we sat on.

"And women," he said suddenly. "*My* objection to them is that they deny geometry. You walk along Fifth Avenue and have it proved every three steps you take. A triangle has no meaning for them; it's just a three-sided figure some idiot thought up to draw on paper. You couldn't convince them that if you take two points on a straight line, draw two non-parallel lines through them, those lines are going to meet somewhere, maybe with violence, maybe with loss of life or limb. Just watch a woman walking along Fifth Avenue. If she's walking even with you and wants to move over toward a store window, does she look to see whether her trajectory is going to interfere with you? She does not. She changes her direction and knocks you right off the sidewalk. If she's coming toward you, she crosses your path in a way that will cause you nothing but the utmost inconvenience."

"Well, you beat her to a pulp," I said, feeling a vicarious satisfaction.

"So I did," he nodded, calling for the check. "She's still in the hospital. That's just the trouble. Things keep cropping up and there she is in the hospital. I have a whole list of things, and she's still in the hospital."

Shaking his head, he rose and I followed him out to the street.

"Come around some time when she's out of the hospital," he said, "and we'll both beat her to a pulp."

I said it was a sound plan, and we shook hands and parted.

W. A. D.

Collective Capitalism

By George H. Hull, Jr.

A plan, direct, simple and strikingly persuasive, for the reorganization of the construction industry, calculated to end the present business depression and prevent all future depressions

It is rapidly becoming accepted as an economic fact that business depressions originate in a large falling off of new construction work, which is, in turn, caused by an inflation of construction cost.

The discovery of this fact was made by the late George H. Hull, my father, and was announced in a book called *Industrial Depressions*, published in 1911. The book presented an exhaustive analysis of the eleven industrial depressions which had occurred in this country between 1833 and 1911, and of similar depressions which had occurred almost simultaneously in several of the other industrial nations.

Cycles in these depressions were similar in every respect. The uptrend in construction contract volume started in all cases on a basis of low construction cost. Several months later when the actual volume of new construction work was brought upon the market, there developed a shortage of construction materials. This shortage precipitated a great rise in prices. The bulk of the construction work was done at the low price contract figures, but during the long delay in finishing up the old contracts, bidding for materials in which there was a shortage kept construction cost on a high level. During all this time aspirants to new construction projects were confronted with the high cost, which caused them to abandon contemplated enterprises. As old contracts were brought to completion it developed that there was not a sufficient volume of new work to take their place. When this condition obtained, the construction industry suddenly went over a precipice into depression, and general business depression invariably followed.

In revealing construction as the industry wherein prosperity and depression originate, my father's analysis showed that outside of the so-called "necessity industries," (chiefly those engaged in feeding and clothing the people) about seventy per cent of the products of industry flow into some form of construction. And the equipping and furnishing of

construction account for a considerable portion of the other thirty per cent.

These remarks are intended to emphasize the fact, not generally understood, that the volume of new construction work currently being launched exercises the paramount influence over general industrial prosperity. President Hoover recognizes this fact and it is upon it that his recent campaign to revive construction volume was based. He made a study of *Industrial Depressions* during 1921, and ever since that time has been taking steps to get the construction industry organized for collective efficiency.

In his book my father suggested the collection of statistics by the Department of Commerce showing the total volume of construction contracts awarded monthly for the nation as a whole, and another set of statistics reflecting the ability of the construction industry to fulfill the oncoming demand as reflected in the first set of figures. Shortly after receiving and reading the book Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, wrote:

> I have read Mr. Hull's book and was greatly impressed with his general conclusions. On the inspiration of the book, I started an inquiry to see what could be determined by way of such statistics as he suggests without launching the Government into great expenditure at the moment.

The following year, that is in 1922, he inspired the organization of the American Construction Council, an institution which was designed to bring all factors of the construction industry together in a coöperative group, thus enabling them to cope more successfully with the collective problem in which they are all vitally involved.

In 1923 the Council first functioned, urging upon the nation a halt in building activities. We were at that time approaching a point on the cycle where volume was slightly greater than the ability of supply to keep up with it. Therefore, prices and wages were rising rapidly. The authorities had learned from my father's discovery that this inflation of construction cost would eventually bring depression.

When Mr. Hoover was elected to the Presidency in 1928, he announced through Governor Brewster of Maine his intention of attempting to raise a public Governmental fund (that is, Federal, State and municipal) of $3,000,000,000 to launch public construction works as a "stop-gap" or "filler-in" when private construction declined in volume. Following out the same line of thought, the President called a Business Conference in November, 1929, which as every one remembers, aimed at stimulating new construction projects, of both private and governmental origin. The plan agreed to in this Conference has failed.

According to the F. W. Dodge Corporation figures, construction volume for the year 1930 was thirty per cent less than for 1928, which means that we have on our hands a productive capacity — that is, an ability to produce construction works — forty-three per cent greater than we can use at present. This "slack" is represented in visible form by our great number of idle

workers throughout the nation. The decline in production throughout the construction industry — embracing all the stages from raw materials to finished works, and including the multitude of distinct industries which pour their products into some form of construction — constitutes an enormous loss in national buying power. The loss of this buying power, which had previously been absorbing the current products of other industries, such as food, clothing, automobiles, radios and so on, is keenly felt by these and by the construction industry itself. It is in this way that construction affects all industry, and it is for this reason that President Hoover's campaign to maintain and stimulate construction volume was launched.

THE reason it has failed is a two-sided affair. The construction industry is a vast network of enterprises which come to a focus, in a sense, in the "collective cost" of a finished construction work. This great collective sequence of construction can not flow through into consumption except with the aid of investment capital, which is the necessary financial link in the chain. The actuating motive of investment capital is profit. Whether a satisfactory profit is possible depends on the relation of the collective cost to the prospective income from finished construction. Either a decline in the prospective income, or an advance in the cost, or both, removes the incentive to invest in construction enterprises.

In other words, figuratively speaking, we have three gears in our American profit or capitalistic system. Applying this to the construction industry, we have a production gear, a consuming gear — and in addition we have a profit distribution gear. We can not distribute directly into consumption, as is done in the Russian system, with the abolition of Capitalism. The production and consumption gears do not mesh directly with each other. They mesh through the medium of the intermediate profit gear, which controls them both and which functions or revolves continuously only when the relationship of cost to income makes construction investments attractive and profitable.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S campaign to revive construction volume has failed because it is manifestly impossible to revive investment in new construction among private investors when the income possibilities have been reduced by the general drop in buying power, which has lowered the prospective income on every kind of construction work. Therefore as the cost, based largely upon the old wage scales has not been reduced to a parity with the income situation, not only is it impossible to revive private construction, but the public frame of mind and the condition of the public pocketbook prevent the launching of vast *public* construction programmes, even though the latter do not require profit to function. They are paid for by taxes, and the people are not in a condition to be taxed for such purposes on a sufficiently large scale to save the situation.

We are facing the definite necessity of reducing construction cost to get it in line with construction in-

come. This makes it necessary to reduce wages of labor in the construction industry primarily, and secondarily in industries which produce construction materials, thus enabling the producers to reduce prices of materials. In this way only can we reduce construction cost.

Mr. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, intimates that bankers are conspiring to force a wage reduction by refusing to make loans to corporations unless they will agree to reduce wages. From Labor's viewpoint this is a legitimate cause for warfare. Hence Mr. Green says that Labor will resist wage reductions by calling strikes, if necessary. We may be, then, on the verge of a war between Labor and Capital, both of whom are more strongly organized than they ever have been before. Banks have been consolidated and Labor has strengthened and centralized its organization. Both sides are prepared to fight a battle which will be immensely destructive to themselves and to the whole people.

It seems to me that Labor leaders are justified in their attitude, for, although Labor's technical wages are blocking recovery from the depression, Labor has not ever received a proper share in the profits of industry. We do not need statistics to prove this. A survey of our cities would show that the Capital classes live in modern dwellings covering, at a guess, one-tenth of the area, while the working classes live in slums and semi-slums covering the other nine-tenths.

Mr. Green, representing Labor, stands in the way of immediate readjustment, which is absolutely vital, but at the same time he is fighting his battle for Labor from a long range viewpoint, and in this respect he is entirely right in his position. Moreover, the Federal Government is solidly behind Labor in its attitude toward wages, realizing no doubt that the situation has this double aspect. We have a paradox: Wages must be reduced to revive the construction industry and thus revive general business. On the other hand, wages cannot be reduced because it is not fair to Labor and because Labor is able to stop it by open warfare which will be destructive to every one.

Let us look for a moment at the manner in which we compensate Capital in industry, and the manner in which we compensate Labor. Capital has a fixed wage, so to speak, represented by bond interest and preferred stock dividends, combined with a flexible wage in the form of common stock dividends. Labor, on the other hand, has only a flat wage. When the collective cost of construction reaches a point where investors become shy, it is easy for Capital to make adjustment by reducing its common stock dividends, but with Labor it is different. Once its wages are reduced, it has no guarantee that they will be increased again, at least without more of the bitter political warfare it has taken in times past to raise them as high as they are now. I say "political" because of the curious though commonplace fact that alongside our democratic form of government we have set up an autocratic system of industry, in which the majority (Labor) has no vote. Con-

sequently this majority has had to resort always to political means to get its industrial rights. This, combined with the resultant, inequitable distribution of industry's profits, is the reason that Capital and Labor are constantly at swords' points.

Now there is a very simple way, if people could bring themselves to believe it, in which lasting peace might be achieved between these two factions. It is an expedient which would do much more than make harmony between Capital and Labor: It would break the present depression, and if followed by an efficient coördinating organization of the construction industry as a whole, it would prevent all future depressions. A tall order, you say, but if there is any efficacy in logic and economics, a perfectly reasonable one.

The solution is, of course, to make Labor's share of profits as flexible as Capital's, in this manner: a lowered flat wage, based on the cost of living and the assured earning power of a given enterprise, *combined with a flexible wage paid in common stock out of annual net profits*. By this device Labor would become — in fact, not in oratory — a partner of Capital, with commensurate interest in the profits of their mutual production.

Let me show how the plan would work. In the first place, there would be no change in Capital's present compensation, except that part of the net earnings would be paid to Labor in common stock. That the loss of this profit would be made up — possibly more than made up — in the long run, I hope will be apparent before I finish. Then there would be classifications of Labor according to ability and experience, as at present, with varying compensations, which would provide an incentive to rise in the world. The ratio of Capital's compensation to Labor's would need diplomacy to arrange, but it could be done, and once done would never be the bone of contention that flat wages have been.

The important thing is that the flexibility brought into Labor's compensation, together with the flexibility already in Capital's, would enable collective construction cost always to be kept at a level where there would be profit for investors in buildings, ships, railroads and all the other things that are construction. Now the compensation would have to be low, but immediately business picked up, so too would compensation.

In November, 1929, President Hoover called the National Business Conference. Labor and Capital in that meeting made an agreement with each other, Labor agreeing not to call strikes and Capital agreeing not to cut wages; President Hoover was a witness to the transaction. After eighteen months' trial we still have depression. I should like to see President Hoover call now a similar conference to secure a new agreement whereby the flat wage may be reduced temporarily to a minimum. The partnership arrangement with its flexible common stock wage feature obviously can not be introduced all at once, but it could be introduced into this Conference in the form of a promise by Capital to Labor, with President Hoover as a witness, that Capital would undertake to put this profit-sharing pro-

gramme in operation and begin planning for it at once in its great key industries, the executives of which would be present at the meeting and could voice their willingness to back such a programme in their particular corporations.

When lowered Labor cost had straightened out the present emergency in this country, as it most certainly would, there would be established in the roots of industry the coöperative partnership between Labor and Capital based on equitable profit-sharing. This accomplished, the construction industry could go on to organize itself for collective efficiency. It would be in a position to make cost a flexible thing, because the obstacle of the fixed wage scale would have been removed, and the purpose of its organization would be so to manipulate construction cost that investors, always being able to see a profit, would function steadily in the financing of new construction. This is the only way in which construction volume can be stabilized. And the stabilization of construction volume, let me say again, is the absolute *sine qua non* of uninterrupted prosperity.

INDUSTRY must learn to think, plan and act collectively. In the centre of the whole construction industry would be an organization of men watching construction cost, the volume of construction contracts, the condition of supplies and the conditions affecting construction income. The organization would coördinate "stages" of manufacture, from raw material to finished material in each distinct industry, such as steel, lumber, cement and the other collateral industries which all come back to a focus finally in construction works.

This coördination of stages within distinct industries would be accomplished by consolidation. The Sherman Law now stands in the way of such consolidation. It can not be repealed under the present hostile conditions existing between Labor and Capital, but if they functioned as partners in industry, as they must with equitable profit-sharing, they would vote alike on industrial questions and easily achieve its modification.

THERE would still be the several distinct industries in the whole construction sequence, but not only would they be consolidated within themselves for efficiency, they would also be under the guidance of this central organization to guarantee that not even an entire unit, such as the cement industry, could upset the general harmony by snatching at undue profits during a momentary shortage, or by any other means.

The great enigma of the American industrial system is our inability to consume what we can produce. Production is buying power. When production is taking place, its recompense is wages, profits, earnings, buying power; and this buying power ought to absorb the production as it comes out at the far end of the stream ready for consumption. This is simply common sense. The only way to have things is to produce them and divide them up. Our whole trouble is in the system of distributing the buying power. Production is buying power, but it does not come back upon the market properly at the consuming end, simply because we have not distributed it widely

enough among the individuals who are engaged in it.

Let me illustrate this. I have already spoken of slums as a proof that Labor has not received its proper share of industry's profits. There is, any real estate agent will tell you, an excess of modern homes and apartments in New York City at the moment. On the other hand there is a cruel deficiency of modern homes in the slums occupied by the working classes. These slums are a great potential market upon which the construction industry might concentrate a mammoth sales campaign. The market is temporarily exhausted in the wealthy sections, although a great deal of excess buying power is still in the hands of the capital classes. There the homes and the buying power exist in superfluous quantity, but in the slums there is a deficiency of modern homes and likewise a deficiency in the buying power to acquire them. Is it not obvious that this glaring disparity has its origin in the foundation of our system, in the method of dividing the profits of industry between Labor and Capital?

I DO not suggest that the working classes take something from the Capital classes. They could do it by force, perhaps, but that would mean anarchy, chaos. They will do it eventually through the ballot box, achieving some form of government ownership and operation unless the Capital classes take the laboring classes into a partnership based on profit-sharing. What I suggest now is to avoid this, to save Capitalism by extending its benefits to the workers through the introduction of a system which will make it possible to produce construction (and other things) at a maximum rate, and get it through into consumption.

The Capital classes need not have less than they now get. The difference would be in the increased volume of production. Through this, Labor would have more without taking it away from Capital. The human enthusiasm which would result from such a profit-sharing plan among the laboring classes, I can not help believing, would double production at least. Instead of the present scramble to reduce production and raise prices, industry would become a great, spontaneous machine, aiming at minimum prices and maximum production.

THIS organization of the entire construction industry would not only eliminate "cyclic unemployment," but "technical unemployment" as well (meaning temporary unemployment caused by the introduction of machinery).

The introduction of machinery, instead of being allowed to create technical unemployment, would be used, not to cut the unit cost and leave production stationary by throwing laborers out when a machine came into a factory, but to supplement man-power in the interest of maximum production. Instead of retaining only enough man-power to *keep the machines employed* we would put in enough machines to *keep the man-power employed*. Maximum production would be the hypothesis from which industry would budget. Instead of worrying about how to keep consumption up to production, we would be studying methods of

increasing production in order to keep up with the steadily rising demand of consumption, as expressed in the wide buying power of the classes, which would become steadily greater as production rose.

Suppose, for instance, that the profit-sharing plan in industry had been operating for ten years. Labor would have acquired a large stock interest in all phases of the construction industry. Homes, let us say, are coming out at the end of the sequence, the focal point where construction materials are assembled and put into finished form. Labor all through this producing end of the sequence would have acquired, in the form of stock representing their share of the production, the buying power with which to purchase these homes, they *would* buy them and we would have complete and smooth rotation of production into consumption through a buying power which had been distributed proportionately during the production phase.

LET us suppose that there occurred a momentary slackening of consumption despite all this new buying power. It would be bolstered up by the final step in the "collective capitalism" system, which would be the formation of a huge coöperative construction company whose stockholders would be the stockholders of industry, Labor and Capital, united in partnership. It would serve as a balance wheel — stabilizer — for the whole construction industry. Labor and materials thrown out of employment by the drop in demand would automatically flow into this great coöperative organization, which would finance, produce and sell finished construction works of all kinds to its stockholders and the general public. It would doubtless come into being through a merger of large engineering and construction companies strategically located throughout the country, all working hand in hand with and clearing, as it were, through the American Federation of Labor, which would become a powerful harmonizing force in industry.

THIS is what President Hoover was aiming to do through Governmental construction when he announced, upon being elected, that he would endeavor to raise a $3,000,000,000 public construction fund as a "stop-gap" or "filler-in" to function when private construction declined. It is what the proposed $1,000,000,000 Federal bond issue for rebuilding the slums is intended to accomplish in the present depression.

But how much preferable a capitalistic construction company, with Labor and Capital as stockholders, to a governmental construction company doing odd jobs at odd times — non-self-supporting construction works which the people might or might not need, but in which the politicians nevertheless could profiteer! The use of taxes and the machinery of government for this purpose is simply a substitution for the collective organization and widely distributed buying power that industry ought to have. It is providing governmental employment for labor, at governmentally supported wage scales which do not permit private capital to function at a profit.

We suffered periodically from financial panics until we removed

rigidity from our credit system and injected flexibility into it with the Federal Reserve Act. We will continue to suffer periodically from industrial depressions until we eliminate rigidity from our distribution of profits and substitute flexibility and mobility. The flow of profits actuates and coincides with the flow of products. This is our distribution problem in a nutshell. Flexibility would be accomplished by modifying the rigid flat wage system through the flexible common stock wage feature. Prices and costs would then be moved up and down in the manner which would best promote maximum volume without causing the clash between Labor and Capital which such adjustments under our rigid wage system now necessitate. Mobility would be achieved through the stock wage plan by causing buying power to flow automatically to the consuming point in the sequence.

The house of Capitalism now is divided against itself. If Capital does not first make an ally of Labor, then Labor and Government with joined forces will bring the house down — on the heads of all three. A collective Capitalism is the only solution.

Hexa Buch

By John Lineaweaver

A Story

The rain had been coming down steadily all that night, but now, a little after dawn, it had begun to slack off a bit and a pale sun was showing in the gray sky.

Dr. Hoffmeyer stood in the doorway of his house, looking at it, and at the wet fields, thinly veiled with mist, below him, and at the brown road, trailing its rocky way into Lancaster down there.

"It'll maybe give a nice day yet," he said — as much to himself, it seemed, as to the woman moving heavily about in the kitchen behind him.

"The paper," replied the woman, rattling the grate, "wants rain."

Dr. Hoffmeyer appeared not to hear. "Ya," he said meditatively, ignoring both woman and stove. "Rain before seven . . ."

"We're in the sign of the Herschel," said the woman. "So we are!"

Dr. Hoffmeyer made no immediate reply, but turned and shot her a quick glance. There was no questioning the Zodiac, of course; and yet . . . and yet. . . . A fine line appeared between his little eyes. Behind the stringy tie of his low celluloid collar his adam's apple began to move oddly.

"It'll give a nice day," he repeated, insistently shrill.

But the woman, busy with her stove, did not notice.

Dr. Hoffmeyer continued glaring at her: a tall, large-limbed body of a woman, with a superfluity of slate-colored hair twisted high on her head, stooping over now, so that the badly fitted corset stood out above the small of her back. It was no use, he knew, even as he looked: never was any use with that woman. Sixty years it would be this August, or sixty-one maybe. He couldn't tell for sure, but she was no springer, that Katie — no springer for sure. A shrewd gleam lighted his eyes at the thought and a drop of saliva bubbled an instant in the corner of his mouth. Some day, he was thinking — some day soon now, when she is too old to work — I'll kick her out.

She stood upright suddenly, meeting his glance straight on. "You can eat now," she flung at him, and without asking his leave turned and left the room.

Dr. Hoffmeyer stood a moment longer, giving her time to clear the premises of her presence. Then, wagging his head irritably ("Ach, that

woman!"), he stepped into the kitchen and shut the door close to behind him.

* * *

DUTCHY, age twelve, and Jimmy, age eleven, were out early that morning. They were playing show.

"Look," Jimmy was saying. "Hey, Dutchy — look."

Dutchy looked up and Jimmy let go of the limb with both hands and held on just with his feet.

"You best watch out," Dutchy said. "The blood'll rush to your head."

"It will not," Jimmy said. Dutchy's mouth was open. He could see in it. Dutchy's eyes looked mostly white.

"That's all you know," Dutchy said. "You'll get unconscious."

"I won't either," Jimmy said. Everything looked funny, swinging up and down under him. Then he looked up between the branches straight to the sky.

"You best stop that," Dutchy said.

There was a big caterpillar hanging from a leaf, a big brown one. They have green guts. "Hey, Dutchy," Jimmy said. "What'll you give me if I eat that?"

"Eat what?" Dutchy said. His mouth was still open.

"That catty."

"What catty?"

"That catty — right there where you're looking."

"I won't give you nothing for it," Dutchy said. "What do you take me for anyhow?"

"I'll eat him," Jimmy said.

"You're crazy," Dutchy said. "Come on down now. Let's do something once."

"What'll we do?" Jimmy asked. Dutchy talked funny. Everybody talked funny around there. Mother didn't like Jimmy to play with Dutchy so much. She was afraid he'd catch the Pennsylvania Dutch accent.

"I don't know what we'll do, but we'll do something," Dutchy said.

Jimmy jiggled himself up and sat on the limb again and there were funny noises in his head for a second like loud whispering. Then they stopped and he shinnied down and gave Dutchy a shove.

"You quit that now," Dutchy said.

Jimmy gave him another shove. "Let's go home and get our migs," he said.

DUTCHY didn't say anything but just backed up. He looked kind of mad. Then Jimmy shoved him again and he fell down. Jimmy hadn't meant to do that, so he started to help him up. But Dutchy wouldn't have it and got up himself. He wouldn't look at Jimmy. His mouth was working kind of funny.

"Hey, Dutchy," Jimmy said.

Dutchy didn't say anything, just brushed at his sleeve. There wasn't anything on it but a little mud.

"Hey, Dutchy," Jimmy said. "You aren't mad, are you?"

Dutchy didn't answer.

"I was just fooling," Jimmy said. "Don't be a gresser."

"It's *gretzer*," Dutchy said, brushing at his sleeve and not looking up.

"Well, don't be it," Jimmy said. He did a cartwheel. It was a pretty good one. Dutchy didn't pay any attention. Then Jimmy had an idea.

"Hey, Dutchy," he said. "I know

what. Let's make old Hoffmeyer mad. Come on. What do you say?"

"No," Dutchy said.

"Oh, come on," Jimmy coaxed. "Why not for crimes' sake?"

Dutchy looked up. He wasn't so mad any more.

"Why not, Dutchy?" Jimmy said.

Dutchy looked at his toes again. "He's a hexer," he said in a funny voice, kind of as though he didn't want to say it.

JIMMY booed. "He is not," he said. "There aren't any such things."

"That's all *you* know," Dutchy said. He kept looking at his toes and one wiggled.

"Well, there aren't," Jimmy said. "My father says they aren't. I asked."

"I guess your pop don't know everything," Dutchy said.

"I guess he knows more than *yours*," Jimmy said. His was only a farmer who couldn't even write his name. Jimmy knew because that was another reason why Mother didn't like him to play with Dutchy so much.

"Well, he don't know about old Hoffmeyer," Dutchy said. "I ain't even supposed to go near his place."

"Why not?" Jimmy asked.

"Because he's a hexer," Dutchy said. "I just told you."

"What could he do?"

Dutchy picked up a pebble with his toes. "He could do enough," he said. "He could make a cow give bloody milk, so he could."

"Aw," Jimmy said.

"He could turn hisself into a sow if he wanted to," Dutchy said. "He's got the Evil Eye, that's what."

"You're bats," Jimmy said.

"Mrs. Bentz got sick once," Dutchy said, not listening. "She was took something terrible. She very near died. She had the erysipelas, so she had. The doctor couldn't do nothing. Then they got old Hoffmeyer and he burned a stick over her and drawed out the fire." Dutchy stopped and nodded. "He knew why he did that all right."

"Why," Jimmy said. "Why did he?"

"Because he put it in her, the fire," Dutchy said. "Mr. Bentz would have shot him if he hadn't drawed it out again. He said so."

"Aw, Mr. Bentz is crazy himself," Jimmy said.

"He is not."

"He is. He's simple-minded," Jimmy said. "That's the same as crazy. My mother says so."

"Your mother thinks she knows so much," Dutchy said.

HE SHOULDN'T have said that about Jimmy's mother. It made Jimmy mad. He kept his temper, though. He picked up a stone and chucked it as hard as he could. Then he turned around very quick and looked Dutchy in the eye the way explorers do to stop lions when they're charging. "I know what's the matter," he said. "You're *scared*."

"I ain't," Dutchy said.

"You are so," Jimmy said. "You're as scared as can be. You'd be scared of a rabbit."

"You think you're awful smart," Dutchy said.

"You're scared right now," Jimmy said. "Better run along home to mama before it gets dark — baby."

"You shut up." Dutchy was getting mad. Jimmy could tell. He

didn't care. He could have licked him with his hands tied. "Mr. Smarty," Dutchy said. "You know it all."

"Go on home," Jimmy said. "Go on. Your mama wants you. She wants to read you a bedtime story."

Dutchy's face was all red and his eyes were kind of poppy. "You shut your big trap," he said.

"You make me," Jimmy said. He put up his mitts and took a step nearer Dutchy. Dutchy backed right off. "Go ahead," Jimmy said. "Make me."

Dutchy didn't say anything. They stood there eyeing each other. After a while Jimmy put down his mitts. "I wouldn't want you along anyways," he said. "You'd prob'ly cry. I'm going to do it myself."

Dutchy didn't say anything. Jimmy stood there a little longer. Then he turned and walked down the road. When he got around the bend he turned around and Dutchy was still standing there. He looked like he might be going to cry just like Jimmy had said. Then Jimmy went around the bend all the way and he couldn't see Dutchy any more.

* * *

DR. HOFFMEYER ate a sizable meal that day: ham, eggs, two helpings of lard-soaked potatoes, bread, coffee, following one another in quick, country fashion; and when he had finished, his good temper restored almost intact, he wiped his moustaches carefully, pushed the soiled dishes to the table's center and brought out a great leather tobacco pouch.

His day was before him. But not yet, not quite yet. For a little while he would just sit back in his chair and chew and study: think of his secure position as the county's leading pow-wow practitioner, of his barn full of good tobacco leaves and of the neat columns of figures in his bank book. Life would seem very good to him as he lolled back, his old eyes fixing the framed benediction on the wall before him:

"*In den drey allerhochsten Namen,*
Vater, Sohn und Heil'ger Geist,
Dies das chor der Engel priesst
Gesunheit, Ru' und Segen, amen."

He said the words of the benediction over to himself. He said them twice. Then, his pious mood still on him, directing him, he rose, went to the tall corner-cupboard and pulled open its top drawer. His day had begun as, in the sight of God, all days should.

* * *

JIMMY walked slow. It wasn't going to be any fun, making old Hoffmeyer mad all by himself. He walked slow. Then he heard somebody running behind him. He looked around and it was Dutchy.

"Hey, Jimmy," Dutchy called.

Jimmy just walked faster.

"Hey, you Jimmy," Dutchy called.

"What do you want?" Jimmy said, not stopping.

"Wait a sec," Dutchy said. "Wait once, can't you?"

Jimmy stopped and Dutchy caught up to him. Dutchy's face was all red from running and he was out of breath.

"What's the matter?" Jimmy said "I thought you weren't coming along."

"Aw," Dutchy said.

Jimmy started walking again.

"Hey, Jimmy."

"What do you want?"

"I'm coming along."

"Well, nobody's holding you I can see," Jimmy said. "I haven't got all day to wait for you neither."

Dutchy got into step with Jimmy and they went along without talking. They were almost there now. The house was off the main road. You went up a lane and around a bend and you were there. It was just a little place. Just before they got there, Jimmy stooped down and picked up a rock.

"What you going to do?" Dutchy said. He said it almost in a whisper. He was scared. Jimmy didn't tell him but just looked at him. They kept on walking. Then they were around the bend and in front of the house.

"What you going to do?" Dutchy whispered.

Jimmy didn't answer that time either. He just changed the rock into his right hand, wound up and let fly. It zinged right against the door and fell bang onto the porch.

"Ai-yi-yi," Dutchy said, grabbing the seat of his pants and jumping back. "Ai-yi-yi" — over and over again like it was a song.

"That's nothing," Jimmy said. "That wasn't anything. Watch this!"

* * *

DR. HOFFMEYER stood before the open cupboard drawer a long while, regarding the three paper-bound volumes whose odd titles blandly invited a choice. He lifted out the first — *The Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses* — and weighed it in his palm. Shaking his head, he replaced it almost immediately and took up the second. This — *The Albertus Magnus or Approved, Verified and Natural Egyptian Secrets For Man and Beast* — he leafed through desultorily. Shaking his head once more, he replaced it, and brought out the third.

With this — *John Hohman's Pow-Wows or The Long Lost Friend* — he returned to the table. There, after a moment's solemn reflection, he sat down, fixed his spectacles on his nose, opened to the table of contents, and began running his finger down the page. Several lines from the bottom he paused. Fixing his glasses more firmly, he felt within his vest pocket, extricated a battered notebook and pencil, and settled down to business in earnest.

VERY laboriously, with a great screwing together of his eyebrows, he copied into the notebook: "A Very Good Cure For The White Swelling. . . . Write the following words upon a paper and wrap it up in knot-grass (*breiten megrieh*) and then tie it upon the body of the person who has the swelling. *Potmat sineat, potmat sineat, potmat sineat.*"

When he had finished, he sighed and sat back to rest a bit. Then he leaned forward once more, smoothed out the page, and fell to comparing the transcription with the original. At this moment a loud thump sounded upon the door, followed an instant later by a sickening crash of the window pane.

Dr. Hoffmeyer started up in a rain of glass.

* * *

THE rock sailed right at the house, missing the door, and went straight through the window.

"Ai-yi-yi," Dutchy was going on. "Ai-yi-yi."

Then they both started to run. Jimmy heard old Hoffmeyer yelling and cussing. He was chasing up and down the porch and shaking his fist. Then he jumped down and came after them.

Jimmy ran as fast as he could. Dutchy was ahead of him. Jimmy could see the back of his neck and hear him blowing and half bawling. He'd started to shake and he was yelling:

"I didn't do it, Mr. Hoffmeyer. I didn't do it."

He was making funny noises besides the blowing, too, and he was kind of zig-zagging from one side of the road to the other with his hand up over his face. Then Jimmy got ahead of him and saw that he was bawling really.

"I didn't do it," he was saying. "I didn't. No, I didn't."

Then Jimmy turned and saw old Hoffmeyer standing in the middle of the road and shaking his fist.

When he got around the bend Jimmy stopped to wait for Dutchy. Dutchy's face was white and gray now instead of red and he was blowing something awful and just as he got to Jimmy he kind of staggered and sat down.

"It's all right, Dutchy," Jimmy said. "He ain't coming."

But Dutchy didn't seem to hear. He just sat there, blowing and making those funny noises, whimpering kind of. His eyes were funny, too, as though he was seeing something a long way off.

"Cut it out now," Jimmy said. "Cut it out, Dutchy. We're all right."

Then Dutchy moved his mouth but he didn't say anything. Jimmy was kind of scared then. "Dutchy," he said. "Hey, Dutchy, what's the matter?"

Dutchy sort of made as though he was getting up, but didn't. Spit began falling out of his mouth and his eyes rolled around. He was shaking all over. All of a sudden he jumped up and went around in a ring. Then he fell over. He landed on his back, kicking, and spit was all over his chin and he was staring straight up.

Jimmy took a long look at him like that. Then he began to run.

* * *

KATIE, coming to stand just within the doorway, watched Dr. Hoffmeyer's progress back to the porch with rapt attention. Her fingers worked purposelessly among the folds of her apron as she stared, and beneath her giant, bunioned feet bits of broken glass crackled and spit.

She saw his face, the color of cold dishwater, and the shaking of his brittle frame, and his aged hands, making sudden spasmodic gestures. The parody of a smile flickered an instant across her lips. He was — there was no doubt about it — getting old. . . .

As his shoe struck the bottom step, she moved further into the shadow of the doorway. His breath was coming in short, uncertain gasps now; she could hear it. On the third step he halted, obviously to steady himself. When with a long whistling sigh he began climbing again, she withdrew,

crossing the kitchen noiselessly, into the front room.

There she stood against the door, listening. She heard him move heavily about the room, opening drawers, closing them. Then for a moment there was silence. In all probability, she thought, he was sitting down now, resting, and it was all she could manage to keep from suddenly opening the door and catching him at it. Then there sounded the scrape of his chair along the floor and a moment later, the bang of the door. He had gone out.

Katie opened the door and tiptoed across the kitchen to the window. From behind the red curtain, she watched him walk a bit unsteadily to the stable, watched him go inside. A few minutes later, she heard the Ford splutter into action, and he appeared again, sitting up very straight behind the quivering wheel. Suppressing a low chuckle, Katie turned back into the room.

For some time she stood without apparent purpose, looking. Bits of glass shone brightly up at her from every corner. A chair was out of position. On the table, where he had left it, *The Long Lost Friend* lay open.

Bending over it, she read, squinting:

> Whoever carries this book with him is safe from all his enemies, visible or invisible; and whoever has this book with him can not die without the holy corpse of Jesus Christ, nor drown in any water, nor burn up in any fire, nor can any unjust sentence be passed upon him. So help me.

A loud, contemptuous chuckle escaped her. She flipped the book shut. How Addie Klemmer would enjoy an account of the morning's events! How Addie would laugh, throwing her apron over her head and slapping her legs! Katie smiled to herself, thinking of it. Suddenly, on the impulse, she went to the cupboard and got her shawl. Her ironing could wait that long.

It was thus that, a little while later, on her way to Addie's, Katie stumbled over the still recumbent figure of Addie's youngest.

* * *

Jimmy snuck around the back way to the woodshed and went in. He shut the door behind him. It was dark in there and cool, and at first he couldn't see anything. He stood a minute with his back against the door, getting his wind back and trying to see. Then he felt his way over to the woodpile and sat down.

He pulled his wet shirt away from his back and kicked his shoes off and rolled his stockings down. He did it all very quietly. He could hear his garter snakes sliding around in their box, and it made him feel funny sort of. He never liked them so much in the dark. Then he sat still and hardly even breathed except when he had to.

He sat a long time. It seemed like all night. Once he heard an auto running. That was up at the house and it made him jump when he first heard it. Then he remembered that Mother said she was going to Lancaster this morning, so that's who it was. She would be gone most all day. He would be alone. All of a sudden, thinking about it and everything, he felt like crying.

He didn't cry, though. He counted sheep very fast instead. He counted

almost a hundred and he shut his eyes tight, so he could do it better. But then he began to see Dutchy plainer than ever, so he opened them again. The sun was shining outside and chunks of it were trying to get through the cracks between the boards. He looked hard at one bright crack, counting sheep all the time, and kept looking at it.

At last after a terrible long time he heard the screen door slam and somebody come out on the back porch. "Jimmy," he heard then. "Jimmy — lunch!" Only she said it: "Chimmy, Chimmeeeee — lunge!" So he knew it was Violet and he thought of not paying any attention to her. But then most likely she would just come down to the woodshed and look for him.

So after she called a few more times, he got up. He got up very slowly, like there was something tied to his feet. He felt awful. He wished he was dead.

* * *

ALFRED ELIHU WHITSON, PH.D., author of *Pennsylvania Folkways* and *Tales of Lancaster Town*, nodded delightedly over his morning's "find." Dr. Whitson was a small man, slightly built, and perhaps the most noticeable things about him were the sprigs of long black hairs growing out of his ears and wrists. The "find" and object of his present pleasure lay in single splendor on the elegant Sheraton secretary before him. This was a yellowed newspaper clipping, dated June 2, 1875. It read in part:

> There are several superstitions connected with death and funerals in the country. One is that if the mother of a family is dying, the vinegar barrel must be shaken at the time to prevent the "mother" in it from dying. Said a man once in sober earnest to me, "I was sorry Mr. D. was not in the room when his wife died." "Where was he?" I asked. "Oh, in the cellar a-shaking the vinegar barrel; but if he had just told me, I would have done it and let him be in the room to see her take her last breath."

DR. WHITSON patted the frayed scrap and returned it carefully to its folder. It was precisely the anecdote needed to spice Chapter III. Such pointed conclusions might be drawn from it; and then also there was the matter of Human Appeal to be considered: so important nowadays when to be read at all, even by one's fellow ethnographists, one's material had to be presented entertainingly, or at least forcefully. "Forcefully" was perhaps the better word. And what a rare stroke that had been, too, getting to know the Hoffmeyer man, perhaps the last openly practising exponent of the genuine thing — a veritable Twentieth Century Doctor Dady! Why, the man was worth a chapter in himself!

Which reminded him that Hoffmeyer was due now. He turned, still smiling, and examined the handsome gilt timepiece behind him. As he did so, he ran over in his mind the questions which he proposed putting to Hoffmeyer this morning: the manner of using the witch-hazel rod in divining wells, for example; the properties of black hen's blood and the ever recurring red twine. The meaning of Poll-Evil, the Gravel and particularly the White Swelling, famous diseases for which powwow boasted numberless cures; and the gestures which went with the

chanting of Ezekiel, 6th verse, 16th Chapter, in stopping dangerous blood flows and closing wounds. All these things Hoffmeyer would know. All these things Hoffmeyer could tell him. It was little wonder that Dr. Whitson smiled as he noted the hour. Ten minutes on he would be learning things that years of plodding through every volume in every library and museum in the world could not tell him.

* * *

DUTCHY looked up at Mom. He wasn't good at all. The room was going around like he was on a top and he was dry — so dry he could hardly talk. "I want to get up," he kept saying. He was half bawling. "I want to get up now." He didn't know what made him keep saying that.

"You lay still," Pop said.

Mom didn't say nothing. Her eyes were all funny from crying and her hair was strubly. She looked awful. And there was that Katie, standing over there with her arms folded across each other and her eyes like they was on fire.

"He done it," she kept saying. "He done it."

And Pop wasn't saying nothing but just looking back at her and his eyes were beginning to catch fire, too.

"Get the book," Katie kept saying. "Get the book off him, and he can't do you or yours nothing no more."

And Pop still didn't say it but his eyes got like hers more and more every second.

"Get the book."

"I want to get up."

"You lay still."

"Mom!"

"Get the book."

* * *

"GOOD heavens, man!" Dr. Whitson peered anxiously into Hoffmeyer's sick white face. "Sit down. Sit down. Do!"

And Dr. Hoffmeyer sat down. At the moment it seemed the most he was capable of doing. Dr. Whitson watched his parchment-colored hand crawl feebly along the arm of the chair to drop at last lifelessly into his thin lap. "I ain't so good today," he murmured, wetting his pallid lips. "Them cucumbers I et. . . ."

"Ah." Dr. Whitson removed his spectacles and polished them agitatedly on his coat front. So that's what it was. Simply an attack of indigestion. Thank God! Thank God for that! If anything should happen before the completion of the book. . . . ! "I see. I see. Well . . ." He pinched the spectacles back upon his nose and smiled sympathetically. "We don't grow any younger, any of us, do we? Perhaps (with a great effort of will, he made himself go on). . . . Perhaps you would rather forego today's — ah — interview."

A heartening speck of color appeared in Dr. Hoffmeyer's cheek. "No." He pulled himself upright in the chair. "I'm not that bad. Just . . ."

"Tired," Dr. Whitson supplied quickly. "I see." He turned and busied his hands among the papers on the secretary. "In that case," he went on, hurrying his words a little. "In that case. . . . Hmm, let me see. Where were we? Ah yes! The

white swelling business, wasn't it?"

"I know what you mean now," Dr. Hoffmeyer put in.

"Ah — exactly." Dr. Whitson took his place at the secretary.

"It took me a while to get on to what you wanted about it."

Dr. Whitson smiled again. This time, however, there was less sympathy than patience in his smile. "But you have it. Very good. Now if you will . . ."

A spark of the old cunning shone an instant in Dr. Hoffmeyer's glance. He sat suddenly forward. "I had to buy a book off a certain party," he said.

Whereupon the smile, all smiles, disappeared from Dr. Whitson's countenance. So that's how it was. The avidity of these people! He removed the spectacles again and balanced them a moment between his sensitive fingers.

"Look here, my good man," he said, clearing his throat. "We had our agreement: three dollars an interview, if I'm not mistaken. That is just one dollar and fifty cents in excess of the charges for your — ah— professional services, I understand. Do I make myself clear?"

Apparently not, for Dr. Hoffmeyer's expression did not change. "I had to buy the book," he repeated dully. And looking at him, Dr. Whitson saw that there was no use.

"Very well," he sighed. "What was the price?"

* * *

After lunch Jimmy went up to his room and looked in the mirror. He looked just the same. He'd thought it must show in his face, like it did if you were bad for a long time without stopping. Then he remembered that Violet hadn't seemed to notice anything either. He felt better when he thought of that.

He felt all tired out and lay down on the floor. Then he heard Violet moving around below. She might come up and see him lying there. So he got up again and went downstairs.

He went out on the porch. He felt better there than upstairs. After a while he decided to go down to the creek. There were water snakes there sometimes and sometimes you could catch one.

But when he got there, there weren't any snakes. There was only a turtle. He stood on the bank watching it swim around. It was just a baby one and yet the water hardly covered it. The creek was low. When the turtle burrowed down under a stone and lay still, he waded in after it.

After he had it, he sat down on the bank and turned it on its back. It put its head out and then its feet. He touched one foot and it closed itself up again, making a funny sucking noise. Then it peeped out again. It began to kick. All of a sudden, looking at it, he remembered Dutchy. He began to feel awful. He was going to cry. . . .

Letting himself fall back on the bank, Jimmy put his arms behind his head and looked up, up, up, winking back the tears, straight to the sky.

* * *

"The flowers of the peach-tree, prepared as a salad, are of use in curing dropsy. Six or seven peeled

kernels of peach-stones, eaten daily, will cure the gravel. These are also said to prevent drunkenness, when eaten before meals."

Dr. Whitson's elegiac tones expired slowly in the heat of the room as he glanced gravely up from the paper to Dr. Hoffmeyer. "Is that all?" he asked.

DR. HOFFMEYER felt his chin meditatively. "Well," he said after due deliberation, "if a body loses their hair, of course, they should pound up some peach kernels and mix them with vinegar and put them on the bald place." He glanced significantly at Dr. Whitson's shining tonsure.

"I see." Dr. Whitson made a brief notation at the bottom of the sheet. "Paste of peach kernels and vinegar: hair restorer." "I see." He blotted the page and waved it a moment in the air.

"The water off peach flowers is good too," Dr. Hoffmeyer said. "I give it to young folks when they have the worms."

"Ah!" Dr. Whitson made a second notation. "Water distilled from peach blossoms destroys human parasites." Once more he blotted the page. "I think," he said after a long silence during which he carefully drew lines through certain notes and checked others, "I think that that will be sufficient for this afternoon." He rose, rubbing his hands. "When I have put these notes in order," indicating the pile of copy paper before him, "we can — ah — continue."

Dr. Hoffmeyer rose in his turn. He stood a moment, regaining his equilibrium — hardly more than a bundle of old clothes on a stick. Dr. Whitson held out the soiled bill which had been between them all that afternoon.

"I trust," he said, "that there will be no further occasion for your buying — ah — books. I should really prefer, if I may say so, that your — ah — contributions should come directly from experience. Do I make myself clear?"

Dr. Hoffmeyer took the bill, saying nothing.

"Good afternoon," said Dr. Whitson.

Dr. Hoffmeyer bowed stiffly. "I bid you the time," he said grandly and shuffled out of the room.

Dr. Whitson looked after him puzzledly. If only one could get at the back of these peoples' minds! What a book that would make! Shrugging his thin shoulders, he turned back to the secretary and commenced the weary business of sorting the packet of notes.

* * *

WHEN the first drop of rain fell, Jimmy sat up. At first he didn't know where he was. He looked around him and saw the creek. Then he remembered. He got up and stood a minute rubbing his eyes. It was raining pretty hard now. He felt it on his face and hands. He turned his face up to the sky, feeling it splash cold, and he shivered a little, he didn't know why. Then it began to come down harder. There was a boom of thunder. He turned and ran as fast as he could back to the house.

The door banged shut behind him in the wind, making him jump. "Jimmy," somebody called, "is that

you, dear?" Mother was back! He didn't think, but raced as fast as ever he could, faster even than he'd come up from the creek, and he was calling, "Yes, yes," and Mother was at the end of the hall, waiting for him, her arms stretched out. "Just you wait," she was saying. "Just you wait till you hear the surprise I have for *you*. . . ."

* * *

IT WAS past four o'clock when finally Dr. Hoffmeyer turned toward home. The light, curiously, was more like that of early morning than late afternoon. The roadsides, spattered with small flowers, were still green and fresh. Overhead, new leaves stirred slightly in a gently rising wind.

Dr. Hoffmeyer, sitting stiffly upright behind the wheel, could not help but feel something of it; and when a little beyond Steitzville the last stray villages were left behind, he relaxed his straining attention and let the engine die slowly down to a soft hum.

A sigh of infinite relief escaped him then. For the first time that day he felt his breath come easily, the band about his head lift. The subtle sense of foreboding, which had pursued him since morning and for which he was able to find no rational explanation, slipped away from him. And suddenly he was at peace: at peace with the day, with the difficulties which had marked it, with himself. Once more he felt himself Doc Hoffmeyer, rich, respected, a power in his world — Somebody.

And all the way home, through the first casual raindrops, through the gathering storm, he retained this new-found identity; so that when at last he steered into his own lane and stepped out on his own good earth, it was as a lord come home to his manor. "Katie!" he called then imperiously. "You Katie!"

But Katie did not answer. No one answered. For a moment after his voice had died away, Dr. Hoffmeyer stood stock still. To be cheated of his moment like this! He could hardly believe it. Then the blood rose in his cheeks. His teeth shut tight on their lower lip. With a vicious kick at a weed in his path (more evidence of Katie's neglect of him and his), he stalked straight up the walk and into the house. He did not notice that the door was, oddly, unlatched. He did not notice the bottles and glasses overturned on his kitchen table. He noticed nothing until his eyes met those of the three men, watching him from the doorway. A short astonished cry escaped him then. He whirled suddenly around. . . .

Upstairs, Katie came abruptly to a stand, as though impelled.

* * *

"A PONY," Jimmy was saying. "Have I got a pony, Mother?" He was jumping up and down in his excitement.

"Better than that," Mother said. "Better than that, honey." And she was laughing, even her eyes were laughing. She was most excited as he. "We're going away," she said. "Far, far away, you and Daddy and me." She pushed him off, still holding onto his shoulders and looking down at him with her eyes all shining and laughing like that. "What

do you think of that?" she said. "Whatever do you think of that?"

"Why?" he said. "Why, Mother?" He didn't know what he thought.

"Because," she said — "Because that nice old Dr. Whitson got Daddy a fine new position. . . . And you'll be in a nice school," she said, "and we'll have a great big wonderful new house and maybe there'll be a pony there. . . ." She stopped, all out of breath and laughing so, she could hardly talk. She took his two hands and clapped them together for him. "Think of that," she said. "Just think of that!"

And all of a sudden he was glad, too. Gladder than he'd been all day. Gladder most than he'd ever been before. "When?" he said. He was jumping up and down and she was clapping his hands together and they were so glad and happy. "When, Mother — when are we going?"

* * *

THE rain had been coming down steadily all that hour but now, a little after dusk, it had begun to slack off a bit and a pale moon was showing in the twilight sky.

Katie stood in the doorway of the house, looking at it, and at the wet fields, in the shifting light, below her, and at the dark road, trailing its rocky way into Lancaster down there.

Her fingers crept mindlessly over her face as she looked, felt of her eyes, her nose, her rigid mouth. On her cold lips they lingered heavily, and suddenly, with a savage grimace, she bit down on them: down, down to the bone. The blankness went out of her stare, then. Her knees buckled under her. She sat down. In the soft insinuating silence from the room behind her, she began to scream. . . .

An Evangelical's Defense

By Frank E. Gaebelein

In which some critical heads are knocked together

In a recent magazine article James Truslow Adams acutely diagnosed certain trends in American life. Among these he pointed out the preference of "impressions to thought, facts to ideas." And as one surveys the state of religion, especially Protestantism, with its waning influence among the intelligentsia, he is struck with the prevalence of this particular trend, albeit in somewhat different guise. For by making Mr. Adams's phrase read "the preference of impressions to facts," one is able exactly to place his finger upon the most common and at the same time most misleading fallacy of American religious thinking today.

To take a specific instance, observe the reckless generalization with which the average sophisticate brands all evangelical Christianity as outworn dogma long since abandoned by enlightened minds. The mere term "orthodox" or, even worse, "fundamentalist" suggests the "vestigial intellect," to use Dr. Glenn Frank's clever phrase. That one can retain his intellectual integrity while actually believing the tenets of some branch of the evangelical Christian faith is for many today a cause of authentic wonder. The unfettered thinker of the Twentieth Century has a misconception of the convictions of the evangelical believer that is, to say the very least, grotesque. Such a believer or, whisper the word, fundamentalist perforce must think that the world was created on a certain fine day in the year 4004 B.C. That this date never was in the Old Testament, that it represents but the calculation of a Seventeenth Century Irish archbishop, that no enlightened Christian of the present insists upon its authority bears little weight. The Clarence Darrows of the future will bring it up at future evolution trials just as Mr. Clarence Darrow pounced upon it at Dayton, Tennessee. One can only hope that the next William Jennings Bryan will be on this point a little more alert than was his illustrious predecessor!

Thus also the intelligentsia will continue to insist that evangelical orthodoxy carries with it the dogma that the apostles and prophets, being divinely inspired, were therefore mere mechanical dictaphones of the Almighty, that every sentence of the Bible is spiritual revelation binding in daily life, and

that the Bible contains not the slightest error in transmission, punctuation, or translation. If this seem like *reductio ad absurdum*, one need but turn to page 172 of *The Twilight of Christianity*, where Harry Elmer Barnes seriously informs his readers that "the typical believer takes it for granted that God dictated the Bible in the language of the King James Version (or, if a German, in the language of Luther's translation)." As a facetious liberalist once wrote, fundamentalists believe that one fair morning God dispatched to this planet a corps of angels bearing a copious edition of King James Bibles freshly printed and neatly bound in black leather with gilt-edged pages. The evangelical may assert that he believes nothing of the sort. He may insist that his view of inspiration goes back to the original documents, taking into account the scribal errors, the textual and translator's variations, and that it leaves to the individual writers full scope for the exercise of their own literary personalities. It makes not the slightest difference. The caricature persists. The idea of Biblical inspiration simply must be an impossible dogma.

So it goes. The orthodox view of the atonement is lampooned as a horrible doctrine savoring of the slaughter-house and the dark days of barbarism. Conversion is made synonymous with "hit the trail" methods of high-pressure revivalism or else confused with psychological complexes, while foreign missionaries in general are thought to bear a remarkable likeness to a certain character in Somerset Maugham's *Rain*. There is indeed an urgent need for a dispassionate research into the strange misconceptions that the intelligentsia so often imagine represent the evangelical Christian believer of today. Suffice it to say that the straw man does not exist and, to this writer's knowledge, never did exist among the large body of persons of education and cultivation who somehow manage, even in the face of the jibes of Harry Elmer Barnes, H. L. Mencken, and many another to maintain both faith and intellectual integrity.

What then does the intelligent evangelical really believe? By what mental processes does he reconcile his Sixteenth or, to be exact, his First Century faith with Twentieth Century categories of philosophy and science?

First of all, the intelligent evangelical bases his religious thinking essentially on facts. For him the question of the historicity of the Bible, especially of the New Testament records, is fundamental. Christianity is a religion of fact. Either Christ did or did not live, teach, and minister in ancient Palestine. Whether Christ died upon the Cross of Calvary is again at bottom an historic question. So also is the inescapable problem of the resurrection, though modern men are prone to forget that this vital event too is capable of historic demonstration. Back in the Eighteenth Century Gilbert West in the confidence of his deism set out to overthrow the historicity of the resurrection, examined the evidence, and was converted in writing his memorable *Observations on the History and Evidence of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ*, an argument which

Dr. Samuel Johnson declared impregnable. In 1930 Frank Morison, instead of writing the skeptical treatise he had long contemplated, published instead his fascinating psychological study, *Who Moved the Stone?* The empty tomb, he found, is not so easily explained away as those who, lacking first-hand study of the sources, fondly believe. One may speak glibly of a spiritual resurrection, of overwrought and nervously unstable disciples, or of the vision theory of Strauss, but the disturbing fact of the rolled-away stone, the empty tomb, and the undeniably far-reaching and cumulative influences of that first Easter morning remain. Like Paul, the evangelical believer of today looks at this question from an intensely practical point of view. "If Christ be not risen from the dead," declared the apostle, "then is your faith vain; ye are yet in your sins."

But he is, this evangelical of 1931, gravely concerned with the necessity for straight thinking on matters that seem to him eternally significant. Recognizing the fundamental supernaturalism of New Testament Christianity and the prevalent naturalistic color of modern philosophies and science, he honestly tries to base his belief on solid fact. That the supernatural elements in Christ's life are not reproduceable today does not greatly concern him, for he is able to detect the shallowness of the mere uniformitarian argument against the miraculous in the past. But that the documents which attest the historicity of the facts on which Christianity rests be authenticated seems to him all-important. For, after all, every great event of antiquity is known to us on documentary evidence of one kind or another, nothing more nor less. Thus he follows the findings of New Testament criticism, and notes with deep interest that, however much the most radical of the higher critics may pare down the synoptic gospels, still the core remains supernaturalistic. Such a frankly evangelical and even supernaturalistic attitude as that of Karl Barth of Germany and his followers seems to him a significant trend to be emanating from the fountain-head of higher criticism.

But, in requiring intellectual integrity of himself, the evangelical logically enough asks the same virtue of those who so casually caricature his views. He thinks, in short, that the critics themselves should cultivate a critical attitude of mind, yet in this seems to find them lacking. Asked for an example, he might again refer to *The Twilight of Christianity*, where on pages 174 and 175 Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes quotes an anthology of scriptural obscenity. John viii, asserts Dr. Barnes's authority, tells of Christ and the woman taken in adultery and is therefore obscene, while Luke i states that the Angel Gabriel impregnated Elizabeth! Which is obscene, this book or the Bible? Can any intelligent reader examine the morally stirring story of John viii ("He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone. . . . Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more") and call this magnificent display of discerning mercy obscene? And can anyone, prejudiced or unprejudiced, cite in

support of the second coarse insinuation a single sentence from the tactful and beautiful narrative of "the beloved physician?" It is difficult for the intelligent evangelical to understand how a writer trained in scientific method can publish such preposterous inferences and retain withal his intellectual integrity.

WHILE the believer could digress largely on this point, he must content himself with only one or two more instances. In his credo in a recent issue of *The Forum*, Mr. H. L. Mencken likens the reliability of the authors of the four gospels to that of four darkies in the police court. Now Mr. Mencken has probably read the older German higher critics, but is he not aware of Harnack's conservative position on the third gospel, has he never heard of the archæological researches of Sir William Ramsay in confirmation of the reliability of Luke as an historian, and does he not know of the admitted historicity of the Marcan narrative? Mr. George Jean Nathan's frank essay in the same series contains a delightful example of the modern attitude toward religion. "I am for all religions equally, as all impress me as being equally hollow." Once more, impression preferred to fact. In a single sentence the great quest of the ages is dispatched. Jove has spoken! One may smile at the wrong-headed cleverness of Messrs. Mencken and Nathan, yet at the same time detect the propensity of their type of mind to prefer mere verbal cleverness to truth. The Macaulay style is interesting but not always reliable.

And so, because he desires to hold his faith in full intellectual honesty, the evangelical endeavors to recognize facts when proved instead of continuing to hold in their place outworn conjectures no matter what scholarly sanction these conjectures may have. But here again he finds much modern thought to be actually behind the times. Rabbi Lewis Browne's highly praised *This Believing World* is fascinating reading, but hardly up-to-date when it describes the life and times of the patriarch Abraham as those of primitive nomad sheiks. The excavations at Ur of the Chaldees made by Professor C. Leonard Woolley, Director of the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, demand in place of modern higher-critical preconceptions a new view of that early time. As Dr. Woolley asserts in his *Ur of the Chaldees:* "We must revise considerably our ideas of the Hebrew patriarch when we learn that his earlier years were spent in such sophisticated surroundings; he was the citizen of a great city and inherited the tradition of an ancient and highly organized civilization."

SO THE flood of Genesis has long been traced to a Babylonian myth portraying the passage of the sun god in his boat through the heavenly ocean. Yet Dr. Woolley's excavations have actually unearthed eight feet of sediment that could have been deposited only by a deluge of unparalleled proportions! Similarly, archæological investigations of the Ziggurats of Mesopotamia afford a basis for an actual Tower of Babel, while excavations in Palestine have shown us that the walls of Jericho fell after all. For years every liberal

Old Testament scholar has maintained with utmost confidence that the Book of Daniel dates from the time of Antiochus Epiphanes (c. 170 B.C.) rather than from the Sixth Century B.C. when the historic Daniel lived. This conclusion has long been a commonplace of Biblical criticism. But on January 10th, 1931, the New York *Times* carried a significant statement by Sir Charles Marston, British archæologist. "Many biblical archæologists have doubted the authenticity of the Book of Daniel," said Sir Charles, "but this discovery does much to confirm the historical accuracy of the story of King Belshazzar. Cuneiform writings of the Sixth Century B.C., inscribed on clay tablets nearly 2,500 years ago, have already been deciphered, giving clear-cut evidence of the reality of Belshazzar and remarkable confirmation of the subject matter of the fifth chapter of the Book of Daniel. I believe the fifth chapter of the Book of Daniel ranks next to cuneiform literature in accuracy, so far as outstanding events are concerned." Unfortunately higher-critical scholarship is loath to revise its "assured results," so that the intelligentsia who neither read the Bible nor derive their view of its trustworthiness from first-hand sources are still bound by the conjectures of a past generation.

All of this teaches the intelligent evangelical a valuable lesson. In religion as in science, one must keep abreast of the times and prefer facts to opinions, even though the latter emanate from ecclesiastical strongholds of specialized scholarship.

In the next place, the intelligent evangelical is something of a pragmatist in his attitude toward the practical aspects of religion. He evaluates his faith to a considerable extent on the fact that it works. Personally he himself is a proof of the efficacy of what he believes. Like his Master he knows true spirituality to be primarily of the heart rather than the head. Thus his own inner experience is an incontestable evidence of the validity of his beliefs. Neither Pharisaical argument nor threat could overthrow the disturbing testimony of the blind man whom Christ healed at the pool of Siloam. "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see," was his unanswerable retort. Likewise the evangelical Christian knows "one thing" — the inner deliverance brought him through contact with his Lord. It matters little whether this deliverance has been a sudden release from enslaving habit and bestial degradation as in the case histories so dramatically portrayed in a book like Harold Begbie's *Twice-born Men*, or whether the deathless Galilean has brought inward peace to a life outwardly happy and perhaps even unconscious of its spiritual need. The fact of the deliverance, change, or conversion, call it what you will, remains and will remain indestructible so long as human personality persists.

Objectively, the evangelical Christian sees plenty of evidence that the New Testament faith still works whenever sincerely practised. The general civilizing influence of foreign missions, the well-nigh incredible record of John G. Paton in the New Hebrides or the transform-

ing results even now being achieved by the Abel family in cannibalistic New Guinea, the life-time of answered prayer of George Müller of Ashley Down, Bristol, the abiding results of D. L. Moody's ministry are but a very few examples. Nor can it be forgotten that the achievements of men like David Livingstone and Sir Wilfred Grenfell have been motivated solely by loyalty to Christ.

DURING his famous voyage on the *Beagle*, Darwin tried vainly to get in touch with the aborigines of Tierra del Fuego. Finally he was forced to the depressing conclusion that people so degraded were incapable of civilization. Later after twenty-eight years of heroic effort, a mission station was established on Tierra del Fuego, and Darwin, having personally seen some of the converts, wrote as follows to the South American Missionary Society: "The work of the Tierra del Fuego Mission is most wonderful and charms me, as I had always prophesied utter failure. It is a grand success. I shall feel proud if your committee think fit to elect me an honorary member."

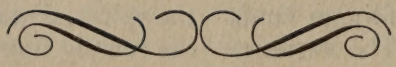
The objective evidence for the New Testament faith is not, however, confined only to foreign lands and degraded tribes. "The varieties of religious experience" are many and are ever with us. He who wills to see can not help but realize that men and women everywhere in all stations of life are discovering God through the dynamic and infinite Personality of the Man of Galilee.

In his philosophy the intelligent evangelical is essentially Pauline. Like the humanists of the Irving Babbitt type, he is a dualist and believes in the discipline of the will. But in his forthright supernaturalism he goes beyond the humanistic position. In the last analysis the jibes of the intelligentsia, the failure of so many of the mentally eminent to comprehend the primary concepts of New Testament Christianity concern him little. For in such a passage as the second chapter of Paul's First Corinthian Epistle, he finds a thoroughly adequate explanation for the indifference of modern intellectualism to Christianity. "The natural man," according to the great apostle to the Gentiles, "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them, because they are spiritually discerned." And in yet another memorable phrase, Paul reminds his readers that the preaching of the Cross is to the Greeks sheer "foolishness." Far from being original, Paul is but following his Master who once pointed out to a member of the first-century Judean intelligentsia the single way of entrance into the kingdom of God. "Except a man be born again (literally, 'from above'),," said Christ to Nicodemus in the vivid accents of divinity, "he cannot see the kingdom of God." The realm of the spiritual stands quite apart from the merely human plane; one enters it only through a transforming inner experience of God through Christ.

LITTLE wonder, then, that minds lacking this experience and, in some cases, by their very presuppositions unfitted for fair consideration of the subject, see in Christianity nothing but dogmas, ritual, or ideals outmoded by modern thought.

Little wonder also that such minds fail woefully to grasp the elementary life-giving message of the Bible. Samuel Taylor Coleridge was an acute literary critic as well as a great poet, and he never wrote a wiser sentence than this aphorism: "The Bible without the Spirit is a sundial by moonlight."

Finally, the intelligent evangelical is a much more tolerant person than his caricaturists realize. The clashes of denominationalism, the aberrations of the organized church, he recognizes and deplores. When the church substitutes for the proclamation of the gospel the objectives of social and moral reform, he fears that it has deviated from its central purpose. However worthy and essential such objectives may be, they follow, not precede, the Christian evangel, and to give them the first place is to put the cart before the horse. Only, therefore, in so far as it obeys the great commission of Christ to make known the good news does he consider the organized church spiritually effective. True Christians he finds in many folds and even outside the recognized communions. Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, many another creed have, in his mind, no monopoly on vital religion. The hall-mark of the real follower of Christ, the badge that unites all true believers, is, for him, a common acceptance and submission to the will of the Risen Christ, the divine Saviour, the One who, in the words of John the Baptist, "taketh away the sin of the world." Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, all the other great virtues he recognizes as essential indications of the Christian life. But he also realizes that these, as Paul says, are "the fruit of the Spirit," and that the one thing needful is the transforming personal relationship to Christ the Saviour.



The Landowner's Lot

By Julius M. Nolte

A diagnosis of the ills of real estate, with suggested remedies

In one of his most successful after dinner speeches, a brilliant *fin de siècle* raconteur is said to have dwelt at eloquent length upon the trials and tribulations of the poor, gradually reducing his audience to straits so sympathetic that no eye remained undimmed. Then, at the climax of a moving peroration, the text of which was that something must be done about it, and done forthwith, the speaker oratorically proposed — three cheers for the poor. "Whereat they all did laugh full sore."

This incident is related, not to cast a scornful light upon what passed for humor in the gay nineties, but to provide an analogue for the attitude of the American people toward the fundamental substance of their own country, toward their own real estate. Like the poor, real estate has had latterly more than its own share of trouble, so much more than its share that graver men than Simeon Ford have waxed eloquent about it; but so far very little has been done about it more than to propose three rousing cheers. Just as the more fortunate among the citizens of a past century could shrug aside squalor and poverty in applauding a post-prandial incongruity, the present generation of Americans, conscious that the proprietor of real estate is staggering under an intolerable and discriminatory burden of taxation, awards the unfortunate landowner a conversational accolade, and continues to consume his substance.

This judgment, perhaps, may be unjust, resting as it does upon the assumption that people generally have taken the trouble to inform themselves upon the matter of the distribution of the tax burden. It may be that people generally do not know the salient features of our taxing system. If so, there is real need of popular education in this regard.

That much maligned being, the average citizen, at least realizes that something is wrong with real estate. So much is certain, because he not only is not buying it, but is trying in many ways to escape ownership of it. This habit of avoidance, moreover, can not be charged mainly to the stock market break or to the present depression, for the habit antedates both. The average citizen is in a quandary about real estate. He knows that it seems cheaper under

present conditions to rent a home than to own one. He believes that most investments in real estate, whether in subdivision lots, in income properties, or in farm acreage, are destined to return little but anxiety to the investor. But for a few notable exceptions in localities where special conditions govern, he is right in his convictions. This knowledge of the average citizen is largely the product of hearsay, no doubt, but hearsay reinforced by some experience of his own during the past few years. His conclusions run counter to everything taught him in youth about the sanctity of the household, the security of realty values, and the probability of unending appreciation of real estate values. He is therefore at a loss to account for changed conditions, takes refuge in an ill-founded cynicism, and vaguely anathematizes the real estate business and those engaged in it, imputing to unscrupulous operators the blame for what has occurred, much as he tagged Wall Street with responsibility for the recent world-resounding crash of the stock market. Although there may be exceptions which emphasize the rule in both cases, he is as wrong about real estate as he was about the stock market. Real estate is suffering from the defects of its own admirable qualities.

Reflection upon recent economic history ought to make this point clear. It is hardly the fashion, probably because of its fixed nature and sentimental investiture, for people to regard real estate as a commodity; but in the eye of circumstance it is nothing else. It responds as do the members of the commodity list to market influences. Those dealing in real estate, therefore, might be expected to make, and did make, the same mistakes in judgment as their brethren in other fields. They suffered the same inventory losses and witnessed the same decline in values in both of the post-war depressions.

On the heels of the war came economists and sociologists to alarm us with prophecies of dire results from population pressure. The advance of the arts, they said, could not keep production ahead of consumption. Above all, we must do something about land: there was not enough to go round! Malthus was exhumed and revived; under a hundred aliases, the doughty old calamity howler wrote and lectured all over the United States. Operators in real estate, observing a rapid increase in the market values of realty, and not insensible to the barrage of gas shells from the publicists who proclaimed the disappearance of every variety of "marginal" land, acted in the same manner as did the dry goods merchants who believed that cotton and wool would never come down, and the grocers who thought that sugar and coffee would never come down, and the hardware merchants who thought that steel products would never come down. The real estate men, figuratively speaking, loaded their shelves. Like merchants in other lines, they also loaded the shelves of their customers.

Owners of real estate, whether for personal use or as wholesalers, suffered from the break of 1921 and succeeding years just as did dealers in and owners of other commodities. Farm lands, which quickly follow in

price the capitalized value of their potential yield, came down with a thud echoing that of wheat and sugar and wool and cotton and steel and what not. Urban and potentially urban lands reacted more slowly, but none the less surely. Improved realty, owing to the habit of men to base its value on cost and to the existence of leases and contracts which had definite periods to run, declined more slowly. The final result, however, was the same with all classes of real estate as with the general commodity market. Investments subsided to speculations. Speculations sank to indubitable losses.

It is necessary to note that the foregoing facts did much to justify the new reputation of real estate as a mere commodity, and to destroy the reputation it had formerly enjoyed with our citizenry as the basis of national character and the hope of the nation in times of distress. The reason for this change was no doubt in part the decrease in the supply of available wild land and farm acreage, which had in other times always offered an escape to the impoverished and disappointed. It was chiefly, however, America's sudden realization that it was no longer primarily an agricultural nation. The proportion between the relative assets, human and material, engaged in farming and engaged in other pursuits had been reversed in a quarter-century of expansion. The social and economic norm had formerly been the rural community; it was now the urban center. The proportion of national income derived from farming in contradistinction to that derived from other pursuits had changed at a much greater rate. The numbers and the money devoted to farming and devoted to other enterprises had reversed themselves in percentage of the total involved; but the income derived from each had changed almost in multiples of the percentages. Farming, as an industry, in other words, has always produced income at a very moderate rate in ratio to capital invested. The newer forms of industry and business produced income expressed in multiples of the farming ratio. The same state of affairs shortly came to exist with respect to other forms of real estate. Land, therefore, became apparently much less important in our national economy. From being by far the greatest of our national assets, considered merely from an income basis, land had moved well down the list of productive facilities.

Had this fact been taken directly into account, and measures promptly taken to show a recognition on the part of our various governments — State, local and National — that land had suffered this disability, real estate would have escaped much of the terrific load of depression that now encumbers it. For while dealers in other commodities can now see that the darkness obscuring them is only temporary, the realty dealer is convinced that for him the sun is likely to be forever in total eclipse.

The reason for this conviction is a simple one; but it has had surprisingly little attention from economists and from those engaged in the business of government. It is simply that as a nation we are still conducting our fiscal affairs on a tax system

that is nearly mediaeval. Real estate, once the main support of American business, but now producing a very much lesser share of the national income, is still paying a proportion of the expense of State and local government estimated at from 78 to 85 per cent, and a proportion of the total tax burden estimated at 54 to over 60 per cent. Against these latter figures must be placed the estimates of the proportion of national income, realized and imputed, received from real estate. The optimistic place this figure at something under 25 per cent.

Of the national income, a quarter goes to real estate owners in that capacity; and out of this quarter the government takes approximately 55 per cent of its total expense budget. The remaining 75 per cent of the nation's income pays only about 45 per cent of the taxes. And of course the realty owners really pay their share of this 45 per cent, as do all consumers, in the form of tariff, sales and income taxes. It takes no sense of divination to see that a sociological system which depends for its revenue mainly upon a minority of its population receiving one fourth of the national income must swiftly accomplish the ruin of the class that is the victim of the discrimination. The gravity of the tax burden upon real estate is further emphasized when it is found that the contribution paid by realty owners totals at least 25 per cent of their gross income from real estate, and between 40 and 50 per cent of their net income.

The full significance of these staggering statements, moreover, is appreciated only when one realizes that the low rate of capital turnover common to real estate investment as a whole had already put it in an unfavorable light in the eyes of the investing public before the deflation period of 1921–22. There were exceptions to the general rule, of course, and the reader will think at once of Florida and other localities that have witnessed sporadic booms in the last decade. But, in their essence, most booms of this character were building booms more than realty booms; and while Florida was flourishing, equities in real estate generally throughout the Middle West were being slowly squeezed out of existence, largely by the weight of an already intolerable tax load which nevertheless continued to grow.

Exact figures are hard to obtain, because of the failure of real estate owners (particularly farmers) to keep accurate accounting records; but it is conservative to say that real estate and real estate improvements, on a nationwide inventory, have in the last decade returned much less than five per cent net per annum on the capital outlay. When the taxing authority seizes half of this return, to use a journalistic phrase, disaster looms.

Disaster looms because the allowable secure return from invested capital of all sorts is at least five per cent, and, during the last decade, has been consistently higher than that. The valuation of the real estate affected, from an investment standpoint, is therefore lessened by the capitalized value of that portion of the tax which brings the net return below the going interest rate. When

such a condition persists, and grows worse, the owner suffers a continuing decrease in valuation. His commodity, moreover, placed more than ever at a disadvantage in comparison with other kinds of productive facilities, can not be sold. Stagnation finishes the work of demoralization. Distress brings on the market at forced sale those properties that can not be longer held. Sacrifice prices breed an unnatural competition for an already meager demand. The result is obvious. It is plain to all beholders all over the United States.

It is equally plain, of course, that taxes are not the only depressive factor in the real estate market. Urban properties have suffered a natural decline as the result of overexpansion during the after-war inflation period. Rural lands, which appreciated nearly in direct proportion to the rise in price of farm products, would naturally decline in much the same proportion. The point requiring emphasis, however, is the fact that in addition to such a natural decline we have in the case of real estate, alone of all commodities, a fixed tax, bearing no uniform relation to income, imposed under threat of expropriation, and effectually destroying any powers of resilience which the commodity might otherwise display. The tax, based usually on a valuation made in the time of inflation, falls on the owner of real estate at the lowest point of the curve of depression, its weight augmented by the increased purchasing power of the dollar.

Generally, too, the penalty exacted by society for non-payment of real estate taxes is swift and out of all proportion to the magnitude of the delinquency, involving nothing less than loss of all equity in the land affected, or, if redemption is made, payment with a high interest penalty on the amount of the delinquency for the period of its duration. Customarily, also, tax delinquency is a specified excuse for mortgage foreclosure. The delinquent taxpayer may find himself doubly embarrassed because of temporary stringency of funds.

Many taxes can be shifted, or transferred by those upon whom they are assessed, to the shoulders of others. Income taxes and numerous sales and special taxes, nominally paid by certain individuals and corporations, shortly find their way to the ultimate consumer of the products or services of the taxpayer. Some of the real estate tax is so shifted; but in the majority of instances the owner of real estate is also the consumer. Corporations using real estate as a necessary capital facility are as a rule successful in shifting the tax. Owners of income property often shift it; but shelter, office room and store area have declined in price along with comestibles and clothing, and the renter today often pays only part of his share of the tax. His landlord pays the rest. Home owners, farmers, owners of vacant land — for them there is no shifting of their burden. Today, because of our antiquated system, they collectively constitute society's "forgotten man" — except in the payment of taxes.

For the urban landowner, moreover, the story is not yet fully told. In addition to the general property

tax, he must pay, almost generally throughout this country, the cost of municipal improvements which affect his real estate. In the days of dirt streets, inadequate lighting, wooden sidewalks and simple water and sewage systems, special assessments for such purposes were not unduly burdensome; but in these days of concrete highways and expensive sewage disposal plants they often raise unconscionably the cost of government to the home owner. It is generally argued that these improvements are for the use of the land and enhance its value; and there is truth in the contention. But it is also true that the owner must often pay through the nose for facilities which are enjoyed equally by many other members of the community who pay little or nothing, and that the owner must sometimes pay for "improvements" which actually bring him annoyance and discomfort. Taxes and assessments, through some quirk of human unreason, are popularly thought to be levied upon land and goods. They are not. They are always and forever paid by individuals. So-called "benefits to the land" are benefits to the community, or to the landowner, or to both. There is no reason other than tradition why the landowners should so generally bear nearly the entire burden of their cost.

ECONOMIC law, as we have recently rediscovered, has the inexorability of the tide, and, apparently, the vindictiveness of an adder. Disregard of the law brings a sure and absolute penalty. It therefore behooves us, as good citizens of the world, to learn the law and apply it, that our days may be long and prosperous. Ignorance of economic law does not mitigate the penalties for disobedience thereof. The law is the nearest approach we have to Shakespeare's "even handed justice." In so far as it concerns taxation, we have had a formulation of the law at least since 1776. As a people, however, we have been criminally inefficient in applying it.

THE first principle of taxation was well enunciated by Adam Smith in the *Wealth of Nations*, when he wrote: "The subjects of every state ought to contribute toward the support of the government, as nearly as possible, in proportion to their respective abilities; that is, in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the State. The expense of government to the individuals of a great nation, is like the expense of management to the joint tenants of a great estate, who are all obliged to contribute in proportion to their respective interests in the estate. In the observation or neglect of this maxim consists what is called the equality or inequality of taxation."

As Adam Smith well knew, taxation can never be "equal," because of the varying standards of living among men. Surely, however, we can achieve a closer approximation to equality than a system which amerces a discriminatory penalty upon those individuals in our society — home owners and farmers — whom we ought particularly to respect and to encourage.

In spite of our misapplication of Adam Smith's principle, economic law will correct the land tax situation. It has already started to do so.

But the way of economic law, like the way of natural law, is by no means always painless; and in this case there is a tragic irony in the fact that the very method of correction employed by economic law at first accelerates the effects of the evil it seeks to cure, much as an impounded stream continues disastrous flooding until the weight of water is sufficient to push aside or wear away the obstructing barrier. The method of economic cause and effect in curing the tax disease is the spread of tax delinquency, which has already mounted to consequential figures almost everywhere in the United States, and has seriously alarmed taxing authorities in the more sparsely settled areas. The ironic feature of this method is that the burden of the delinquency must be borne, and that it is borne in greatest proportion by the owners of real estate in the form of an increased general property tax. This, of course, by aggravating the injustice of the present system, hastens the day when thorough-going reform of our tax methods is inevitable.

THE method of delinquency is at best a slow and painful method. If it is allowed to run its course, it must necessarily entail the financial or spiritual ruin, or both, of a large minority of our citizenship. The instinct of attachment to land lies deep in man's nature; it has had for untold centuries the sanction of the *mores* of society. It is regarded as an admirable attribute, one worth fostering in the interests of social stability and a permanent culture. If the solution of the tax problem is left to the working of economic law, we shall be in a fair way to lose whatever benefits inhere in this instinct of possession. We shall inevitably suppress the instinct for at least a generation, if, indeed, we have not done so already. When natural conditions threaten civilization, we do not hesitate to alter them by such means as are available. We apply restoratives to tired land; we irrigate arid regions; we are constantly improving the ways of navigation; we spend unreckoned ingenuity on the acclimatizing of plants. Economic law is the analogue of natural processes; its workings are natural processes. Having been shown an evil, there is no reason why we should not eliminate it, provided that in the technique of elimination we do not run counter to the law itself.

THIS paper can not pretend to give a solution to the tax problem; but it can at least indicate general methods which show promise of success. It can, above all, emphasize and reëmphasize the fact that it is a national problem, regardless of its many local ramifications, and that the time for paltering and fussing with half-measures is already past.

Efforts of the latter sort have been and are being extensively tried. Many States have imposed income taxes, with the original thought of reducing the general property tax. These experiments, however, have either fallen into the evil way of politics, or operated too slowly to give any substantial relief. They have been cataplasms applied to surface sores when the diagnosis calls for a major operation. Cancer can not be cured with a mustard plaster. The general effect of State income taxes

has no doubt been to reduce the percentage of the total tax borne by real estate. But in Wisconsin, where the tax is perhaps most successful, the relief has been small in percentage of the total tax; and real estate taxes have risen more proportionately since the adoption of the income tax than in the neighboring State of Minnesota, where the income tax is not employed. Income taxes, as so far applied, have undoubtedly helped to absorb the burden of tax delinquency; but the actual relief to real estate owners has been small. To be effective, income taxes must be vastly amplified, and so adjusted that they do not, as now, so often put an undue burden on urban dwellers.

ANOTHER mustard plaster generally applied is the sales tax. Where this is collected openly from a definite class of users, and allocated to a definite object connected with the commodity bearing the tax, it is successful. The pat example is the gasoline tax, now employed by a majority of the States for highway purposes. General economic opinion, however, is in substantial agreement with those who maintain that hidden sales taxes for general revenue purposes defeat one of the chief ends of taxation, which is to make the citizen tax-conscious, thereby whetting his civic interest and arousing him to awareness of his stake in government.

Some localities, notably the city of Chicago and the State of Ohio, did not even trust to the efficacy of plasters. Ohio operated with an axe. Chicago wrapped a dirty rag around the sore. The Ohio method was to limit by constitutional means the maximum rate of the general property tax without providing substitutes for the lost revenue. An appalling increase in bonded and floating indebtedness was the result, accompanied by a notable decline in the efficiency of local administration. Bond issues to pay salaries and coal bills are an economic evil comparable to the inequalities of the present system of taxation. Chicago's experience had a similar result; but it proceeded from mixed causes, among which the "racket" was not least. Discriminatory assessments, manipulated, for a consideration, by "racketeers" in the supposed interest of the disgruntled taxpayer, finally became so malodorous that the necessities of civic hygiene intervened. A re-assessment was finally made, during the progress of which taxes were not paid at all. To finance itself, the city had recourse to all methods theretofore used to raise money by bonding, and to some extra-legal methods, with the resulting probability that the taxpayers will lose in interest more than they gain by the new assessment.

IT WOULD seem that the most promising trend of tax reform would be indicated by the current counters among economic concepts. Individuals used to be regarded through the lens of "net worth." They are now appraised through the lorgnette of "income." The *ad valorem* method of taxation is the product of the days of Laban, when the measure of a man's station was the tale of his possessions. The lever of credit has altered our attitude toward achievement. "Ability to pay," Adam Smith's touchstone, is no longer a

function of the mere sum of capital assets; it is a function of the accomplishments of capital, of the rate of capital turnover. A man with one steam shovel may be worth more economically than the owner of a thousand horses and graders.

PROOF of the fundamental soundness of the implications for taxation in the foregoing observations lies in the fact that in civilized countries of large population per unit area, where division of labor has necessarily proceeded far, the *ad valorem* method of taxing has long been discredited. In England, before the imposition of war levies on a catch-as-catch-can basis upset the traditional proportions, users of real estate paid substantially the same percentage of taxes as did owners of real estate in America. The tax, however, was levied upon income from real estate; and where there was no income, there was no tax. Users of lands which were non-income-producing occasionally paid nominal taxes based upon potential income use; and when sales were made, the unearned increment was sometimes taxed. This seems to be as close as the British cared to come to the *ad valorem* principle. Elsewhere in Europe, since the war, and as a result of war-bred exigencies, "capital levies" have been made on the *ad valorem* principle; but the proportion of these to the total annual tax collected has been but a small fraction of our annual general property tax percentage. It is only in America, "nourished in a creed outworn," that we have adhered, in a wholesale way, to the discarded percentage-of-capital theory.

We have adhered to it for a bewildering variety of reasons, which explain, but do not condone. We have clung to it because of "*laissez faire*," because our early theories of government curtailed the functions of the State and made taxes low. We have clung to it because our natural resources have for the most part kept us abundantly prosperous, because an expanding commercial life has brought a constantly broader standard of living and made taxes insignificant. We have clung to it because land was the early measure of wealth, because a general property tax on real estate was easy to apportion and easy to collect and easy to enforce. We have clung to it also because, in some manner beyond the understanding of ordinary intelligence, the man in the street — permanently so, if he doesn't watch out! — thinks of real estate taxes as something in which real estate operators are chiefly concerned, and because he looks upon any attempt to tell him the truth as the propaganda of an interested class.

IF THERE is truth in this latter belief, it is that such attempts at molding public opinion would naturally emanate from those whose incomes are high, from those who would rather pay, or see paid, a high and discriminatory realty tax than a fair income tax. As a nation, we have now reached a point in our economic development where, under the lash of depression, we must reform our behavior or suffer a senseless prolonging of our castigation.

There is abundant reason why every fair-minded citizen of the United States should become a partisan of

tax reform. If public opinion can be sufficiently informed, the several States will find ways in which to redistribute the tax load. In some States, it may be accomplished by income taxes, in others by the use of various sales and other special taxes. In the long run, however, real reform can not be achieved by regarding substitute taxes either as a modest increment in State and local revenues, or as a concession reluctantly granted to a complaining minority. It may be permanently achieved only by frank recognition of the injustice of the present system, and by giving relief through an intelligent and thorough application of Adam Smith's principle: that he who earns shall pay.

Summer Arabesque

By Charles Ballard

Flowers on rainy days fold into hoods
and bend meekly,
while the happy drops patter and splash all about —
pizzicato — pizzicato —
and jolly little breezes scatter the sudden opals —
flying — flying.

On rainy days the huddled petals tremble a little —
shivering — shivering —
as the water comes down —
spilling — spilling —
scented
and cold
and silvery.

The Gentleman from Maryland

By Henry Carter

An examination of Governor Ritchie in his qualifications for the job of President

Part I

Some fifteen years ago a rising young lawyer left one of the most promising practices in the State of Maryland to run for the office of Attorney General. A term in that position he reasoned would afford him a prestige and an experience which would be an extremely valuable asset in what had every prospect of being a distinguished and lucrative career at the bar. He served the term but he has not returned to that jealous mistress, the law. In public life he found a unique medium for the exercise of his very considerable talents and abilities, and so kindly did public life take to him that he has served eleven consecutive years as Governor of Maryland and has just entered upon a fourth term of four years with a popular majority even greater than any he has previously had in an unusually successful political career.

Mr. Coolidge is quoted as once having said that his favorite hobby was holding public office; Albert Ritchie, if asked, might with perfect justice and propriety describe his profession as "being Governor of Maryland," for his tenure of office has had a quality of permanence and solidity that is more usually associated with the practice of an established profession than with the holding of elective office. Governor Ritchie has become a professional Governor in the best sense of the word, and in so doing has created for himself a unique position in American public life. The reason is that he is essentially a professional man, and that to the exercise of public office he has brought the single-minded point of view and the drive to master its intricacies that he formerly brought to the practice of law. These are qualities which mark the professional man the world over, and it is largely due to them that Governor Ritchie has attained his present place of preëminence in his chosen field.

Once Governor he devoted himself unreservedly to acquiring the intimate and detailed knowledge of State business and the technique of State administration that would enable him to be the best and most efficient Governor possible, not so

much in the thought of future reward as because that is the way he is constituted. After eleven years he is at the top of his profession and he has arrived there through his habit of regarding his high office not only as an honor and an occupation, but as a profession. Being a practical and intelligent man, he has been quick to recognize that the qualities which make for success in private life are not necessarily infallible assurances of success as a public man, and he has been diligent to learn the peculiar requirements of the profession of politics and to apply to them his undeniable mental and personal abilities. "Being Governor," he says, "is not like any other job. It is a special job, and it was at least a year after I first became Governor that I really began to get the hang of it and to move with any real feeling of assurance, notwithstanding my previous experience in public affairs as Attorney General." It would be difficult to find a more characteristic description of the attitude of mind which he brings to the problems that come to him, whether it be in his capacity as Governor, political leader, or Presidential possibility.

THE qualities which make for political success are many and diverse. They can not be predicated, nor can they be dealt with on a quantitative basis. There is too much subtle chemistry in politics to permit of satisfactory syntheses. By all the rules of algebra and logic Mr. Hoover should be the greatest President of modern times, yet it would take a bold man to maintain that he has been an unqualified political success. The best we can do is to analyze concrete success in individuals and be guided by that so far as those particular individuals are concerned.

PERHAPS the most fundamental quality which Governor Ritchie has displayed in his career has been that of intelligent, informed, practical common sense. The law has been described, perhaps optimistically, as being applied common sense. However this may be, Governor Ritchie in his public activities appears to have been guided throughout by the thought that common sense is the measuring rod for political action. He is not primarily a political theorist, he has no panaceas for the problems of state or nation, he is not greatly interested in Utopias and prefers to tussle with the concrete difficulties of the State of Maryland. What he does offer is the assurance that questions and difficulties in the management of public affairs will be examined in an open-minded, reasonable, and sensible way, and that such means as seem practical to the ends in view will be promptly and effectively applied. Good government is his goal and his test for good government is whether it commends itself to the common sense of the electorate. He does not believe that the electorate is much interested in noble experiments or in theories of what government should or could be. It *is* concerned in having law and order under which men can go peaceably and safely about their own affairs, in freedom from hampering and excessive governmental supervision and interference, in lower taxes; it wants healthy conditions in which to live, good schools for its

children, good roads on which to travel. These are things which government can and should provide, and to see that it does so has been Governor Ritchie's contribution to the development of Maryland. He has sensed clearly that the field of activity in which government can function effectively is definitely limited in scope, but by the same token he has been determined that in that field government shall be efficient. Add to that a firm conviction that these *desiderata* are more likely to be attained through local effort and a vigorous and healthy local self-government than through a Federal bureaucracy, and you have stated his fundamental political beliefs.

THE impress of common sense marks a consistent pattern in any consideration of his administration as Governor. Upon assuming office he immediately addressed himself to the task of reorganizing the State Government from top to bottom. Overlapping and useless State offices were combined or abolished. State administrative boards were reduced from fifty-five in number to nineteen departments, and their membership cut to the minimum compatible with the performance of their duties. The State Civil Service was organized and established on an efficiency basis. A State Purchasing Board was set up which effected large economies in the purchase of State supplies. The budget system was made an effective reality. The tax rate has dropped 30 per cent.

State offices were filled by the best men available, by men who were experts in their particular fields, regardless of the moans of certain local politicians. The Baltimore police were put under a single Commissioner responsible only to the Governor. The Commissioner has now served eleven consecutive years and the Baltimore police, at a time when the police departments of most large American cities are an open scandal, enjoys a reputation and a confidence unique in the country. It has been Ritchie's policy to put the best men he could find in office and to back them to the limit, and however little this may have appealed to office-hungry ward politicians, the concrete results in the form of able and intelligent government, good health conditions, good schools, good roads, have won the repeated and enthusiastic endorsement of the electorate. There is nothing revolutionary or spectacular in this manner of handling State affairs; it is nothing more than applied common sense, *but it has been applied.*

THREE years ago it was discovered that large defalcations had occurred in the funds of the State Road Commission. A serious scandal involving the Commissioners, Ritchie's personal appointees, seemed imminent. Ritchie chose to follow the straightforward, sensible course. He instituted inquiry by four of the best known men in the State, three of whom, incidentally, were Republicans; it was found that an outworn system of audit in the Road Commission had offered opportunities for peculation of which a number of minor employes had availed themselves; the offenders were promptly brought to justice, an up-to-date audit system was installed, and the tangled accounts of the Commission were re-

stored to order; public confidence in the Governor rose if anything higher. "I like to know the worst right away," the Governor says, "then I know where I am and what I can do about it."

THE same common sense attitude of the Governor was evinced in his handling of the politically perilous water power question when it arose six years ago in connection with the development of the great Conowingo power project. There were many to urge that the State should undertake it. This the Governor did not believe the State was in a position to do, either as a financial or technical proposition. From the economic point of view it was desirable that the development proceed. A private concern was found (incidentally, from outside the State) which was able to handle the undertaking; terms were struck favorable to the State and to the rate payers; and the development came into active being without delay and with immediate and real advantages to all concerned. The question involved, to the Governor's way of thinking, was not one of abstract theory. The power was wanted, a private company was in a position to develop it, the State was not, the terms were advantageous, and the decision was made, with the result that Maryland now has this important new economic resource instead of a perennial argument as to the merits of public as against private operation. Maryland has no water power issue as such and an attempt to capitalize it against Governor Ritchie in the election of 1926 was snowed under by the then unprecedented majority of 61,000 votes.

On the other hand, the Governor is prompt to recognize that in other States conditions may well be different and that power interests may have gained or be threatening to gain an economic hold and preponderance that may become a social and political menace, and that the magnitude of certain undertakings, particularly when they transcend State lines, through holding companies or otherwise, may be such as to require a more active policy on the part of State and Federal Governments. Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, the St. Lawrence development would presumably fall under this category.

IN GOVERNOR RITCHIE'S view, the problems created by the great power developments are so new in character and so complex in nature that it would be absurd to attempt to deal with them on the basis of a general arbitrary theoretical principle. He would prefer the less spectacular, but probably sounder, method of treating each question and each project that is put forward on its own merits and upon a basis of common sense, and of letting questions of abstract theory take care of themselves. Whatever best suits the requirements of each specific situation is the touchstone he would apply, and this would obviously differ markedly according to circumstances. The important thing is that actual economic development be made, and to that end fine-spun theories and counsels of perfection are to him of little weight as beside concrete considerations of fact, economic needs, and good sense. Provided a sensible and practical arrangement can be made, he will not greatly care whether

he is denounced as a socialist or branded as the friend of the power interests.

As a matter of fact criticism of that type does not disturb him particularly; neither does the consideration that he may be voicing a minority view, when questions of what he thinks right are concerned. His attitude during the coal strikes of 1922 affords a case in point. At that time President Harding, alarmed by the possibilities of disorder and bloodshed in the mining districts of the coal producing States, publicly appealed to the Governors of those States, including Maryland, to call out the militia. Alone among the Governors so addressed, Ritchie stood out against such a course of action. The strike, he said, would be settled by agreement and not by bayonets, and so far as Maryland was concerned no need for the militia had yet appeared. In Maryland that need never arose and a peaceful agreement was subsequently reached, thanks in no small part to Ritchie's firm and cool-headed stand for moderation.

However, the most striking, and, be it said, the most courageous, application of his intelligent good sense was the stand which he took and has steadfastly maintained upon Prohibition. His position is, of course, familiar to all: that national Prohibition does not belong in the Constitution, and that liquor control is essentially a local question, to be dealt with by the States in accordance with their respective views and traditions. The clear and unequivocal statement of this view under the general head of States' Rights and State Responsibility, and of the importance of maintaining a strong and vigorous local self-government, as against the extension of Federal bureaucracy, came at a time when the tyranny of national Prohibition and enforcement methods seemed irresistible and inevitable, when State after State was resignedly adopting Baby Volstead Acts. Potentially his stand was a politically disastrous step even in Maryland, and inevitably elicited Prohibitionist cries of "nullification" and "treachery to the Constitution." However, the general response to his challenge and to his bold reaffirmations of it at the Governors' Conferences of 1922 and 1923 was immediately and impressively favorable both in and out of Maryland, and the turn in the tide of Prohibition sentiment marked by his statement has become an ever increasing reality. One of the most dramatic things Governor Ritchie has ever done, it raised him overnight from a local celebrity to a national figure, brought his name to the attention of the Democratic National Convention of 1924, made him a recognized and important factor in Democratic calculations in 1928, and now makes it highly possible that he will be not only the next Democratic nominee but also, if nominated, the next President of the United States.

Yet it is doubtful if at the time he made his original pronouncement he had any clear idea, or for that matter any particular concern, as to its national repercussions. It merely seemed to him that national Prohibition was creating a dangerous situation and was breaking down the powers and effectiveness of local

self-government, and that so far as Maryland was concerned something should be done about it.

Maryland has done something about it. Under Ritchie's leadership it has declined to pass a State enforcement act, or to participate in the physical task of enforcing the Volstead Act. State officers and police go about their own business of administering and enforcing State laws, and leave it to the Federal authorities to enforce Federal enactments. There is no obstruction or friction; Maryland merely leaves the administration of a Federal law which it does not want or need to the Federal officers who are charged with its enforcement. The result is that Maryland officials are left free to concentrate on their specified duties; the police, being withdrawn from the work of hip-slapping, snooping, and domiciliary raids which seem inseparable from Prohibition enforcement, devote themselves to the maintenance of public order and to the detection and prevention of crime; the courts, not being clogged with liquor cases, render the most speedy and hence the most effective criminal justice in the United States. Baltimore, almost alone among the larger cities of the country, enjoys a complete absence of anything remotely resembling the organized crime, racketeering, and graft which elsewhere corrupt the police and the courts and have reduced American municipal government to an alarming state of degradation. Instead, Baltimore is a quiet, orderly, and incidentally a sober city. That this should be the case is due, in Governor Ritchie's view, largely to the common sense policy of not attempting to burden State and municipal officials with the enforcement of a Federal law which is repugnant to a large section of public opinion, which militates against the effective enforcement of the recognized criminal code, and which offers alarmingly large inducements to corruption. If public order, honest administration, and temperance are the *desiderata*, there would appear to be much to commend Maryland's handling of the problems created by National Prohibition. Governor Ritchie believes that analogous results would be attainable by restoring liquor control to the States where it can be administered in accordance with local conditions and sentiment, and where the sanction of public opinion can again lend its support to the enforcement of law. It sounds reasonable.

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Carter on Governor Ritchie. The second will appear in the August issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW)

Cynics Leave the Theatre

By Louise Maunsell Field

Who found in the last dramatic season a definite Renaissance of Sentiment

The season of 1930–31 will go down into theatrical history as one of very exceptional importance. Not because any great and previously unknown player has suddenly electrified audiences, or any extraordinary playwright made an amazing début, but because it has marked the coming of a new and very significant Renaissance. 1930–31 has witnessed the Rebirth of Sentiment in the theatre.

Not so long ago, sentiment was declared not merely dead, but putrid. To be modern was to be hard-boiled. In the theatre especially fashion demanded joyous jeering at the simplicities of a day when people actually believed in such futile, ridiculous things as honor and virtue, loyalty and love. "Lousy" was the best-beloved of adjectives; the wise-crack reigned supreme; and "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die" — a suggestion made, in slightly different words, somewhere about the year 2000 B.C. — was hailed as the code of the complete modern. Success was for those, and for those only, who conformed to the established convention of unconventionality, vehemently proclaiming their abhorrence of bunk, boloney and apple-sauce.

No one expected any particular reversion, save perhaps those few who were aware that theatrical history did not begin with the Ziegfeld Follies, or even with George Bernard Shaw. But now any reasonably intelligent individual, looking back over the past season and its successes, can see, and see clearly, that more than one outstanding failure was due largely to causes which a very little while ago would have spelled success, and that when the hard-boiled has triumphed, it has been because of qualities other than its toughness.

Once in a Lifetime was a brilliant burlesque, amusing, admirably played, particularly by the delightfully laconic Jean Dixon, and full of extravagant jibes at that maddest of Mad Hatter Wonderlands which is the world of the motion pictures. Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman had rich material, and used it richly. *The Greeks Had a Word for It*, Zoe Akins' completely "modern" mixture of wit and smut, was clever enough and funny enough to make its

picture of three ex-Follies girls preying upon an assortment of almost phenomenally easy males appeal to the natural human love of superiority. Women enjoyed seeing men befooled, and men liked to believe that they themselves would be far more difficult and discerning than their brethren in the play. But *Five Star Final*, Louis Weitzenkorn's bitter attack on the kind of sensational journalism which could hound into despair and suicide a woman once tried for murder, merely to work up a front page story, was hard-boiled in language only. At the last, sentiment triumphed. If Randall, the veteran newspaper man so skilfully played by Arthur Byron, had been at heart the complete cynic he tried to appear, he never would have thrown over his well-paid job because of such a silly trifle as remorse. In fact, remorse wouldn't, in that case, have troubled him at all. It did; and he did; and that touch of sympathy and sentiment at the end was of immense help to the play. Moreover, *Five Star Final* attacked an evil; attacked it fiercely and whole-heartedly, with intense moral indignation. And has anything, of any kind, sort or description, been more pitilessly scorned and ridiculed during the past decade than that Victorian emotion, moral indignation?

The *past* decade, please note!

GRAND HOTEL, and its amazing success, was another clear indication of the Rebirth of Sentiment. Kringelein, the poor clerk with only a little while to live, and determined to live that little to the uttermost, Grusinskaia, the dancer past her prime, Flaemmchen, the pretty, poverty-stricken typist, ready to sell herself, but far more ready to respond to decency and kindness, Baron von Geigern, the thief who fell in love and relinquished his spoil, are all creatures of sentiment, who could easily have been smeared over with the molasses of sentimentality. Sympathy and pity and a genuine understanding are the keynotes of a play which crowded the theatre for months, holding its audiences despite the lack of a closely knit story by the sentiment, the warm humanity with which its characters were portrayed, and played. In these hotel rooms and corridors we glimpse fragments of lives which move us to compassion, not contempt, men and women whose concerns quickly become of vital importance to the spectator. Yet it must be admitted that Vicki Baum's dramatization of her own novel remains a novel rather than a play.

AND this, incidentally, is true of some plays not dramatized from novels, like Philip Barry's *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*, which fairly cries aloud against the limitations imposed by the mechanical necessities of the theatre. This is a play whose author seems to have wanted to say a good deal more than could be conveniently compressed within the two hours and a half which are about all the time allowed any play not written by Eugene O'Neill or George Bernard Shaw, and tried to say it too hurriedly. But though thought might get out of breath, sentiment did not. Love of the putative father for the child he believes his, love of the mother for her child, pity for the

husband who, in his wife's eyes, seems never to have grown up, love of the man and woman renouncing happiness for the sake of one weaker than themselves, bring the play well into line with other successes of sentiment. Its problems, even that of the woman who longs for the child her husband is unable to give her, are of secondary importance.

SENTIMENTALITY, rather than sentiment, cheerfully distorts history in Maxwell Anderson's *Elizabeth the Queen*, a personage who, as presented by Lynn Fontanne, appears anything but queenly. This despite the well-known fact that whatever else Elizabeth may have been, she was always the sovereign. The Theatre Guild's most successful production of the year portrayed Essex as a sentimentally virtuous hero, and Lord Burghley as a no less sentimentally villainous villain, while Miss Fontanne's excellent make-up and insistently raucous voice won her an immense amount of applause, both popular and critical. She did in truth show many of the external qualities of Elizabeth very skilfully. It was only the spirit of the great Queen, the attributes which have made her one of history's most memorable figures, which failed to appear through the cleverly simulated mask. But a large number of persons seemed to regard this as quite negligible. For there are few who agree with the thesis illustrated by Pirandello's extremely interesting play, *As You Desire Me*. If ever a study in contradictions was provided, it was by the success of this powerful drama. At least ninety-nine per cent of the audience left the theatre vehemently discussing whether The Unknown One, so magnificently portrayed by Judith Anderson, was or was not what they termed "the real Chia," whereas the whole point of the play was the author's implicit declaration that the physical fact didn't really matter, his contempt for such clues to physical identity as a scar or the color of a woman's eyes, his insistence that the body was unimportant, the spirit all-important. The "real Chia" was she who possessed the spirit of Chia so completely that those about her believed her to be Chia, who for them was Chia until doubt arose in their minds, no matter whether she did or did not possess the husk, the body so altered by time and anguish that it successfully evaded identification. But if the "riddle," the superb acting and the intensely interesting story were outstanding factors in the success of *As You Desire Me*, the play had sentiment too, in the lasting love, the long mourning for the idolized Lucia who vanished when her villa was raided during the War, who perhaps had gone insane, who perhaps had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation.

THE first indication of the coming Renaissance appeared early in the season. Wearing a thin veil of fantasy as a protection from ridicule, *Mrs. Moonlight* was the very antithesis of wise-cracking sophistication, a perfect honeycomb of a play, dripping concentrated sweetness. And New York audiences, supposedly blasé, supposedly the last word in cynicism, presently began to crowd the theatre, shedding gallons of tears over the final reunion and

death of the two faithful lovers, the woman cursed by the fulfilment of her wish for an unaltering, always youthful appearance, and the man, long since grown old, who had never ceased to love and to mourn the young wife he believed dead. I must admit that to me the sentiment of *Mrs. Moonlight* seemed to slop over into sentimentality rather too often, but as I sat dry-eyed amid dozens upon dozens of sopping wet handkerchiefs, I wondered whether the female of 1931 does not in fact differ from the female of 1880 a good deal less than has usually been supposed!

THE two periods seem, oddly enough, to be drawing quite close together, even though, in 1931, sentimentality is still driven to take refuge under fantasy. Not only Benn Levy's *Mrs. Moonlight*, but A. A. Milne's *Give Me Yesterday* found the protection of fantasy extremely convenient, though the latter dramatist makes less use of the fairy-tale quality for his story of the man trapped by his own success. And in spite of Louis Calhern's skilful playing of the Right Honourable R. Selby Mannock, M.P., it was difficult to believe in the power and ability of a man who whined so over the choice he himself had made. After an excellent first act, *Give Me Yesterday* declined into a tedious, sickish-sweet dream scene, and closed with the maudlin regrets of a poor fish whose political success may have been irksome, but was certainly incomprehensible. Before the Rebirth of Sentiment, *Give Me Yesterday*, it seems quite probable, might have made a rapid transit to the storehouse, instead of remaining on Broadway through many months.

That same Renaissance which saved Mr. Milne's play proved disastrous to Hans Chlumberg's. For though the Theatre Guild's production of *Miracle at Verdun* suffered in the beginning from a mistaken attempt to unite stage and screen, and when that *mésalliance* was ended, from the complete unintelligibility of many of the performers, what killed it was its insistence upon an unpalatable theme. We all like to believe that should our own beloved dead be given back to us we would welcome them with all our hearts. But the dead resurrected by the *Miracle at Verdun* were entirely unwelcome; not only collectively, which could be endured, but individually, which could not. We can accept, albeit reluctantly, the statement that the effect of the sudden addition to the earth's population of the many millions who died in the World War would prove disastrous, that though we may acclaim their heroism, we very much prefer to have them remain quiet in their graves; but that Tommy and Pierre and Jimmy and Hans would be unwanted in the homes they had left is a thought from which sentiment instinctively recoils. Much had been expected from *Miracle at Verdun;* it was the Rebirth of Sentiment which was altogether unexpected.

PERHAPS the greatest, best deserved and most satisfying triumph of sentiment came with Rudolf Besier's charming dramatization of one of the world's great love stories, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.* The enchanting Katharine Cornell wisely made no attempt to reproduce the

physical characteristics of Elizabeth Barrett, nor did handsome, debonair Brian Aherne feel it necessary to assume the thick side whiskers of Robert Browning. It was the spirit of the poet lovers these two fine players sought, and to an amazing extent found, so that the spectator felt almost as if he had been actually transported back into the year 1845, and the room where two poets first came face to face. Here was acting of that beautiful imaginative quality which far transcends external details. In *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, Miss Cornell at last had a play worthy of her great talent, and the result was sheer breath-taking loveliness. Here was the miracle of passionate love, bringing life and health and joy to a supposedly dying woman, a wonder and a glory like the splendor of the rising sun, sentiment at its highest and best. No wonder that those who saw the play once, repeated the experience as often as they could!

Love of a humbler sort, but tender and faithful and utterly selfless, was the dominating sentiment in Rachel Crothers' new and very agreeable play, *As Husbands Go*. The hero, capitally played by Jay Fassett, was a Middle Western spouse, a business man whose love for his rather silly wife was the very core of his existence. There was plenty of comedy in the play, plenty of amusing lines and situations, but it was the general good feeling permeating it which won the audience. Without a single smirch of indecency, with just an ordinary little group of everyday people, Miss Crothers contrived to produce drama. And she claimed admiration, not for the wife who thought she wanted freedom and a divorce, but for the husband she first showed us in a situation few dramatists would have dared to venture upon during these debunking years. When we meet Charles Lingard he is eagerly awaiting the arrival, not, as the experienced playgoer would naturally suppose, of his mistress or his bootlegger, but of his wedded wife! There is a novelty which might well make any audience gasp. Sentiment once more, my friends.

And not merely sentiment, but sentimentality run riot in Henry Bernstein's highly praised and splendidly played *Melo*, with its silent scene of the bereaved husband in the cemetery, kneeling beside the grave of his adored first wife, while wife number two and the lover of wife number one tiptoe gently away; a scene quite extraordinarily reminiscent of a Nineteenth Century lithograph. In this play there is a perfect plethora of love; the love of the childish, faithful, densely stupid husband; the love of the world-weary, extremely sophisticated paramour, who doesn't in the least object to having an intrigue with the wife of his dear friend, but really can't endure the thought of hurting that dear friend's feelings; the love of the woman, mistress of the one and wife of the other, who is so extraordinarily considerate and tender-hearted that she prefers to feed her husband on arsenic rather than destroy his illusions. While he suffers the very acute pangs of slow poison, she turns somersaults — literally, not metaphorically — beside his bed to

cheer his drooping spirits. Excellently played by Edna Best, Basil Rathbone and Earle Larimore, this distinctly Gallic variety of — shall we be polite, and call it sentiment? — proved entertaining and dramatic. Also very amusing, at least to the spectator philosophically meditating on the critical acclaim awarded this play, and the critical condemnation, recently so frequent, of hokum, bunk and blah!

ANOTHER type of sentiment and another kind of melodrama are successfully mingled in that exciting and absorbing "thriller" by Jack De Leon and Jack Celestin, *The Silent Witness*. This English drama is an exceptionally ingenious murder play, which has for its hero a father who is willing to risk, and if necessary lose his own life to save his son's. The supposed mutual dislike of parents and children has been a favorite theme for some time; any suggestion that they might occasionally tolerate, and even care for one another has been dismissed as bunk. But in this season of the Rebirth of Sentiment, even parental love can be accepted, especially when it is part of the fabric of a play as deftly woven as *The Silent Witness*, and depicted by as competent and personable a player as Lionel Atwill, who to many other virtues adds one all too rare on the stage of to-day; that of being easily and entirely audible. Parental love, that of the mother this time, is an important factor in a play which deserves to succeed, but has, at the present writing, been too recently produced for its fate to be decided: DuBose Heyward's *Brass Ankle*. This is a play which presents an important American problem, a drama whose course is relentless and, given the particular kind and class of individuals concerned, all but inevitable. The admixture of Negro blood, entirely unsuspected by the woman cursed by "a touch of the tar brush," the birth of the baby who reverts to type, betraying its colored ancestry, the man's revulsion and horror. To make the situation yet more poignant, the scene is laid in the Deep South; but anywhere in these United States it might happen, with results which, at best, would be only a little less disastrous. In this courageous grappling with one of the most difficult of questions, the race problem, sentiment serves merely to enhance the tragedy.

AS IF to call attention to the dangers attending this new Renaissance, the Pulitzer prize for 1930 has been awarded to a static play of rather feeble sentiment, a study in soft shadows and pallid grey tints. Susan Glaspell's long-winded and decidedly dull version of Emily Dickinson's life story, *Alison's House*, is another of the many plays which would have made better novels than they do dramas. Reverting to the close of the Nineteenth Century in time, it also reverts to it for the angle of approach, giving three acts of uninteresting conversation, whose climax is the discovery that Alison, eighteen years dead, had cared a great deal more for the married man she was generally known to have loved and renounced, than anyone supposed, and that her sacrifice to duty had therefore been much greater. The record of this love and sacrifice

was contained in some remarkable and entirely characteristic poems, discovered eighteen years after her death, and when the world had already learned to acclaim her. Should these poems be burned, as the recently and very suddenly deceased Agatha, Alison's devoted sister, had unquestionably intended? Or should they be graciously bestowed upon the world, which already knew the kind, though not the full degree, of Alison's secret? The answer to these questions is the crux of a thin and tiresome play.

This award emphasizes the testimony already cited, proclaiming both the Rebirth of Sentiment, and its perils. The day of the cheap cynicism miscalled sophistication has, for a while at least, run its course in the theatre. It will come again, small doubt of that, and come the more quickly if sentiment is allowed to degenerate into sentimentality, and the Twentieth Century prototype of the weeping heroine turned out into the snow permitted to become a familiar stage figure. All indications considered, it seems not at all unlikely that Little Eva may appear once more, expiring to slow music in the midst of the spotlight. From the pseudo-sophisticated to the maudlin, and back again; these are the extremes which mark the swing of the theatrical pendulum. But somewhere between lies a golden mean of sympathy and genuine feeling and real sophistication; of sentiment unsmirched by sentimentality, of a realism which portrays not only the pain of life, but something of its beauty also; the sort of golden mean attained, to some extent at least, by a very few of those plays which have marked the 1930–31 Rebirth of Sentiment in the theatre.

Chicago Strikes Back

By William F. McDermott

In the midst of a cataclysmic flow of jokes and comic pictures on its wickedness, swollen momentarily by Big Bill Thompson's recent overthrow, Chicago is quietly reforming

Chicago is neither Sodom, as its rivals assert, nor is it the New Jerusalem, as its boosters proclaim. It is a city of extremes, as is characteristic of youth. Persons now living remember the Loop as a quagmire and Fort Dearborn as a refuge from the Indians. Sixty years ago beautiful Michigan Boulevard had a liberal supply of junk shops and livery stables and citizens wondered if it ever could be reclaimed. The incomparable lake front of today was the town's backyard and dump heap. The city poured its sewage into the same natural reservoir from which it took its water supply. Typhoid fever ran rampant and Irish sects battled in the street with daggers and guns in the name of the Lord.

The Chicago Fire of 1871, sweeping the heart of the city of unspeakable shacks and shanties as well as fine churches and mansions, was one of the two greatest blessings of a negative character ever to visit the town. The other is the present crime wave and the resultant unsavory reputation, for it is starting a Chicago fire of another sort — a blaze which in a few years will make Al Capone and his cohorts of gangsters, "fixed" police and corrupt judges as much a thing of the past as British prison ships.

Chicago today is an *à la carte* city. You can order anything you want. You can get gangsters lined up against a wall and massacred on St. Valentine's Day, and a few blocks distant you will wait in line for an hour on Sunday morning to get a seat in a church. You can get a man killed for fifty dollars and you will find more theological and music students than in any other city in the world. You can stop over at Death Corner in "Little Hell," where 113 men have been killed on one spot, or you can journey on to the fastest growing church in America.

You can ride across the lovely Michigan Avenue bridge at midnight, with the 2,000,000,000-candlepower Lindbergh beacon flaming above you and the lights all about

making a dream city of incomparable beauty, while twenty feet below you, on the lower level of the same bridge, are 2,000 homeless, decrepit shivering and starving men, wrapping themselves in old newspapers to keep from freezing, and lying down in the manure dust to sleep.

ENTER the Holy Name Cathedral, centre of Roman Catholicism, if you will. The multitudes come and go. On Sunday the thousands never cease from dawn until noon. Yet look at the cornerstone, which was set in 1874. It is pock-marked and chipped — the result of machine-gun bullets. One quiet morning, not many months ago, while devout people within were making the Stations of the Cross, there was the rat-tat-tat of rapid firing. From an upstairs window, next door to where Dion O'Banion, supergangster, had been killed among his flowers, starting Chicago's gang wars of extermination, a gun barrel was pointed at another gangster and a criminal lawyer. When the street battlefield had been cleared of the dead and wounded, and the surrounding territory investigated, the chipped cornerstone was found, and the machine-gun bullets had ringed these words about:

"At the Name of Jesus Every Knee Shall Bow . . . and Every Tongue Confess. . . ."

There you have Chicago, bizarre, dramatic, unspeakably wicked, gloriously good, rugged and uncouth, artistic and cultured, brazen and modest, proud and humble, with blazing guns and open Bibles, sophisticated and provincial, dignified and impulsive, colorful in everything — and dull in nothing.

I have roamed the streets of Chicago for eighteen years as a newspaper reporter and adventurer, as social service worker and preacher, from the Gold Coast of Lake Shore Drive where Billy Sunday preached to society in a millionaire's ballroom, while in the basement below chauffeurs and butlers drank whiskey to Billy's health, to the slums where babies died of hunger. I have gone, within a period of three hours, from a hanging in the county jail to a Mass of the Angels in a cathedral. Yet in all that time, I have never been robbed, held up, or intimidated in any way, and have never seen a murder or a killing or a crime of any sort. I saw far more crime and evil in a little town in sedate Kansas in my youth than I have ever seen here, and here I am forever on the lookout for it.

YET in the family of my closest relatives here a young man has been held up twice and robbed; his sister held up at the point of a gun and threatened with death; three times the family automobile has been stolen, once by a gangster who used it for murder; the family home has been entered while they slept and stripped of money and jewelry; and other minor losses suffered, like stolen automobile tires and bicycles. The family lives in a respectable neighborhood, yet in a lighted business section there every store and shop on both sides of the street for a distance of four blocks has been held up and robbed at one time or another, some places as many as three times.

Such is Chicago in its high lights. It goes from one extreme to another.

It has had its full dose of vice and now it is headed for virtue. Just as London, in its Whitechapel and other famous slum districts, is rebuilding itself, model tenements rising even amid the indescribable squalor of the old surroundings, so Chicago is in the early stages of a campaign to wipe out its moral slums. The old skeletons of corruption and gangdom are there, housing evil designs and murders. Yet in their very midst a new generation is rising, and before many years will make history of a type that will give the world a different sensation from the shock of today.

Chicago is striking back, and with true Chicagoesqueness is doing it in a novel manner. I do not refer to the present and ever-recurring "drive" on crime. At this writing it is at its height. When this is published, three more similar episodes may have taken place. I hope this one may amount to something. Along with 3,000,000 other citizens I have hoped the same for the last 111 spurts.

THE city's weapons for a new city are birth control, a vast recreation and training programme for boys, a psychopathic laboratory, and a juvenile research institute.

Birth control is probably more generally practised in Chicago than in any other city in the United States. Those who are scared at the thought of this overcrowded and underfed earth controlling the size of its population would probably call it a conspiracy to defeat nature. Really it is a spontaneous movement, gaining headway with incredible speed.

Suppose we glance first at the figures. While the population of the city has increased approximately 56,000 a year for the past five years, the first six grades of the elementary schools have shown a decrease of 1,241 pupils a year. Thus while Chicago in 1929 had 280,000 more people than in 1924, the lower grades actually had 6,206 fewer pupils. The picture is made more striking if a comparison is made. Suppose that at one stroke there were withdrawn from the lower grades of Chicago's schools a number of children equal to all those in the same grades of a city the size of Columbus, Ohio, or Providence, Rhode Island, or Portland, Oregon!

CHILDREN are not dropping out of school; the youngsters simply aren't there to drop out. The declining birth rate, due to birth control, is the sole reason. In 1917 there were 22.25 babies born to the 1,000 of general population in Chicago; by 1923 the rate had dropped to 19.4 a 1,000, by 1928 to 18.7 a 1,000, and it was still lower in 1929. With a loss of about 8,000 children a year, if the birth rate had remained static, or 40,000 for the five-year period, 1924–1929, and a still heavier decline to come because the further drop in birth rate has not yet been registered in the schools, there can be little doubt that birth control is responsible. Parochial schools show a similar tendency, while suburban increases in no way counterbalance city losses.

There is evidence on every hand that birth control is generally practised in spite of ecclesiastical tirades and other agitations. The clinics

which carry on their work openly are packed with patrons. Social workers constantly advocate birth control in the families of the poor. One of them told me that she considered this to be one of the most important phases of her work. They even make arrangements and accompany overburdened mothers to birth control headquarters for their instruction. Physicians openly advise their patients as to birth control, while drug stores display the literature of approved societies or organizations. It is probable that ten mothers today are adequately informed to where there was one ten years ago.

WHAT has this to do with making Chicago a new city? Just this: birth control is practised where it is needed the most, in the tenements and among the poor, where heretofore underprivileged and often defective children have been brought forth in droves, feeding the streams of poverty and crime. Those more advanced in position and education have long been informed. Birth control was a possession of the so-called higher classes. Now it is passing rapidly to those who need it the most. The evidence is in the depleted school rooms in the congested districts, in the types of mothers who are thronging the birth control centres, and in the noticeable lack of swarms of youngsters in neighborhoods such as Hull House dominates.

These old territories along the river, adjacent to the stockyards, fringing the Loop and stretching along Halsted Street, have been the crime-breeding swamps of Chicago for decades. It seemed to be a matter of location rather than of people, for a recent study has shown that while one nationality after another occupied a certain district, the delinquency rate remained the same. Gradually the people who occupy such a district are being reduced in number, which means a higher quality of citizenship, certainly one of the first requirements of an improved city.

ONE of the principal elements of Chicago's upward struggle is its amazing boy-building programme. If ever a town took its youngsters in earnest, it is Chicago. Though gangsters run riot at times, with exploits that range all the way from hijacking to holding up a church congregation — this actually took place — the city is inordinately proud of its parks and boulevards and the way it strives to give its growing youngsters a chance. You've seen many an old booze-hound and rounder who was hard-boiled with regard to his own salvation, yet who would fight for his kid at the drop of the hat. That, in some ways, is Chicago. It seems indifferent to the carryings on of the present adult generation — but how magnificently it is planning for the growing lads! If anything augurs a decent future, this does. The range of the programme is so vast that only a few high lights are possible.

A few years ago a school recreation director made a study of the likes and dislikes of children in making things. To his astonishment he discovered the youngsters in the "bloody nineteenth" ward had a flair for carving pistols and knives and stilettos out of wood. Others

made imitation bombs, while here and there an ambitious youngster turned his attention to drawing black hands. A little observation revealed to him that they were simply making things they were interested in and with which they were most familiar.

ANOTHER incident that served to awaken the city was the statement of a veteran juvenile officer regarding juvenile gangs.

"A gangster is made by the time he is ten or twelve years old," he said. "Most of them start when they are six or seven. They are proud to be protégés of older, experienced crooks. Take, for instance, the infamous '42' gang. It has its 'juniors,' with an organization the same as a Junior Association of Commerce. These kids strut about, call themselves little 'forty-tooters,' and threaten their playmates with 'I'll take you for a ride,' or 'I'll put you on the spot.' Their ambition is to be 'hard' and they secretly long for the thrill of being behind the bars, so they can brag about it afterward.

"Once the gang code has got them in its toils, there isn't a chance in a hundred they can be snatched from it. To get without earning is their goal, and the only crimes are to snitch or get caught. All the welfare work, importunities as well as opportunities for good citizenship, appeals and persuasions, are met with a sneer. Many a boy of twelve is absolutely incorrigible, as certainly headed for crime as water runs downhill. To catch the lads before gangdom sets them in concrete is the only alternative."

Chicago is doing that with fine success and has plans to do it on a broader scale that almost takes the breath away. How it works is shown by the "white district" around the Union League Boys' Club, in one of the worst sections of the city. There within a comparatively short length of time the juvenile delinquency rate has gone down eighty per cent. The Chicago Boys' Club, handling boys from six years up to eighteen, reports that of its 5,000 members, practically all in crime-ridden districts of Chicago, only one was in any sort of trouble with the police last year, and that was for taking a bicycle.

The Boy Scouts, with 15,000 members, are in a drive for $1,250,000 for operating expenses and for a doubled membership. In spite of the business depression their campaign has gone steadily forward. The Union League Club Foundation, with two clubs doing magnificent work among boys, plans for a third. The Y.M.C.A., with boy activities in a number of buildings, ere long will erect a boys' building in the heart of "Little Hell." All of these institutions, recognizing the need of early training, have reduced their age limits to nine years or under for the boys they are seeking to serve.

ONE of the most ambitious programmes is sponsored by the Chicago Boys' Club, which began operations twenty years ago in a rented room on State Street. Today, with three clubs, it is projecting a programme of twenty-five more at strategic points throughout the city, erected and endowed at a cost of $9,000,000, to serve 75,000 of the

poorest and most underprivileged lads of the city. The total number of uncared for boys as far as recreation and proper leadership and training are concerned is estimated to be 150,000.

With 35,000 acres of woodland and meadow encompassed in a county forest preserve, with provisions for fishing, swimming, games, picnics, contests, hunting, boating, and summer and winter sports of all sorts, and with a constantly expanding municipal playground, park and recreation movement, Chicago can be said to be the first great city to approach the problem of its youth adequately. Add to this the efforts of clubs and social agencies, and it is not difficult to see that a new generation is in the making.

The Boys' Club programme is a revelation of what a little money will do. Twelve dollars a year will give a penniless boy the privileges of a club house, with gymnasium, library, reading room, swimming pool; classes in art, music, and vocational subjects; summer camp privileges; and the guidance and inspiration of trained, sympathetic leaders, who often are of more help to lads than their own fathers.

SOMEONE has said that one "volunteer" dollar spent in such preventive ways means the saving to the taxpayer of ten "draft" dollars, which go to pay the upkeep of prisons and police forces. The latter figure should be something like one hundred instead of ten. A rather striking example is furnished in the case of a young hoodlum now in the Cook County jail awaiting execution for murder. He has said that the right leadership and a little incentive to do right would have kept him away from crime if begun early enough. A survey of the expense already incurred by the State in this case was made recently by W. R. Boorman, boys' work authority. This study showed that the public had already paid out $36,000 in apprehending and prosecuting this young criminal at different times. This would have supported for a whole year the programme of a club of 3,000 boys! In addition gangdom raised $20,000 for his defense. When this young murderer goes to the chair to "burn," the man who throws the switch will get $50 — enough to give some needy lad club privileges for four years!

THE efficacy of the social prevention of crime is equal to that of science in wiping out typhoid fever, smallpox, tuberculosis, and diphtheria. The Chicago of today has less than one death from typhoid fever to its former thousand. Its tuberculosis fatalities are one-fourth what they once were. For about eight of the last ten years it has registered itself as the healthiest city of more than 500,000 people in the world. It has set for itself — or at least a multitude of its boy workers have — the making of a similar record in the reduction of its juvenile delinquency and crime by 1933, the year of the World's Fair.

It is not an experiment but a programme. The testing stage is well passed. Juvenile court and police records show that the boys who get into trouble are those who are turned out to run wild, with no

home care, no supervision of play, no counsel or guidance or comradeship of good men. The Chicago Boys' Club record of twenty years' service shows that while 70 out of every 1,000 boys in Chicago at one time or another are in a jam with the police or the courts, only 2 out of each 1,000 club members meet the same fate. The club members are not "hand-picked," but are of the average run of the club neighborhoods. The Scriptural rule of "Whosoever will, may come" is rigidly observed, and no boy is turned away. If he hasn't any clothes, he will be supplied some, and if he can't pay fifty cents a year membership fee he can work it out. He starts through the "yell room," where he blows off steam, and progresses into the best the club has to offer.

How they make good in business is an interesting story. A couple of years ago two lads were sent to a downtown bank to be office boys. So trustworthy and eager to work were they that inside of a year both had been promoted until they had "windows" or "gates" of their own. From the very beginning they were trusted to handle considerable sums of money and the trust of the employers has not been betrayed. Scattered throughout Chicago's Loop and industrial districts are many concerns which employ boys only from the clubs. Not one has ever defalcated or been removed for dishonesty.

A few months ago LaSalle Street, Chicago's rival of New York's Wall Street, reported a new "dealer in futures" in its midst. The sensation was that the "futures" were not grains or stocks but "boyhood." The man's name was L. L. Valentine, who had started out as a penniless country boy and gradually grown to wealth and prominence. Having retired from industry with a fortune of $4,000,000 or $5,000,000, Mr. Valentine set up a regular office in his old business haunts for carrying on his activities for underprivileged boys and announced that he was beginning his real "life work."

It includes the expenditure of his millions for clubs in the most congested districts of Chicago. Already he has one club under way at a cost of $350,000. As president of the Chicago Boys' Club he has gathered about him railway presidents, bank executives and business leaders to give Chicago a boys' programme which will be on the scale of "big business." He insists that his new career, begun after he was fifty years of age, gives him more of a thrill than any business deal he ever put through. That results in reduced crime will come in a very few years is shown by the fact that Chicago's criminals are very young. State Attorney Swanson is authority for the statement that 75 per cent of the city's crime is committed by boys under twenty-one years of age. It doesn't take long, therefore, for a generation of boys to grow up into citizens or criminals.

Every year Chicago observes Boys' Week in characteristic manner — one of the first ten cities to set aside such a week for its boys. The programme has expanded until now more than 2,000 cities have such annual celebrations, and Chicago is said to lead them all. Every year

boys preside as presidents of banks and industries, conduct the affairs of their school rooms, have citywide contests of an athletic character, and stress the claims of youth for opportunity and leadership. It has had its effect. George W. Dixon, president of the Boys' Week Federation, and a resident of Chicago for more than half a century, states that never has the city had such a keen consciousness of the value of its boys and their needs.

Two institutions of a scientific character are blazing a trail for Chicago as it "strikes back." One is the Psychopathic Laboratory of the Municipal Court and the other is the Institute for Juvenile Research. The Laboratory has examined more than 140,000 criminals and has classified them. More than that, in hundreds of cases it has not only definitely predicted that those under observation would commit crime but has asserted with authority exactly the types of crime they would commit. Court records in cases without number verify the findings. More than one murderer has been executed concerning whom the records show that years before he had been classified as a killer. The trouble has been that the city has paid little or no attention to these findings. It is beginning to wake up, with definite action to incarcerate permanently those whose criminal tendencies are outstanding.

In spite of Chicago's rapid growth in population and its development of gangsters, its juvenile delinquency rate has been held to a standstill. This is due to improved methods of dealing with delinquents. In the old days the police endeavored to break up their gangs by chasing them with drawn clubs or locking them in cells for idling about street corners. Today officers are under orders to make friends with the youth of the city and to aid them in their problems. An employment bureau for boys is maintained, with a lieutenant in charge, and a policeman at each station is assigned to the task of finding jobs for boys. The result is that for two years an average of 1,000 jobs a month have been found for the neediest lads, and doubtless many of them were saved from discouragement and crime. The State Attorney's office maintains a "youth's service bureau," the task of which is to counsel wayward boys and their parents and keep them in the path of citizenship if possible.

The Institute for Juvenile Research finds its field in the so-called "problem child." With a staff of highly trained psychiatrists and observers, it carries its investigation into the conduct and problems of youth as a chemist resolves a complex, unknown compound into its elements. What the experimental department is to a corporation the institute is to society in its efforts to improve itself. It is conservative to say that ten years of investigation such as it carries on will revolutionize the general attitude toward delinquent youth and the methods of handling it. In the course of a year 1,500 boys and girls are given the most exhaustive psychological examinations, and treatment for them is prescribed. Supplementing its work is the Behavior Research Fund, supported by $275,000 in popular

subscriptions and carrying on investigations outside the limits of the public agency.

One might elaborate on other ways in which Chicago is striking back. Popular at the moment is the slogan, "Clean up for the World's Fair!" but the very sentiment of that is irritating. It smacks too much of taking a bath for Christmas and letting it go at that. The real movement of regenerating Chicago is far deeper and far nobler than that and will register results that will last for generations.

Sometimes when a patient looks the most sickly he is the nearest to complete recovery. It's another version of the darkest hour before dawn. It would seem that Chicago couldn't get any worse and maintain itself as an organized community. Yet as gangs exterminate each other, the process of improvement is under way. A new generation is coming up which will develop a civic and moral Chicago Plan comparable to the original Chicago Plan which is making it physically a Chicago Beaut ful. Present-day Chicago is determined that the boys and girls shall have a real opportunity to build a city great in character as well as in iron and steel. It sets before them that motto of Daniel H. Burnham, architect of the World's Fair of 1893, and creator of the Chicago Plan:

"Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever-growing insistency. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty."

The Newspaper's Lost Leadership

By Burges Johnson

There are two ways in which we may consider a lighting company, or a trolley line, or a railroad. The trolley line, for instance, is a competitive enterprise which must make a living for its operators and pay interest and dividends. It is competitive, because there are also bus lines in that town, and taxicabs, and good old shoe-leather. Viewed as a private business enterprise, its directors may say, "This is our business, and we shall run it as we please. In fact, whenever we like, we may stop running it altogether."

Interstate railroads were for a long time looked upon by their owners as private enterprises, and any interference by the State in their management was resented. During this period they found themselves subject to harassment from several sources: legislators blackmailed them; shippers demanded annual passes; in court proceedings they found juries and public opinion prejudiced against them. Then came gradually into the public mind a new definition of the railroad as an enterprise engaged in the public service.

The State said to it: "We have come to be dependent upon you, but it is also true that you are dependent upon us, and owe your success to a community growth which is not all your doing. The common weal justifies us in making certain demands upon you. But in return we will protect you against unfair competition, and even guarantee your profit if you prove yourself able to render the service the public must have."

Newspapers also may be considered in two different ways. We may think of them as commercial enterprises, highly competitive, operating solely for profit. In thinking of them thus we can expect them to cut down or eliminate departments which do not pay, and to expand whatever best suits the popular fancy; to cater to the whims and caprices of advertisers who buy space in their pages; and to recognize no other objective than the dollar sign. Or we may look upon them as rendering a peculiar form of public service without which our whole political structure must long ago have fallen to the ground.

As a physical achievement the newspaper is a supreme miracle of our present civilization. The way in which it has coördinated every means of communication from camel driver and dog-sled to wireless telephone; the marvelous intricacy of

its machinery, the efficiency of its multiform processes from woodpulp to newsboy; and most remarkable of all, the perfect collaboration of a corps of men and women possessed of differing skills and temperaments, who succeed, by perfection of team work, in producing within twenty-four hours a volume as large as Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy*, and then produce another one tomorrow, and another one the day after that, and so on day after day after day, for every day of the year. "Miracle" is a mild word for this newspaper, in its physical or material definition.

WHAT is the other definition of a newspaper? To what extent does it and must it render public service? Is it like the lighting company and the railway, a public servant with obligations to the community? Has the public gained any right to say to the manager of this private business enterprise, "You must maintain a certain state of efficiency?" To these questions emphatically "Yes!"

Our national experiment, when it was no larger than a New England town meeting, had a chance to succeed because citizens knew one another personally, and all necessary information as to men and measures and community affairs could be transmitted by word of mouth. A citizen who offered himself for public office faced voters who were all within sound of his voice, and were thus able to scrutinize his daily life, and check his words against his deeds. But when we spread the geographical area of our experiment until its laboratory reached from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, it was bound to collapse of its own weight (so many wise philosophers assured us) just because wide rivers and high mountain ranges split its differing racial groups into a hundred fragments, each one unwilling to sympathize with the other's viewpoint. But these doleful prophets failed to reckon with the press. The rapid perfection of its mechanism suddenly made it possible for every voter to be a next door neighbor to every other voter. Men in Portland, Maine could listen to a candidate for their suffrage who lived in Portland, Oregon. Even more important than men were measures. Lord Bryce wrote that this democratic experiment was able to continue because it actually consisted of many separate experiment stations, each trying out theories of its own, which, if successful, were adopted by its neighbors, or avoided if a failure.

I do not need to elaborate this part of my argument. The citizens of a democracy, more than any other people, must have newspapers, or they cannot function as citizens. The press extends the *seeing* and *hearing* of each individual citizen so that he may base his reasoning upon his own observations, rather than upon guesses.

THE collecting and distributing of news is an essential public service, just as is the providing of street lighting and rapid transportation. But private energy has (with a few feeble exceptions) provided it, and competition alone keeps it up to a certain level of efficiency. Nevertheless Government says to the press: "We admit that you, too, are a quasi-public institution. We extend

your representatives many privileges. Our public officials set aside times for your interviews; we grant you privileged positions at legislative assemblies; we ask your aid in the apprehension of criminals, and in furthering the ends of justice. In other words, we grant you, as we grant the railroads, a certain *right of way*. But we do not do for you what we do for them, namely, protect you by some sort of subsidy; we are not guaranteeing you return upon your investment by insuring a profitable price for your wares. On the contrary, we are encouraging your new competitors, radio and movies; and we force you to gain all your profit from advertising."

THE newspaper does not seek *governmental* aid or protection for two reasons: first because by nature and tradition it is resentful of governmental interference; and second, because newspapers, as enterprises in the public service, have been very slow to organize. Practitioners in medicine and in the law, recognizing themselves as public servants in some of their functions, have combined to make themselves more effective in the public service. Newspapers have combined only as business enterprises — to effect economies in the collection of news. They are highly individualistic, and highly competitive, and they have not as yet come together in order to define the public service that they render, or assert its dignity, or to demand certain governmental guarantees against the harassments that they face.

There are many charges made against American newspapers. It is a favorite recreation for destructive-minded citizens and professional iconoclasts to attack the press. I am not going to enumerate their points of attack. Upton Sinclair assembled many of them, and then depended upon the newspapers to make the sale of his book profitable to himself. But without enumerating all these charges, I should like to dismiss most of them!

NEWSPAPERS being private enterprises, vary in character as their individual owners vary. We all know that there are quack doctors — practitioners who consider high fees more important than professional ethics. But because we know that they exist, we do not charge the whole medical profession with incompetence or venality. We know that there are "shyster" lawyers, "ambulance chasers" — men to whom fees are more important than professional standards. We see them in every community, but because of them we do not conclude that the entire American bar is sordid and venal. Most of the common charges against the press are in reality charges against some individual newspaper, whose owner lacks moral backbone, or whose editor has bent or broken under pressure. But his behavior does not justify a charge against the press as a whole. I am interested only in those indictments which may be brought against all American newspapers, and which are due to forces operating throughout this democracy. I am enough of an optimist to believe that those newspaper characteristics which depend upon the fine manhood and high character of editors do generally

prevail, and that the moral and ethical collapse of an individual is still the exception rather than the rule.

THESE general charges are three in number. Only one is primarily against the newspaper itself, and is the least specific. It is that newspapers today are generally under the control and final direction of men who have been promoted through the business offices rather than through the editorial channel. This does not mean that they are any less conscientious or able. But it does mean that they view the institution which they direct as primarily a material and physical structure, and not as a force engaged in the public service and for the common weal. The days of Dana, and Watterson, and Bowles, and Victor Rosewater, and Clark Howell have gone by. Probably they can not be regained. Such men thought of their newspapers primarily as institutions operating in the public service; and they could not possibly, by reason of their upbringing, think of them first in any other way. They sought for the best business men they could get to run the financial affairs of the paper and to make it pay; but such men were in the final test subordinates.

One can not specifically describe the effect that such new direction has upon the behavior of the American press as a whole, or even assert that it is in any degree debasing. The results are subtle; but such management always tends to exalt the paper as a commercial enterprise, and to view its operations in the public service as primarily a means of circulation.

The "crusading" newspaper is a phenomenon that has appeared with this new type of executive. By this term I do not mean the paper which plunges heart and soul, and news and editorial page, into a political campaign in behalf of the party with which it is aligned; but the paper that determines to bring about, as its own private gift to the community, some special reform or public achievement, for which it will claim full credit. A crusade of this sort (which leads the staff to re-evaluate every item of news in the paper) does undoubtedly make for greater circulation. In deciding to embark upon such a crusade, it is difficult for the director to be certain of his own motives. He argues that the objective is a worthy one; and he knows that it will add to circulation. If he has been trained by business rather than editorial experience, the second consideration is good enough! A capable editor, on the other hand, instinctively knows that an unremitting drive for the *truth*, no matter who or what may be immediately helped or harmed by it, is crusade enough for any paper; and it is unremitting.

MY OTHER charges against the newspaper are, in fact, against newspaper readers, rather than newspaper makers. First comes the fact that readers increasingly insist that their papers shall be sources of entertainment rather than of information, and the papers yield to the pressure. If subscribers turn first to the comic strip, and then to the sporting page, and then to that item of news whose only value lies in the fact that it furnishes the excitement of a short

story, newspaper directors will begin to view the functions of news collection and verification as secondary, and entertainment as first in importance. This attitude of mind must affect the reporters, until Truth is not the thing most sought after, but "Kick." Fashions of news-writing must change. Headlines will expand so in size that there will not be room for them to convey an entire idea, but merely a stimulating suggestion; and it will not be necessary to convey an accurate idea, but merely allurement.

I DO not mean to imply that the demand for newspaper entertainment is anything new in America, but simply that it has increased so tremendously that an editor must be more than human to resist it. President Thomas Jefferson is responsible for the following anecdote:

> The Abbé Raynal was in company with Dr. Franklin and several Americans in Paris, when mention happened to be made of Raynal's anecdote of Polly Baker, related in his sixth volume; upon which one of the company observed that no such law as that alluded to in the story existed in New England. The Abbé stoutly maintained the authenticity of his tale, when Dr. Franklin, who had hitherto remained silent, said — "I can account for all this. You took the anecdote from a newspaper of which I was at that time editor, and happening to be very short of news I composed and inserted the whole story." "Ah, Doctor," said the Abbé, making a true French retreat, "I had rather have your stories than other men's truths."
>
> William Howard Russell, writing home to England in 1862, said: "The same gentleman informed me that he had created the office of Washington correspondent to the New York papers. 'At first,' said he, 'I merely wrote news and no one cared much. Then I spiced it up, squibbed a little, and let off stories of my own. Congressmen contradicted me — issued cards — said they were not facts. The public attention was attracted, and I was told to go on. And so the Washington correspondence became a feature in all the New York papers by degrees.'"

The third charge against the press is also a charge against the public, or that portion of the public which seeks to use the agency of the press for selfish advantage. Pressure upon the editor to break down his standards is brought by every type of citizen, and the editor must be a superman to resist it. Let us assume that his ideal is a news page utterly divorced from editorial opinion or prejudice. Then comes the publicity man, shrewd in ability to deal with editors, skilled in the technique of news-writing, urging a place on the news page for a story that conceals a selfish purpose. But he is not the only one to make such an attack. The pressure comes from friends and neighbors within the community, the Red Cross, the Associated Charities, the Public Health Service, the Rotary Club, the Ladies Aid societies, the university — and they all say, "You know me, John, and you know that my cause is just. Print this stuff as news, because it will help our cause, and oblige me."

LET me summarize my criticisms of the press as a whole. First, newspapers may be regarded purely as commercial enterprises, or they may be regarded as institutions operating in the public service. They are too much under the control and direction today of men trained to view them solely as commercial enterprises.

Second, the reading public is turning to the newspaper for entertainment rather than for information; and even when it seeks infor-

mation, it must have the entertaining features of each news item over-emphasized until truth is distorted; and the newspapers are "giving the public what it wants."

Third, the value of "publicity" and newspaper advertising has become so great that public and private, corporate and individual interests of every sort, worthy and unworthy, bring enormous pressure to bear upon the editor to sell out his news columns; and quite generally he yields — generally with the excuse that it is in the public interest.

I wish that I might follow each one of these indictments into greater detail. I should like to discuss, for instance, the definition of news, and those standards which the editor knows he should maintain in the face of such pressure as I have described. But space does not permit. Let me then get to more constructive propositions.

THE primary functions of the newspaper are to collect, verify, and distribute the news. Entertainment features, editorial opinions, criticisms of art, drama, sports — these are all secondary to the newspaper's chief business. If it should rededicate itself to that task, with the search for Truth, rather than the search for "Kick" as its dominating purpose, all three of my criticisms would become unjustifiable.

If finding and verifying the news is a first duty, the reporter becomes the most important person in the whole human structure of the press. If his standards break down, the press breaks down. If he goes through a process of training preliminary to employment, and an office experience during his first years of employment, that stiffen his moral backbone and develop his powers, first, to discover the truth, and then to write it down clearly, he is more likely to develop into the type of editor that can resist commercial pressures of every sort. If he finds that employment as a reporter wins the respect of the community, it will mean his own enhanced self-respect. But the public must come to look upon the reporter's badge as implying a peculiar skill, a peculiar degree of trustworthiness, and a position in the community of greater dignity and responsibility than that implied by the badge of an officer of the peace.

TO PROVE what I am saying, one need only imagine the contrary situation. A man of affairs in the community is approached by a slovenly youth who says that he represents the press, and secures an interview, perhaps, because the man of affairs fears to refuse. Later there appears in type a distorted and incompetent report, in which all that was of significance is omitted, and a few phrases that will amuse, shock, or surprise a majority of readers are all that remain; and these, shorn of their context, do not represent the speaker's thought. It is obvious that one leading citizen's respect for the press is destroyed; and the power of the press to be of service to the community is equally weakened. If such a reporter as that goes, by a slow process of promotion, up to an editorial desk, he has no conception of the proper place of a newspaper in the community — so that the direction of the whole news

collecting organization might far better be in the hands of the business manager!

If the legal and medical professions place importance upon the personal character of apprentices, and by some process of selection attempt to weed out the morally unfit, it is even more important to our communities that there should be the same weeding-out process for apprentices in journalism. Tests of character, so far as they are possible, must bear great weight.

GRANTING character fitness, what are the fundamentals of reportorial training? First of all must come a mind receptive to ideas, and sympathies broadened by well-directed study — "liberalizing" studies that open long vistas into the crowded affairs of our present civilization. Then must come training in the ability to see things objectively, and to interpret what has been seen without a distortion due to personal prejudice.

The criticism will be advanced here that no one can report without distortion. Three men see a crime committed and are put under oath to tell all they saw, just as they saw it, and there will be three contradictory stories. Yet I would plead that as those three observers progress through a period of training in observation, and in the elimination of bias and prejudice, the three stories will come closer and closer together in essential facts.

Training for the development of good judgment is necessary. We may deplore the fact that the public of the present day seeks entertainment rather than news, but that is, after all, the public which must be addressed; and there is no value in any newspaper, however ably handled, if no one reads it! So the reporter must reckon with this public desire for entertainment, and learn how he may most alluringly arrange his facts, *without departing from them.*

I am reminded of an episode in the day's news, happening many years ago in a little town of no special importance. An elderly maiden lady found a small fortune in money and securities hidden away in the attic of her house. The local paper sent out to the Associated Press an item which read, "Fortune found after a lapse of thirty years"; and it was not reprinted anywhere. A re-writer of gleanings from the news sent it out again, "Fortune found in old hair trunk"; and this was reprinted all over the United States. Here there was not addition of any fiction, but an understanding of the value that lay in emphasizing a quaint and homely fact.

IN CONTRAST to this, I recall an episode of a midnight fire near a woman's college. The girls rushed from their dormitories in all stages of attire to watch a burning barn. But it was not important that a barn burned, and there is no news-value in the fact that a lot of young women do not wait to put on all their daytime clothes; so a local reporter had them descending from second-story windows on knotted bed-sheets. When reproached with the fact that there were no knotted sheets, he retorted, "But the New York papers would not have taken the story without them."

My point gains added emphasis

from these little incidents. The editor of the New York paper had no way of checking up the story and finding that the knotted bed-sheets never existed. *He must trust his reporters.* In his training of them he must explain, in the words of one New York city employer, that "it is an easy matter to *invent* a story which will win the temporary approbation of the city editor, but it is a real test of reportorial ability to win that praise by a skillful arrangement of the exact facts."

THE young men and young women who go out from newspaper offices to mingle with the folk in their community as verifiers of gossip — seeking authoritative sources, proving to readers that facts have been checked — must ultimately determine the strength or weakness of their paper. The editor can not follow them on their journeys, and perhaps by the time he has discovered that one or another lacks either moral stamina or skill, irreparable harm may have been done to the cause of Truth. He must depend upon their training.

Just now, of course, we have a vicious circle. The future of the newspaper depends upon the training of the reporter; yet whatever standards have been established in his mind during his schooling will be overcome by practice in a shop where the editor has false standards. But one must cut the circle somewhere, and it seems most reasonable to urge that a better attitude of mind must somehow begin with those who are youngest. If it can begin with the reporter, not so many years need pass before a generally better type of editor is in the picture.

If my argument seems to lead in the direction of a *licensed* reporter, I must hasten either to define or to get rid of that word, for there must be no authority asserted by the State in the choice of a newspaper staff. Let me turn again to the profession of law, which is so jealous of its own high dignity and repute. The Bar Association demands of the law school a careful selection at entrance, a practical and adequate curriculum, and a severe test before awarding the diploma. But that educational experience is not enough. After that the Association itself insists upon applying its own tests of fitness before the young man is admitted into professional fellowship.

IT HAS been unfortunately true of newspaper editors that they have not bound themselves together into professional organizations with the courage to deny membership to those who are guilty of unprofessional conduct. When that comes about it will be possible for such an organization to apply its own tests of fitness to the graduates of professional schools or colleges, and then grant or deny them license to practice. The applicant for a reportorial job showing certificates proving that he has met tests of character, and passed certain examinations as to fitness, and been approved as a worthy apprentice, can then be sent out at once from the city editor's desk, commissioned to seek the truth and all its necessary verifications. Such a one is least likely to betray the confidence of his editor, and more likely to win for his newssheet the trust and respect of his community.

The very fact that the reporter is the keystone of the whole structure makes an optimist of me, because he is young and susceptible to training. I am an optimist also because the press is its own shrewdest and severest critic. The strictures expressed in these pages are mild in comparison with those heard in any assemblage of newspaper men. Sooner or later such self-analysis can lead to but one conclusion, reached by either of two routes. Either newspaper workers are engaged in a business or a profession. If in a business, performing a definite public service, they will unite to define their obligations to the community and demand certain guarantees; if in a profession they will unite to define and protect the standards of the profession itself.

As a matter of individual self-preservation the newspaper must come to respect itself so much that it will require a high standard of moral and technical fitness among its apprentices; and not until then can it fully merit the respect of the community. Having regained that, it will by the very nature of its functions become again the leader of democracy.

To Death

Exorcism for a One-Year-Old

By Kathryn Worth

These acres hold but greenly yet
  The tight and bitter fruit of spring;
Here are no meadows high in corn,
  Nor white to summer's harvesting.

No use for you to linger here,
  Be off, Old Man, be on your way,
It would not profit you to scythe
  A field so newly sown to hay.

Willis Fletcher Johnson

By B. S. Stanoyevich

A tribute by one of his associates on The North American Review

Others may write of Willis Fletcher Johnson — long associated with The North American Review — as editorial writer, historian and biographer. His works live after him and proclaim him pre-eminently a man of his time. In these pages it seems fitting rather to show those sides of his character which made him a perfect friend, "the gentleman unafraid," as Chancellor Brown of New York University said in eulogy of him.

More than one friend remembers his conversations over the luncheon table, his delightful ease of manner, his courtliness.

"His views were always tinged with humor, never with acid criticism. He was objective and kindly even when demolishing his foes," says one.

At times his reminiscences touched earlier days and he would tell of events in his young manhood; for instance, his decision at the age of sixteen to make his life conform to reason rather than emotion. "One summer day I went out and lay under the sky," he said, in speaking of that period. "There I made a decision which subsequently guided all my actions, changing me from a boy into a man." Yet he was not over-serious in disposition, as is shown by his love of fast horses in the days when the race tracks attracted admirers from among the newspapermen.

In those days his summers were usually spent in town while his wife was at a distance. Once, alone in the hot weather he wrote a poem, giving expression to his loneliness. On its completion he sent the verse to a number of publications, but none accepted it. Then he sent it to an editor friend on *The Open Court;* it was published, and in a few weeks was copied from coast to coast in all the newspapers of the land!

The life of a newspaperman led him to meet all sorts of people, and with an accomplished pen he paid tribute to the endurance of the night workers on a paper, their courage in facing all sorts of conditions, the cold of winter nights in the small hours, how they might be tempted to stop at the corner saloon too long, how some of the most brilliant fell into a habit which later proved their ruin. As for himself, Dr. Johnson knew the fine flavor of rare

vintages; he was something of a connoisseur in food as well as drink.

One story he used to tell. A young lady friend, who was a student at Vassar, wished to have him witness a performance of a Greek play in which all her colleagues were greatly interested. He had responded favorably to the invitation and with another writer on the *Tribune* staff was due to go to Poughkeepsie, their cards of invitation specifying the exact seating reserved for the two visitors in the auditorium hall. Decked out in their dress suits, the two men arrived and presented their cards. What was their consternation to observe, way down in the centre of the immense audience, their two chairs vacantly waiting, surrounded by a sea of feminity, rows and rows of white dresses, gauzy bows and fluffy scarves.

LATER in life Dr. Johnson came into more and more prominence through his writings, his lecturing, his political activities. At the time when Mr. Taft was President, he was invited to go with the presidential inspection party to visit the Canal. It was while returning from that journey, that he was riding one day in the diner and chatting with Mrs. Taft. They noticed particularly the number of stray dogs which would infest the station platform of every little town through which the train passed. As the train approached a larger place, they casually inquired of the waiter which town it was.

"Why, Colonel," said the colored man. "It's Salisbury, North Carolina, and there's a large sausage factory here."

As Mrs. Taft and Dr. Johnson took an impulsive glance out of the window, they turned to each other and burst into peals of laughter, for there was not a stray dog to be seen anywhere.

The Doctor could, in fact, have gone into politics. He was fitted in many ways for the life of a diplomat, but the lower strata of politics did not appeal to his sense of fineness. His friendships rather gravitated toward those who were in strategic places in national affairs. Occasionally he preached in his local church, the Methodist Episcopal. His leaning early in life had been toward the Episcopalian, but decision not to join that church had been made on the ground of objection to the narrowness of the clergy in regard to the doctrine of Apostolic Succession. A strong and vigorous faith in immortality was one of Dr. Johnson's spiritual assets. He pointed out his belief with so much reason, so much conviction, that in listening to him one could not but likewise feel that life does not cease with death.

HIS old-fashioned house, set among cedars, pines and hemlocks, contained an octagonal-shaped library, so situated as to command views of rolling country. Not far away were the clear waters of the Passaic River at its source. The low ranges of the Orange Mountains outlined the horizon. The master of Firleigh Hall, surrounded by his library of thousands of volumes, wrote far into the night. Near the library stood his piano and organ. He loved ponderous and majestic strains, and felt akin to all that is great in art.

Scenarios to the Office Boy

By Bernard Simon

In the scenario department of one of the greatest motion picture firms in America is a long table piled high with manuscripts. These are scenarios that have been sent in by amateur writers from all over the world. To the table there comes twice a week a $15 office boy, Oscar by name, who takes the manuscripts out of their incoming envelopes, puts them into their outgoing envelopes with the addition of a polite form-letter of rejection, and mails them back to their authors unread.

It seems a rude and stupid thing to do. Such a procedure apparently justifies the oft-repeated excuse of the tribe of rejected authors that "you've got to have influence" to have material accepted; and it appears wantonly wasteful thus summarily to reject what may be hundreds of brilliant and original stories. Why does this scenario department, whose function is to seek out new ideas in fiction for picturization — why does it rashly throw back these stories without even a casual glance to see if they are available?

I asked that question of the scenario editor and he callously replied that "There isn't a good story in a carload of them." Since he hadn't read any of them, I remained incredulous.

"Listen," he told me with the patience of a teacher instructing a dull pupil, "for two years we had four readers at a salary of $3,000 a year each, reading their eyes out on those unsolicited manuscripts. And they didn't find a single story worth recommending even to me. And so, after wasting $24,000 on them, we gave them up."

I was interested and spent some time examining these unsolicited contributions. I discovered that the scenario editor was overpoweringly right. Most of the scripts shriek forth at the first glance the literary incompetency of their authors. Sometimes they are in scrawling, barely legible handwriting, sometimes, even, in pencil and (sin of journalistic sins!) written on both sides of the paper. Each page is almost sure to contain several absurd errors of grammar and orthography.

But I would not allow this obvious unfitness to prejudice me. "Just because a man may be ignorant of spelling and the necessity of writing on only one side of the paper," I told myself, "does not mean that he is lacking in imagination and originality. These authors may be simple, uneducated people, but they may be for that reason more natural, less

self-conscious, less cynically showmanlike and bound by worn-out formulæ of plot construction, than the professional writers. They may understand life better than the artificial ones who know what the subjunctive mode is."

But the fact is they don't. A story written without regard to spelling and grammar is sure to fall into one of these categories: (a) hackneyed imitations of recent popular successes, or (b) autobiographical stories, trivial and pointless even though true.

THE authors of manuscripts in the first category are probably entirely unconscious of their plagiarism. Bitten with the desire to write, they are, without knowing it, influenced in plot invention by what has impressed them recently, and their stories are plodding versions of the commonest of stock plots. Their adherence to the formulæ is even greater than that of the facile old professionals who know so well how to block in the ancient stencils with deceiving new colors.

As for the second category, the volume of autobiographical narratives is so great as to revive one's faith in the true-story kind of magazine. Cynical hack-writers have been confessing so much their fraudulent manufacture of "true-confession" stories, that one may well doubt whether there are any genuine confession stories. There are. But they find their ways to the marketplaces of *fiction*. And as if these stories did not unmistakably bear the mark themselves, they are usually accompanied by notes explaining that the incidents "really happened" either to the author or to relatives or friends.

Alas, that truth is less entertaining than fiction! These narratives are of events that are undramatic, commonplace, trivial — often disgusting when they are love stories. Sticking rigidly to the truth, the authors have scorned to inject any artifices. As a result, the stories are very much like life — diffuse, without a steadily mounting suspense, without formal proportion, and with the climaxes misplaced or entirely lacking. Sometimes an interesting situation is described, but nothing comes of it; it is not brought to a head, it trails off into a solution that is dull and undramatic.

The hopeless and illiterate letters that frequently accompany unsolicited manuscripts are pitiful documents — a whole Americana of futility. They usually tell of the author's desire to sell his manuscript because of his poverty. They plead for a chance to make a start at writing and they detail the heroic effort that has been made against odds of illness and other misfortunes to accomplish the contribution. The writers seem to be under the illusion that the relation of their own hardships is a selling point for their scenarios. The fact is that these letters themselves tell a better story (between the lines) than the accompanying manuscript.

AS A specimen of unconsciously fine tragic writing, I submit the following letter, signed with an Italian name and coming from Chicago with a scenario entitled *How I Became a Slave:*

You will excuse me if i geve you much truble but as they said never geve up so i'm here again with another story. I should like to explaine as you will see that the typist was

in a hurry and left some of the word out and some of them only part of them are here but as i'm sure that this story will go the same way as the other i dint take the truble of having the same ritypet. You may think me a pert but i cant help in my spare time i have to write something, i know that is all time lost i'm very sorry for to have you loose some of you woluable time in looking over such trash but after this i will truble you no more, if not suited please return and i will quit writing for ever.

A good many scenarios received by the film company, I noted, are by immigrants. Through the obscurity of their spelling and construction can be seen a thoughtful attitude — frequently a Slavic or Latin quality of unusual intensity — that makes them all the less salable as film stories. In the majority of such cases, the immigrants are imbued with a fulsome patriotism that would shame the professional 100 per cent American who is so contemptuous of them. Grateful for the opportunities they have found in America, these aliens display an egregious Americanism that is positively cloying. Almost invariably their stories narrate the history of their own lives and make much of the fact that they passed through Ellis Island with hardly a sou and now own a house with running water, a radio and a Ford, that their children are being educated to love the flag with stars and stripes.

A number of scenarios are received from abroad, too. These are from more cultivated sources. In fact, the trouble is that they are too cultivated. The stories are sensitive, poetic, exotic — frequently metaphysical. Simply out of the question for motion pictures. For example, a Polish engineer living in Warsaw, sent in a scenario entitled *The Life and Work of Charles Baudelaire.* In his hopeful letter, this optimistic gentleman wrote:

Vous savez que Baudelaire, un de plus éminent poèts du monde, très original, comme votre E. Poë, a eu une vie triste, pénible, et pleine d'imprévu. Je suppose donc que ma pièce, abondante en des moments tragiques et pittoresques, sera pour vous d'une grande utilité.

His supposition was in error, for like all the others of that week's pile, his scenario, in beautiful copperplate handwriting, was taken from its own envelope and sent back in a new one by the $15 a week office-boy. With the same mail there were returned four gentle Pirandelloesque stories to a Germaine Velaudiere in Morocco, who described herself in her letter as a young girl of nineteen who wishes, despite having to live away from the great capitals with her father, who is in the military, to make a career for herself. What other means of self-expression is open to her in the remote region of Morocco, she asks, than writing for the films?

A number of the wretched, pencilled notes on Oscar's table are from tuberculars who are forced to live in remote spots where making a sedentary livelihood is almost impossible. Correspondents write out detailed case histories of illnesses from which they or near relatives are suffering and express the hope that the scenario editor will buy the stories so that they can pay doctors' bills and buy medicine. To spend fifteen minutes looking over Oscar's table is as poignant an experience as reading a whole Russian novel.

A good many manuscripts come

from the hospitals of the Veterans' Bureau. These are all war stories. There is a thin scattering, too, of pieces from prisons. These are all gangland melodramas.

Almost invariably the letters end with a plea for criticism and help. Oscar, being a facile-witted boy, is competent to do this, but even he is too busy. He is not by any means too young to advise these ambitious authors, for roughly a fifth of the contributions come from presumptuous high-school pupils. The juvenile conceit of their letters makes them amusing.

MANY of the authors, who have probably never themselves been on a motion picture set, have a refreshing self-assurance in their knowledge of what will make a good film. From a lady in Rapid City, South Dakota, one-time summer capital of the United States, there came two of the cutest little scenarios you could imagine, entitled *Please Bring Me a Daddy* (the protagonist was *not* a chorus girl) and *Take Me Back to Chickie-Wickie-China-Town*, accompanied by this explanatory letter:

Mass of middle-class folk is clamoring for something different. Are satiated with gang stories and the cheap sex drama, or the thriller which leaves a bad taste.

Also, parents with high ideals, everywhere are demanding pictures of higher moral tone so that they can safely have their children accompany them to movie shows. Do not want children fed up on baser passion, time-limit kiss stuff.

I have arranged my scenarios to make of them all-family pictures with inspirational allegory. So arranged as to make it possible to shoot all the scenes and to exhibit picture at any season. Cost of production comparatively small. No high-salaried star required. Opportunity for producer to try out his understudies. Just enough in pathos, just enough humor, just enough beauty, and just enough thrill and spectacular to make the picture an ideal one for a family picture.

Will you not give my scenarios (subject to change and improvement) a fair reading? They are both copyrighted in my name.

HOWEVER, the prize for real hardihood of an amateur in the face of professional experts of the film world must go to a gentleman of Mayfield, Pennsylvania, who declared in the first sentence of his letter that there can be no possible doubt that his story will make a great picture although this is his first attempt in that kind of work. His letter continues:

I have planned to write four or five stories this coming year, if I can possibly find the time to do it in. Therefore I hope this will receive your prompt acceptance and help me carry out my plans. As a special inducement, I will sell you an option on my total output for the coming year.

I must ask for a quick decision on your part either for acceptance or regestion (?), as the first scenes of the story are laid in Detroit, in the early spring of the year. Therefore, if you intend to film it this year, now is the time for action.

In addition to the above, I offer my services, either in writing the continuity or the direction of the picture or both. As I have studied the technicalities of the motion picture industry, I can probably be of invaluable assistance to you in this manner. I shall be available at any time to suit your convenience.

Hoping that my offering will receive your favorable, but above all, your just decision, I remain

Yours truly,
Bernard A. Iwanik

Pseudo: — Bartholomew I. Lipton.

One should not be surprised to find that many authors, like Mr. Iwanik, assume as elegant *noms de plume* as Bartholomew I. Lipton. Nearly half of the scenario-manufacturers sign

their letters with one name, to insure proper delivery of the expected check, and their works with another. Mr. Iwanik's name, it is true, leaves something to be desired for by-line purposes, but many of his colleagues seek to conceal names that are pleasant-sounding and Anglo-Saxon, sometimes even distinguished, such as Mr. Fauntleroy of Shreveport, who preferred to be known as Mr. Elliott. It would appear that these rising authors are indifferent to fame. My own guess is that they employ pseudonyms to cover the confessional nature of their stories when (as and if) the picture is shown in their own locality.

The rustic's distrust of the city dweller, intensified by the widely credited stories of dastardly manuscript piracies said to take place in the wicked film magnates' offices, is frequently found in these letters. Without any tactful circumlocutions, some of these authors warn the picture company that their stories are copyrighted and that the company had better not steal them if it knows what is good for it. Others, admitting they are putting their heads in the lion's mouth, entrust their scenarios to the honor of the company. Much has been, and more could be, written about the hundreds of sincere as well as fraudulent claims of plagiarism put forth by unknowns — all mistaken, since not even the Oscars of the film companies read the scripts.

GENTLEMEN of the cloth, having leisure and some practise at literary composition, are not lacking among the contributors. If their sermons are as dull as their scenarios, I pity their congregations. For religious fervor, one must investigate the offerings of the parishioners, who may not be so well educated, theologically or secularly, but are possessed of a zeal unhindered by dignity or expediency.

A lady in Spokane, sending in a scenario suspiciously following the story of that ancient success, *Quo Vadis?*, asks, after the usual preliminary paragraph concerning her urgent need for money:

"Will you buy scenarios based on Bible stories? I am well versed in these stories — have collection of eight Bibles in my house, also a concordance and complete study of Bible study books. So would like to try them. . . . Thanking you for business, I am very truly yours. . . ."

PROPAGANDISTS for new religious cults assiduously seek to gain converts through pictures. The following is an extraordinary letter from an author of this type. She is a woman in Santa Cruz County, California, who, while not limiting herself to stories about her sect, seeks to further the cause by writing for pictures.

I pray you list, while I toot my shining horn. Kind begets kind. Scientifically correct! And my creations are like unto myself — Unique! Postively incomparable.

I am the original She-Bear of Kipling fame. Not a person but an idea. A spec of star dust flung by cosmic force upon this man-pocked earth.

A she-hermit dwelling in the heart of the hills, on a mountain where the wild deer brouse and Nature bares her beauty and her wounds.

For twenty years I have delved in the mysteries of Nature, and wrestled with the problems of Life. Now I am heavy with treasure, like a woman big with child, and I cry like the voice in the Wilderness, only for deliverance.

Loose as the leaves of the forest are the leaves of the written word. Non-personal and pure as the streamlet, yet keen as the naked

sword. The Why of Life is answered. The How of Life is scored. And the Purpose a New World creating over all is potently poured.

Philosophy new and world-shaking Religion, a Babe New Born, are here and ripe for the making of 'The Book' by the great Cape Horn. Money I need for the making since helpers all must be paid. And help I must have or go skating to hell with Heaven delayed. So I would sell my few stories to pay for the task to be done. I work not for pay nor glories, but to get the world's goat on the run! Hoping this may get yours and insure a comeback, Faithfully,

P. S. I can write on any subject from any viewpoint and in any way, shape or form. But I cannot prepare printer's copy. Last but not least, I am the Kelp Queen by right of conquest. I can produce anything, from a spoon to a castle with complete furniture. From a man to a monkey and a lady fair. And clothe her completely and then make a bower of Kelp-kissed beauty and sea-blown flower. No kidding! I am the Queen with a big "q" of the Kelp domain. A slender mermaid too with hair like golden rain. Longer than the dresses the flappers wear. And I'll sell anything I have in order to give life to the New Philosophy and New Religion before I die. Yours for a New Heaven and a New Earth.

From Virginia and other parts of the South come highly literate contributions by maiden ladies, of the shabby-genteel class, judging by the arid style, which are motion picture arrangements of narrative poems by men ranging from Longfellow to Shelley. At least two such arrangements of Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes* are received a week. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and the two Browning commonplaces, *My Last Duchess* and *In a Gondola* are all tied for second place in this competition, the score being one arrangement a week of each. The ladies are not above admitting that they are "urged by the spur of necessity at present and realize the remunerative field of the films," as a Georgian phrased it, and they offer their "wide acquaintance with general literature" as a qualification for any position that might be open.

However, lest you begin to believe that Oscar's table is covered only with the innocuous effusions of clergymen and old maids — prim, proper and staid — let me remind you that these are but raindrops in the salt sea of sheer imbecility that flows and ebbs across the table-top. The overwhelming majority of contributions fall into the hopeless class that is exemplified perfectly by the following letter from McKeesport, Pennsylvania:

please find enclose my manuscript it runs somewhat thusly. Bill Jenson is wounded & is nursed back to health by Janice Dean who he eventually falls in love with her. He stands betwix her & the world. Smooch Perkins who covets her property & etc. It has a fairly good heart interest as for action turn to page 124 and read thru to 128 & etc. Jensons throws a double fight. Please let me have an early answer. On the end Bill Jenson is tempted by Smooch. — the split of a $150,000 mail robbery but decides in Janice's favor. He (here there is crossed out "demonst —" "demostr —" and "dimon —") proves his worth & etc. Yours truly. . . .

One may say truly that this implied story is no worse than that used for a thousand Western pictures of the last twenty years. But the fact is that this type of picture no longer has a wide appeal, and for the few that are still made for the little ten-cent houses of our villages and suburbs, stories are ground out cheaply and with great facility by experienced Hollywood hacks without the assistance of such gentlemen as the McKeesport contributor.

Frequently scenarios from foreign sources are accompanied by ardent requests for jobs in motion pictures, thinly disguised efforts to reach the United States at some one else's expense. Most of the pleas for acting opportunities come from Spanish America, with handsome Lotharios of Porto Rico, Cuba and Mexico being the most numerous. It seems a remote chance to Oscar that a new Valentino might be discovered in this way, so Oscar merely writes across the form rejection letter that goes back with the scenario, "Not engaging any actors now."

The most extraordinary attempt to obtain an acting engagement at long distance was from one who described himself as belonging to the "Chatpavan Maharastra Brahmins, one of the most envied castes of India." This young man, living in Nagpur, undertook to *enslave* himself to the film company for a period of two years in return for passage to the United States and an opportunity to enter motion pictures. He earnestly declared he had no accent but spoke the clearest English, and he told of his ability at winning scholarships and prizes at Nagpur University and of his proficiency at swimming, riding and fencing. He wrote:

> I have described myself so thoroughly because from my childhood I have cherished the desire to learn the art of cinematography. I have received a medal for my acting in college dramas. I practise cinema acting in front of the looking-glass. I am certain that in a short time and under expert direction I shall be another Rudolph Valentino, as the acting of his type suits me much. I will be useful to you for supplying your company with Hindu mythological, historical and social stories for film production and also for the customs and costumes required therein. I have for a long time thought over this point and am determined to devote my whole life to this precious art. I have great and lucrative schemes in my mind which I shall personally disclose to you in America.

Oscar, the hardened clearing-house of high hopes from all over the world, found this letter amusing. "Whoops!" he said, "he can be the Prince of Wales for all I care."

A College Warden Speaks

By Laura W. L. Scales

These Are Problems Which Only Women's Colleges Face

Current periodicals bear witness that not only book education but the non-curricular life of students is in the boiling pot of discussion. Probably more people feel competent to pass on the desirability of motors and "boy friends" than on the relative values of Latin or Science. Though college faculties might be glad to concentrate on the academic work of their students, in practice it can not be done. The young person has to eat and sleep and play, if he or she is to study. "College life" is the environing influence of the academic life. This is especially true in colleges which have accepted the responsibility of students in residence.

In the women's colleges (with which this paper is chiefly concerned) the business of ordering the non-curricular life of the student is particularly insistent. It has become more insistent in the last twenty years. Some fifty years ago when most of the women's colleges were young, social life seems to have been an artificial plant. At least as told in the early history of Smith College, it was consciously nursed by formal receptions, by a barge ride for all the young ladies, or on a rainy Saturday afternoon with the help of a fire in the back parlor, by the beguilement of fancy work and light literature read aloud.

But the young bookworm of those days under pressure to prove herself mentally competent to handle men's studies is a being extinct. The increase in social and non-curricular interests grew everywhere until so many deans, deans of women, or advisers of girls had been appointed to look after these interests, that in 1913 there was a large enough group to form the National Association of Deans of Women. Rules and regulations which at the beginning of the century had been few or merely a matter of common understanding, were definitely stated, added to, printed and codified, usually at the request of the student body. Student government associations with varying powers came into existence. The reason for the change was the facing of facts: numbers became relatively large; student bodies, no longer homogeneous, represented every sort of cultured and uncultured background; home training in social standards and responsibility was variable as the weathervane; and

with accelerating pace the pursuit of pleasure became a recognized avocation of youth. Today certain parts of students' non-curricular activity is only less organized than the curriculum itself.

THINGS are not made simpler for colleges, faculty and students alike, since college life has had on it the searchlight of publicity. What was to the fathers the play of children, is brought out now in the headlines as sensation or scandal. And alongside of publicity there goes the habit of generalizing. A group of three drinking at the bar of an ocean steamer *are* Smith or Vassar; a single runaway girl or an accident in a car — and the whole administration of the college is faulty. College students far from living in a world apart are under every one's observation and from a world on tiptoe for sensation, invite suspicion.

The public seems often to think of college supervision, especially for girls, as a police control. If one abnormal girl comes to harm or the *enfants terribles* of the Freshman class kick up their heels, the college is criticized for not holding in leash the whole student body. Yet who, granted the power, would willingly hinder the freedom of the nine hundred and ninety-nine for the one thousandth girl who may be abnormal? Or who, because of a few miscreants, wants to doubt and insult the whole body of well-doers? I recall a father of a much spoiled girl who could not go to sleep when she wanted to, because her neighbor drew a bath. In protest at my would-be rational though futile attempts to correct the difficulty, he suggested that a sign be posted in bathrooms that any student who ran a bath after ten P.M. should be expelled from college.

For several years smoking in the women's colleges offered a nice field for the skirmish of opinion. To many it seemed the obvious and simple thing for the colleges to say, "Thou Shalt Not." Today there is not one of the larger women's colleges in the East that believes this a possible method. To the girls who form the constituency of these colleges, suppression of smoking is not a reasonable policy, and attempts to enforce it brought out in them untrustworthiness and evasion. On the other hand, actual smoking under the conditions of campus life, lighted up for the girls not only their cigarettes, but their understanding of certain hard facts. So obviously did the careless and inexperienced smokers, that most were, risk life and property, that student government associations had to set limits of hour and place and demand decency and manners. Dolly, smoking about behind the back of the law, was no longer the college heroine, but someone to be dealt with. Smoking proved to be not unalloyed privilege, but rather an education in meeting facts.

IN HANDLING the life of its students the chances are good that a college administration at all equal to its task is a little out of step with the opinion of the street. For this reason: college supervision, dealing with the living material of young growing and changing things, should be flexible, even pragmatic at times. It is not a good administration if led by the nose by these young people; neither

is it good if it does not always realize that its work is for a world, not oriented toward the past, but one which these young people, a new generation, are to make and live in. College policy to some extent has to be experimental, mindful of the past, but moving on to secure and safeguard the future. Understanding and intelligent sympathy are not the seeds from which springs Radicalism.

WHAT is the best method to use depends much upon with whom one is working. So much nonsense has been said and sung about this college generation, that persons interviewing us in college offices act as if we had told them news when we express pride in our students. So, let us repeat that the great bulk of students with whom colleges are working are honest, progressively self-controlled, interested in some phase of their work and coöperative if intelligently approached. If the immaturity beneath their seeming sophistication is baffling, equally surprising is their reasonableness once they see with an older person all around the circumference of a matter. Working with such a group, colleges, in ordering the life of their students, are headquarters not for police power but for educational training. Exercise of control over the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness of its students, can be justified if it proves a necessary part of the educational process by which young things grow into responsible beings. Control of "college life" as distinct from the college curriculum, is based on the assumption that it is waste to turn out insulated minds into a world operating through personal adjustments. A girl brilliant in her studies was so uncontrolled and a-social that her fellows sought relief so far as to the doors of the warden's office. Even with the help of a psychiatrist, we could not persuade the girl that concern for her social relationships was anything but interference. She was here to study. Yet when later she wanted to teach, she asked for recommendation from the college. The inevitable questions confronted us: Can she adjust herself to her fellows? Would she be dependable with children?

IN MOST women's colleges the student government association is the visible symbol of social supervision. Varying with the nature of the matter concerned, it makes regulations independently, or in conference with the dean of women or a faculty commission, and accepts responsibility. For instance, it arranges how students leaving town shall register absence and deals with delinquents and imposes penalties short of suspension from college. The undergraduate whose will or pleasure is thwarted may call this the police power; but over and over again a slipping girl has admitted that it was the saving of her to be caught up before she took a real fall. Frankly, one has to admit that it is important for deans of women and student government associations to watch themselves to make sure in regulations and discipline of an educational goal. To keep practice and ideal together is part of their educational training! Exhilarating are the results when they succeed.

As the fruit of experience, we find that certain definite educational

needs call for the ordering of college life. These may be roughly summarized as adjustment to academic work, adjustment to social convention and public opinion, adjustment of individual to community, and inclusive of all, the need of personal maturing. Few of the regulations of college life serve only one of these purposes, but for convenience, it is possible to take a few examples to illustrate one purpose only.

ALMOST all colleges limit the ownership and use of motor-cars. This is primarily a restriction for academic ends. How many of our young scholars-in-the-making would survive the distraction, restlessness and absence incident to the automobile? And the danger lurks about to devour not only the owner of the car, but many others, those plentiful friends to a free ride. Even so, the obvious question arises: Why is it not better education to let things take their course, drop the girl and let her learn from results? This is a nice question, recurring often in social training. It may be that college officials who have faced the misery of parents of dropped students are cowards about repeating the experience, but their real answer is a more fundamental one. They have learned discriminations in risks. When the dice are all loaded on one side and the outcome is not temporary defeat, but the possible altering of a life plan, as older people, they can not sit by and see young ones pay at such cost. *Post hoc — propter hoc* is not a fallacy when applied to academic disaster and motors. Similarly, for most students, uncontrolled absence from college is likely to work havoc with study. Some colleges regulate absence by a requirement of attendance at classes, others by a residence requirement of so many nights a semester which must be passed in a college building. Parents sometimes, disappointed at the loss of frequent visits from their daughters, fail to understand the protective nature of this regulation: their own pride is likely to be saved. In the long run, students like the rest of us seem happier when trying to live only one life at a time.

THERE is much current talk about the unnaturalness of women's colleges because there are not men about the place. Of course this is nonsense. Whatever may have been true in the 'Nineties when people stayed put, now men on campus are not week-endly but hourly occurrences. In return the girls take their allowed time off at games and parties in the men's colleges. Women's colleges, not nunneries afraid of men, plan their dormitories and their social life for the suitable entertainment of men. Inevitably it follows here as in coeducational universities that many college regulations have to do with social undertakings with men. Irksome though these may be to the chronic "fusser," their cause for being is usually self-evident. It is in less obvious ways that social education is more important. Freshman Lucy remarks to me that she is going to a dance at a man's college with a "blind date." The man, it seems, is being furnished by a girl whom she knows little and admires less. What chance for a satisfactory man? She had failed to think of that, but on reflection gives up the dance.

(She went to many others.) The father of upper class Mary gives her permission to stay alone in a large hotel at a man's college during a football weekend. Had she thought whether she or the college wanted the kind of talk about her that might arise? A low motive? A social convention? But sometimes the girl, hurt and surprised for the first time by the unkindness of the world, her own mates included, discovers in these despised conventions her safeguards against distress. The constant problem of deans of women and student government associations is not with the moral code: it is with good sense and good taste. Where if not in colleges should the gentlewoman be found?

If I vote against chapel, how can a majority vote of the others force me to attend chapel? If I want to play my victrola after ten at night, who can stop me? If every one else chews gum, why shouldn't I? If the others only study to get by, why should I give up bridge and work for honors? This sort of questions in college covers familiar ground: the nation duplicates them in the prohibition laws; noise abatement commissions meet them in city apartment houses; and the intelligent everywhere shudder at standardization and vulgarization. This age-old job of civilization, the working out of relationship between individual and group, the colleges get in concentrated form. Persons from a great variety of backgrounds come and share in the closest kind of living, physical and emotional; they are at an age when individualism is rampant, and yet, paradoxically, when social coercion acts with the monotony of a rubber stamp. It is the business of the college to help revalue both of these tendencies. It wants to turn out women independent in their thinking and doing, yet sensitive and unselfish. Some of this is attempted by positive regulation — the all-quiet after ten o'clock of student government rules; by conference when Betty comes in discouraged because she can't talk the language of the crowd; by actual trial and error in the daily impinging of girl on girl; by custom and tradition, the college greater than the sum of its parts.

All of these other adjustments are part of the process of growing up. That is always going on — a great, silent river sweeping all along from matriculation to graduation and into the outer world. One of the most fascinating occupations of us in college offices is watching the freshman turn into the senior; cynically, one might say, the self-sufficient youngster into the open-minded adult. "How does it happen you asked your house mother for her opinion?" I ask a senior whose former desires to be left alone foretold no such weakness as this. "Oh, I suppose when we're seniors we aren't so sure we know," she answered. Delightful it is to watch when the self-assertion and pseudo-initiative of the freshman brought up in the modern home and progressive school turn into that amazing capacity of the upper classman to catch on, fit in, and carry through with others on a job, as if she were part of a well-laid plan. Still more delightful is it to watch as the freshman's self-

absorption in her own world breaks through to the senior's dawning interest in the newspaper, the new poetry or world peace.

While the most important part of this opening up of her life comes to the girl from her academic studies, much too comes from college life as such. Taking hold of non-curricular activities, be it as class president, athletic association treasurer, or debating club manager, is a practical lesson in handling people and taking responsibility. There is help for the girl who will seek it in conference with the many members of the faculty and administration, who in a modern college are organized to be at her service. Their point of view may be neither different from nor better than that of home, but because it can be more impersonally given, she may be less shy of it. How often college officers hear from parents, "I'm so glad you said it. It's just what I've been saying. But she can't believe it from me." Of unlimited possibility toward growth is friendship — the daily give and take between girl and girl or girl and boy, all thrashing out the problems of their age. And again, indefinable but real, mingling with all the other experiences, the spirit of the college speaks to her — the beauty and fellowship of things visible and invisible that haunt the campus.

To accomplish the transforming of child into adult is to travel a long road. The steps taken in college are not all without loss. Some sacrifices have been unavoidable. Opinions held by the family have been thrown overboard. There may be loss of freshness or there may be over-assertion of the will to do. Often it is hard to estimate gain or loss; with some students the college apparently fails in social, if not in academic, education, and without the coöperation of parents it seldom succeeds. To a tragic degree the girls under college discipline come from broken homes. But to a happy degree when college and parents work together, the girl has her full chance.

From parents and public who understand what is the aim of the college for its students, there is chance for constructive criticism. How better to accomplish what all want is the problem. Are we not on common ground in agreeing that the college owes its students an environment of order and beauty, physical and spiritual, a demand from them for work to the best of their ability, time outside of the rush of doing for play and reflection, the joy of lasting friendships, contact with persons of outstanding minds and character, and inducement to the building up of aspiration and idealism? These things are the stuff by which youth is moulded to maturity.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

WITH one foot on the gangplank of *The General von Steuben*, bound for Germany, the Landscaper in this article will take a lingering look at the American literary scene. His next report will be, D. V., from England, where before many days have passed he will be as deep in the books published there as he is now in the books published on this side of the Atlantic. Before this farewell survey begins, however, suppose we take a side glance at what has been happening in a country dear to this observer's heart, as whatever faithful followers he may have already know. The reference is to Spain, where, with a quite astonishing suddenness, a republic, principally in the hands of the nation's intellectuals, has come into being. Having watched the growth of republican sentiment in the country for five years, and having spent a good many hours with the men who are now in power, the Landscaper was naturally interested to the point of complete absorption in every line of the news dispatches that came out of Madrid during the now-historic days when the shift was made from monarchy to republic.

This is no place for political prophecies, and so the Landscaper will make none, except to say that the indications seem favorable for the republican régime, unless the Communist and left-wing element in the country takes a notion to make a real bid for power. It is not fair to Spain to generalize in the present instance from the fate of the republican experiment in 1873; the world has changed considerably since that day, and even a country where time seems to stand still has been profoundly influenced by the universal trend toward democratic forms of government. There are a number of books available that will help intelligent readers to understand the situation more clearly, and no doubt there will be many more available as soon as publishers can have them written. The best single volume to read just now is Salvador de Madariaga's *Spain* (Scribner's), which is of especial interest to Americans because Don Salvador has been appointed Ambassador to the United States. His *Spain* is a brilliant analysis of the country and its people, and covers the period through the fall of Primo de Rivera, whose

surrender of his powers as dictator really marked the beginning of the end for Bourbon dynasty, as his successor, Berenguer, was a man of little intelligence and no force whatever. Since the question of what is to become of that troublesome northeast corner of the country, where most of the capital and industry is concentrated, is of prime importance, something should be known of Catalonia, and the best treatment of the subject in English is to be found in J. B. Trend's *A Picture of Modern Spain* (Knopf). Houghton Mifflin have just brought out a new illustrated edition of Havelock Ellis's *The Soul of Spain*, which remains a *sine qua non* for the understanding of the land and the people; other useful books are Henry Dwight Sedgwick's *Spain, a Short History* (Little, Brown). Those who care to strike deeper should read Miguel de Unamuno's *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho* (Knopf), and anyone seeking an exposition of the Catalan side of the question will find it in Georges Dwelshauvers' *La Catalogne et Le Problème Catalan*, published by Felix Alcan in Paris. Rodney Gallup's recent *The Book of the Basques* (Macmillan), is a very fine volume on another racial division within the borders of Spain. This is a brief list on a large subject, but as the later books come along, the Landscaper promises to try to call attention to the good ones.

The Pulitzer Prizes

Aside from the upset state of affairs in Spain, and a continuance of world-excitement about Russia, the annual award of the Pulitzer Prize has engaged a large share of the attention of the Landscaper. Margaret Ayer Barnes's *Years of Grace*, published by Houghton Mifflin, was praised here when it made its appearance for just what it is, a solid, satisfying, decent piece of fiction — comfortably bourgeois in every respect, and coming, it seems to this observer, about as near to fulfilling the rules laid down for the guidance of the prize committee as any book it has selected. It is not by any stretch of the imagination a work of genius, however, and the critics who have quarreled with the award have very good reason for their difference of opinion with the committee; on the whole the Landscaper was more upset by the award of an earlier prize to La Farge's *Laughing Boy*, a piece of romantic hokum if there ever was one. The poetry award, made to Robert Frost for his *Collected Poems*, or, in other words, for the body of his contribution to American poetry, may have been somewhat obvious, but it would be hard to pay Mr. Frost all the honor he deserves for his work. Of the other prizes, there is hardly space to speak, and besides, the newspapers have probably pretty well exhausted the subject. Arguments will always follow the announcements; they do no harm at all, and might even persuade newspaper readers, in some extreme cases, that books are as important in their own way as Legs Diamond.

Debunking a War

The Landscaper's usually orderly mind has been a little upset by what seem to him the excellencies of several of the recent books, so here goes for a few books, without any

particular regard for classification. First of all, there is Walter Millis's *The Martial Spirit: Being a Study of Our War with Spain* (Houghton Mifflin, $4), as neat and devastating a debunking of one whole war as a diligent search of the world's literature might reveal. Perhaps it will be of primary interest to the generation that remembers all the patriotic ecstasies of the period; the Landscaper recalls without effort that he played the part of Cuba in many an improvised boyhood drama because of his extreme thinness. Mr. Millis thinks a good deal less than nothing of the part America played in the War for Cuban liberation. He jeers at the motives that sent us into the war, proves by the documents that Spain did everything possible to avoid it, knowing that it would be disastrous, and pokes fun at all those heroes of our childhood, such as Joe Wheeler, Schley, and even the redoubtable Teddy, who, he says, fought the war in the presence of all the war correspondents he could collect about him. One supposes that Mr. Millis's exceedingly ironical book will make a good many patriots angry and provoke some indignant denials, but he seems to know quite well what he is talking about.

Katherine Mayo Again

SPEAKING as one who was not wholly convinced by Katherine Mayo's sensational *Mother India*, although realizing that it would probably do a lot of good, the Landscaper must report that he has been very much impressed with *Volume Two* by Miss Mayo (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), which continues the story of Volume One. Following Miss Mayo's first book a commission of nine Indians and one Englishwoman doctor set out upon an elaborate investigation of the child-marriage situation, and Miss Mayo's present book is condensed from their findings. It is calm in tone and highly factual; also it states clearly and simply the Brahmanical attitude toward early marriage as a policy. It also gives a great deal of evidence to show that, despite the excuse that these early marriages are not consummated until the girl involved has reached puberty, conditions of the most shocking sort prevail in this respect. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that Miss Mayo's books attract attention among the prurient-minded, but this aside, they are filled with social dynamite. *Volume Two* will probably arouse another storm of indignation, but India is anxious for the good will of the Western world, and some modification of the practices exposed by Miss Mayo seem inevitable. Certainly no amount of "you, too" can lighten the horror with which the civilized world must look upon this virtual murder of children, which results in suffering and death on the part of the girls, and in a degeneracy of the racial stock because of the extreme youth of most of the mothers in the country.

More Books About Russia

BOOKS about Russia continue to pour from the presses, and there will be as many out this autumn as have been published this spring. The very simple reason is that Russia is at the moment the most interesting country in the world for itself, and what is more important, the results of the experiment there, most people now seem to recognize, are bound to

affect the whole future of the rest of the world. The best of the recent volumes on the subject for the general reader is Maurice Hindus's *Red Bread* (Cape and Smith, $3.50), a worthy successor to Mr. Hindus's *Humanity Uprooted*, which is still selling splendidly. Mr. Hindus has a distinct advantage over many of the people who write about the country in being Russian himself; these are his own people who are going through incredible changes, and he knows very well how to keep the human elements uppermost. *New Russia's Primer: The Story of the Five-Year Plan* by M. Ilin (Houghton Mifflin, $1.75) is a little book written originally to teach the fundamentals of the present Soviet economic scheme to the Russians themselves. It is well illustrated, and takes more than a few flings at our own capitalistic civilization. A very clever book, this, and disquieting for its cleverness. No one could fail to understand what the Russians are driving at in the Five-Year Plan after studying Ilin's primer. More specialized is *Why Recognize Russia?* by Louis Fischer (Cape and Smith, $2.50), which is an ardent plea on the part of Mr. Fischer that we give our full recognition to the U. S. S. R. Mr. Fischer has also written *The Soviets in World Affairs* in two volumes. He argues well, and has many facts at his finger-ends.

A Biography of Stalin

THEN there is Isaac Don Levine's *Stalin* (Cosmopolitan, $3.50), the first full-length biography of the present ruler of Russia to be made available in English. Stalin is the Man of Steel; Lenin himself bestowed the sobriquet by which he will go down in history. His real name is Soso Djugashvli, and his father was a shoemaker in the Caucasus. Mr. Levine, who was born in Russia and who has already written books on the revolution and on Lenin, has made a most careful study of all the available materials on Stalin, and has done what appears to be a fair portrait. Stalin, says Mr. Levine, is a solid man, whose driving force is idealism combined with absolute ruthlessness. Naturally it is not possible to understand present-day Russia without knowing something about Stalin, and this book offers a good chance to become acquainted. *Thunder Over Europe* by E. Alexander Powell (Washburn, $3) is a general look at the European situation, and an alarming one; there are some chapters on Russia that do not seem of much importance, but some of the other material is interesting enough, especially the discussion of the impending war between Italy and France.

How to Prevent War

ONE of the recent books about our own country has a bearing upon this general problem of world peace. It is *National Defense: A Study of Origins and Results and the Prevention of War* by Kirby Page (Farrar and Rinehart), a long book in which there seems to be very little that is new. In conclusion Mr. Page writes: "Warfare, however, reveals not only courage and nobility, but also hatred and ferocity and misery indescribable." Not a bad summary of life in general, is it? At heart a pacifist, if the word can mean merely a lover of peace, the Landscaper

wonders where Mr. Page can find anything so thrilling as, for example, the manœuvers of the air forces of the United States Army, which have recently taken place over New York city . . . Death and destruction beyond the imagination of any man lurked in the skies on that day, but if any one thinks the people in the city were so frightened as to turn immediately against all war, he is entitled to one more effort to learn something about the human race. Speaking of books on the United States, Mr. Millis's debunking of the Spanish-American War has already been mentioned. Another important recent work is *The Problem of Unemployment* by Paul H. Douglas and Aaron Director (Macmillan, $3.50), both the authors being University of Chicago economists. There is a preface by President Frank Aydelotte of Swarthmore, and the book strikes this reader as balanced and sane; it contains no magic formulae and offers no panacea to heal the worst disease that has ever come to plague this nation's economic body.

Schliemann: Gold-Seeker

Of good biographies there is much more than a fairish supply just now, including a new opus by Emil Ludwig, who, goaded by the criticisms of reviewers in America, has inserted a footnote to explain that the many books of his published here in a short period took him all of ten years to write. Herr Ludwig is evidently resentful of being considered the Oppenheim of biography. His new book is *Schliemann: The Story of a Gold-Seeker* (Little, Brown, $3.50), and a first-rate story it is, this tale of how a man who started as a grocer's apprentice wound up as one of the most important archæologists ever to handle a pick, although he knew far less of the scientific side of archæology than Ludwig gives him credit for. The nucleus of the story, namely Schliemann's determination to establish the background of the Homeric poems as authentic by digging out the cities which they describe, is in itself exciting enough, but Ludwig has handled every other detail in an admirable fashion. He can tell a tale, this industrious German, and Schliemann deserved a full-length biography. Many a museum is the richer for his discoveries, but what is infinitely more important human life itself is richer; he found much that was beautiful, and he added much to our knowledge of times past. Ludwig had access to an enormous quantity of family material, Schliemann's own detailed diaries, so that he was enabled to write a definitive biography. Sir Arthur Evans, the great British archæologist, prepared a long introduction which did not arrive in time for the first printing, but which will appear in subsequent editions. Sir Arthur pays the highest tribute to the importance of Schliemann's work.

An American Revived

Henry Walcott Boynton has rescued James Fenimore Cooper from obscurity, not to say oblivion, in an excellent biography whose title is no more than the author's name (Century, $5), a full-length portrait, with only a relatively small amount of space devoted to Cooper's work, but with a full background of the period. Cooper was

American to the core, and a pioneer in the movement to snap the apron-strings of Mother England on this country's literature. He waged a battle that is still going, with considerable victories on this side the Atlantic. He was also severe in his criticisms of his own country. Mr. Boynton's work is the result of long and careful research — he had access to the family documents and was the first to examine them with an eye to their literary use — and he writes well, too, so that the book is quite definitely an addition to this year's really valuable and enduring books. Another volume that combines biography with history is Charles Rosebault's *When Dana Was the Sun* (McBride, $3.75), which is a rich, full picture of a great editor and of the men who surrounded him, as well as an account of the vast influence he wielded on the political affairs of the country.

The best and most engaging piece of English biography to come this way recently was Michael Sadleir's *Bulwer: A Panorama* (Little, Brown, $4), the story of the English novelist and his Irish wife, Rosina, which is, in effect, a group picture of an English period, and which contains a great deal of new material. All those who know Mr. Sadleir's life of Trollope will have no doubts about the skill with which the Bulwer is handled; it is delightfully written and most entertaining.

Messrs. Tully and Dreiser

SOMETHING else again is Jim Tully's new chapter in his autobiography, *Blood on the Moon* (Coward-McCann), another book of the same general character of most of Mr. Tully's work, written in a highly simplified style, and dealing with the seamy side. There is an introduction in which Tully declares he is through with this sort of thing, and will go on from this point in a new direction, and in which he also suggests that posterity may be interested in his life-story. Maybe he's right; the Landscaper's guess is otherwise. In fact, the Landscaper has always found Mr. Tully pretty tiresome, and the new volume does little to change the general impression. It contains a good many words that are not used every day in polite society, for which Mr. Tully is to be congratulated, since most of them are good words, and occasionally he does make an underworld character appealing, but . . . well, the plain truth is that the Landscaper doesn't care for Jim Tully's books and even less for his personality as manifested therein, a very ill-natured thing to say, but honest, at least.

A far more important book is *Dawn: An Autobiography of Early Youth* by Theodore Dreiser (Liveright, $5), in which the novelist recounts the story of his youthful struggles without reticence; in fact, with every evidence that he has tried to write a really candid tale of how he emerged from the most unpromising surroundings to take his place as one of the nation's distinguished novelists. It is not a pretty story, and Mr. Dreiser writes it just as badly as any one can write, short of downright illiteracy, but it is ponderously impressive, like his novels. It reveals a man of might rising above the most depressing conditions imaginable, and it should be read, even though it give pain to the sensitive reader.

An important book to students of Tolstoy is *Tolstoy: New Light on His Life and Genius*, edited by René Fülöp-Miller (Lincoln Mac Veagh-The Dial Press, $5), a large collection of Tolstoy's literary remains, including stories, plays, fragments of novels, and, best of all, a collection of letters covering a long period. There is also a collection of reminiscences, written by a number of people who knew Tolstoy. This is hardly a book to interest the general reader, but it needed publishing.

Remarque Repeats

As one of those who, from the day he read *All Quiet on the Western Front* in England before its publication in America, has had the highest respect for Erich Maria Remarque as a novelist, the Landscaper naturally rejoices to be able to report that Remarque's new book, *The Road Back* (Little, Brown, $2.50) is another fine achievement, which, while it may not find a market so large as its predecessor, is quite certain to interest many people. It treats of returned German soldiers and what they found out about life after getting back home from the trenches. One may look upon it as another plea for peace, but it is well done and interesting, and satisfactory evidence that the world-sale of *All Quiet* was no mere accident.

Of recent fiction, the Landscaper has enjoyed several other novels. One of the best is Franz Werfel's *The Pure in Heart*, originally published as *Barbara*, a long book that turns about the struggles of the spiritual man in a world that is anything else but spiritual. It is told in the form of the memories of a man who is called simply Ferdinand R., and in his career is mirrored the whole course of Central Europe from 1890 to the present. Barbara is the old nurse of Ferdinand, a woman of such simple goodness that she is able to influence the life of Ferdinand more than any of the dramatic experiences he meets. This is a long novel, but an important one; the Landscaper hopes that some of the people who like it will go back to Werfel's *Verdi*, which is a beautiful book that has never had its due in this country.

An Interesting Experiment

Another foreign novel that has attracted a good deal of attention both here and in England is Ferdynand Goetel's *From Day to Day* (Viking, $2.50). It has an introduction by John Galsworthy, who approves of the odd method Goetel has of telling his story. *From Day to Day* is a novel within a novel; the tale of a famous writer's love for three women. A diary breaks up the novel itself, and there is the interplay of life and art all through. It is an interesting experiment, which, in this case, seems to justify itself, but which can not in the very nature of things reach so many people as a more conventional approach; straightforward story telling has much to be said for it, if one is trying to reach outside the professional group for readers.

There have been only a few American novels of consequence these last two or three weeks, although pleasure may be had from such good work as Vardis Fischer's *Dark Bidwell* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50); Eugene Löhrke's *Deep Evening* (Cape and Smith, $2); or Sonia Ruthéle Novak's *Strange Thoroughfare* (Macmillan,

$2.50). The Fischer novel concerns itself with a gentleman named Bidwell and his wife in Idaho, Bidwell being a man of many contradictory characteristics, and therefore very human. He is well drawn, and his story makes good reading. Mr. Löhrke's *Deep Evening* tells what happened on board a great ocean liner during the four hours when she was going to the bottom, a dramatic situation which he handles with full appreciation of its possibilities. The book is relatively short, written in the tight modern technique, and with a minimum of dialogue, but is a good sound piece of work that shows a very marked improvement over the author's first book, *Overshadowed.* Miss Novak's long, tumultuous tale of a Southern girl who comes to grief through her desire to establish contact with people is told almost altogether in dialogue; it covers a long period in time, and much territory. There are many characters, much action, a good deal of melodrama, and exactly why it is all so interesting the Landscaper has not yet fathomed. But it is. The book has the blood of life in it, a really remarkable first novel. Its people are well done, and even when the heroine is not perfectly credible, she is never uninteresting. It might not be a bad plan to make a mark by Miss Novak's name; she has it in her to write unusually good fiction.

Other Good Books

SPACE grows short and there are some important books still to be mentioned. André Siegfried's *England's Crisis* (Harcourt, Brace, $3) is certainly one of the best and most interesting of all the many books that have been written on the present situation in the country mentioned, and merits a careful reading. Then there is R. Emmett Kennedy's new collection of negro spirituals and "ballets," called *More Mellows* (Dodd, Mead), which all those who have Mr. Kennedy's earlier collection, *Mellows*, will want, and which contains in addition to a number of songs beautifully and appropriately arranged by Mr. Kennedy, some of the shrewdest and wisest comment on negro music and folk-song that is to be found anywhere. And *New York Is Everybody's Town* by Helen Josephy and Mary Margaret McBride (Putnam, $3), a perfectly priceless guide to the city . . . and others including Christopher Morley's *John Mistletoe* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), one of the most charming of this year's books. But the other foot must be put on the gangplank, or there will be an anatomical accident. *Auf Wiedersehen!*

North American Review

August

Rec'd
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B. P. L.

The Town of a Hundred Millionaires

By Ben Dixon MacNeill

A Misconceived Merchant Marine . . . . . Gerhard Hirschfeld
What's Left for the Novelist? . . . . . Struthers Burt
A Marriage Clinic . . . . . Helen Weigel Brown
The Next Speaker . . . . . Oliver McKee, Jr.
Three Stories:
The Poet . . . . . V. Sackville-West
Picture Card . . . . . Alberta Williams
You Got to Be Nice . . . . . Philip Dryer
Temple Rocking in the Movies . . . . . Norah Wellesby
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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

Hoover

The most important event of the past month was the announcement, on June twentieth, of the President's plan for the suspension of all German reparation payments for a year. Like every piece of news, it lent itself to both a bullish and a bearish interpretation, but the world, seemingly with one accord, chose to regard it as a great constructive step. Germany was saved, disaster averted. The world, it appears, was awaiting just such a move, a reaction in sentiment was long overdue.

In a good many ways, the world was right. If Germany should collapse, economically and politically, the consequences would be inconceivably terrible. The situation was growing more critical daily, the outlook darkening. Mr. Hoover stepped in at just about the right time and did just about the right thing — perhaps the only thing that could have saved the day. In judging the situation now, too much emphasis should not be placed upon the statistical results of Mr. Hoover's plan. Statistically, the situation must have appeared very serious to have made such a move appear necessary. If the plan goes through, our Government faces a very great loss of income, at a time when the treasury is having as hard a time budgeting as the average housewife. But psychological factors, it is being more and more recognized, outweigh statistical. On the very day that sentiment turned, copper buyers, cotton buyers, wheat buyers, rubber buyers, stock buyers and bond buyers came into the various markets in volume. If, as it is possible (anything is possible), Mr. Hoover's gesture marked the bottom of the depression, the Government will make up in taxes what it loses in interest, and the rejoicing people will reëlect their leaders. But there are economists who point out that Germany may next year be no better able to pay than this.

Construction

In the first two weeks of June — the fortnight preceding Hoover Day — the construction chart had begun to show improvement. After making its spring peak in March, the volume of new construction contracts fell steadily during April and May, although the May low point did not approach the winter low. After the first of June the line turned upward again, gaining momentum after the Hoover announcement.

The important aspect of any chart, of course, is not what it has done up to now, but what it is going to do from now on. As I have pointed out before, the investor or speculator in building construction is animated by the same psychology as the investor or speculator who deals in stocks, bonds and commodities. The vital factor, in every case, is price. The time to build or buy is when prices are low. The average speculator, however, is not satisfied with low prices, he wants bottom. Now, it is true of any curve that the only way you can tell when bottom has been reached is to wait until it has been passed and the trend line has started up again. Nothing brings buyers into a market so surely as rising prices, after a long fall. It is my opinion that the slight stiffening of commodity prices which followed the Hoover moratorium announcement, together with the generally improved level of business sentiment, will stimulate a considerable volume of new construction activity, and that the index of new construction contracts which began to rise early in June will continue this trend throughout the summer, making a secondary peak in September or October at a somewhat higher level than the spring peak made in March.

Normally, the spring peak is the high of the year. If my expectation materializes, therefore, its interpretation must be extremely bullish. Improvement in corporate

profits will surely follow increased construction activity.

Of course it must not be forgotten that the cat can jump the other way. In the great majority of years, the bulk of new construction is initiated in the spring. The autumn bulge which I expect, and which *must* take place if industrial recovery is to follow this winter, is an abnormal phenomenon and can be brought about only by exceptional conditions.

In this connection there is a most significant set of figures, the Federal Reserve's Index of Building Costs. After remaining stable during the first three months of the year, it began, in April, to drop precipitately, and has continued to do so until now. As is shown by another interesting set of figures, the Federal Reserve's Index of Building Wages, the recent deflation has taken place in this category rather than in the prices of building materials, which, in many instances, were already selling for less than the cost of production. Several months ago I suggested that before recovery could take place wages would have to be deflated and that the efforts of the Administration to prevent the action of economic laws were only delaying the inevitable. Whether or not the necessary deflation of wages has been completed, I have no way of telling, but, of course, the lower the price of anything is, the nearer it is to the bottom.

Railroads

THE railroads are suffering (they are not alone in this respect) from lack of income. If this condition perseveres, their credit will be damaged and they will be unable to raise funds, when needed, for the proper maintenance of their capital — tracks and cars. The situation may be remedied in three ways: (1) increased volume of business; (2) higher charge for service; (3) lower operating costs. The first depends, of course, on a general improvement in business. The second is embodied in the plea of the railroad executives to the Interstate Commerce Commission for a fifteen per cent increase in rates. The last will have to be resorted to if neither of the other two materializes.

The railroads are suffering from lack of business due to the depression and, in part, to the competition of buses. The latter sore spot is not going to be improved by an increase in the cost of shipping by freight. From a purely selfish point of view it really looks as though the best thing the railroads could do — and what they may have to do eventually — would be to lower operating costs by cutting wages. The railroads have already suffered for their altruism. Last year they lent their aid to Mr. Hoover's campaign to avoid a depression by embarking on expensive construction projects — work which could have been done a great deal more cheaply this year — thus exhausting their cash and making a huge investment which has brought them no return so far. Of course the altruism was tinged with selfishness (somehow it always is): nobody wanted to avert a depression quite so badly as the railroads.

In reality the near term prospects of the railroads are brighter than is commonly supposed. Seasonal factors alone will give them better earnings in the third quarter, and better than average crops are forecast.

Commodities

IT IS not unlikely that many important commodities made their cyclical low during the latter part of May and the beginning of June. Iron and steel mills during June operated at a lower rate than in any month since 1921. At that time, practically all important commodities were selling well below the cost of production. A slight improvement had already taken place before the famous Hoover announcement. Recovery, after that was in some cases precipitous. Sizable setbacks are, of course, to be expected, particularly in the cases of iron, steel, zinc, sugar and wool. The complete failure of the Farm Board is, under the circumstances, the most constructive thing that could have happened to the farming situation.

(*Continued on page X*)

HARRIS TWEED

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By Way of Introduction

Ben Dixon MacNeill (*The Town of a Hundred Millionaires*), formerly a newspaper man, now numbers among his interests exploring unique American towns, and collecting specimens of phenomenal asters.

Gerhard Hirschfeld (*A Misconceived Merchant Marine*), a correspondent in America for a number of European publications, has made an extensive study of economic and political developments. He is a frequent contributor to magazines, and recently had an article on Russia in The North American Review.

Struthers Burt (*What's Left for the Novelist?*), the well-known novelist, contributed an article, *These Pregnant Thirties*, to the June issue of this magazine.

Helen Weigel Brown (*A Marriage Clinic*), originally an Easterner, is now a "confirmed Southern California addict." After four years of writing advertising, she has turned to free-lance writing, which she finds more inspiring than modern big business.

Oliver McKee, Jr. (*The Next Speaker*) graduated from Yale and contemplated Oxford, but the War interrupted his academic ambitions. After serving in the War he entered journalism, acting on the advice of a friendly professor who regarded it as an excellent stepping stone to something else. His special interests and experience in matters of government and politics have convinced him that he will remain in journalism and leave the "something else" for somebody else. His newspaper work has been with the Hartford *Times*, Washington Bureau of the New York *World* and editorial staff of the Boston *Evening Transcript*. He is now Washington correspondent of that paper. His article *The Yankee's Place in the Sun* recently appeared in this magazine.

Alberta Williams (*Picture card*), originally from Chicago, has spent a number of years in Europe. She has been a magazine editor.

Norah Wellesby (*Temple Rocking in the Movies*) is the pen name of a woman who contributes articles to many leading magazines.

Henry Carter (*The Gentleman from Maryland: Part II*), who not long ago returned from diplomatic service in Liberia, recently wrote for this magazine an article on *Democratic Possibilities for 1932*, as well as his article last month on Governor Ritchie.

V. Sackville-West (*The Poet*) lives in Kent, England. She is a member of the distinguished Sackville family and is the prototype of Orlando in Virginia Woolf's book by that name.

Philip Dryer (*You Got to Be Nice*) is a young writer of stories and poetry.

Julian Gerhard Wick (*Reality and Labor*), of the first generation of Norwegian immigrants born in this country, is a wide reader and a versatile worker. He has worked in eleven States, all provinces of Canada, and every continent but South America.

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

When the slim little Isthmus of Panama was our sole connection with South America, we did not really know very much about each other, but when that bond was cut a host of new ties began to develop with rapidity — ties which are every year becoming more plentiful and more securely established in the thoughts of the peoples of both continents. Airways have been charted, operated, and are proving of invaluable service to an increasing public. But the most popular modes for general travel to South America at present are the four steamship lines which contact all parts of the country — the Grace Line, South American Steamship Company, the Munson Line, and the Furness Prince Line. Up and down the long coastlines of that vast triangular continent they go carrying their passengers in a luxury that was scarcely dreamed when the clipper ships nosed their way over the same courses and raced each other round the Horn. Tours to South America are distinctly satisfactory in that they may be arranged to cover the interesting places on the West coast (which means as well a glimpse of these great colonies of Guano birds) travel across the continent, from Santiago, through the Pampas lands to Buenos Aires, and still include those delightful cities on the sunrise side of the land — Montevideo, Santos, Sao Paulo, and Rio.

"I Should Choose Peru"

"Were I to be exiled, and confined for the rest of my life to one country," writes an author who is familiar with many parts of the world, "I should choose Peru. Here is every altitude, every climate, every scene . . . and the past lies miraculously preserved like the mummy of a saint in a crypt." Here in a country as large as France, you may experience the greatest contrasts — lose yourself in the everlasting green of a tangled jungle or sturdily scale some of the world's highest mountains, live luxuriously in the modern present or in a dream world of your own imaginings peopled with stately Incas treading streets of gold.

Lima may remind you of bits of Moorish Spain with its latticed balconies and tiled patios, yet it was founded by Pizarro in the Sixteenth Century, this "City of the Kings." Today it is the modern pleasure resort of the country, very lightsome and gay for all the tragedy of its historic past. Life seems to circle largely around the Plaza de Armas, untempered by the shadow of the great Cathedral on one side of the square which was begun by Pizarro sometime in the midst of the Sixteenth Century, yet proudly vaunts his mummified remains in a glass case today. To the discerning eye of the antiquarian, the high altar of solid silver and the exquisite carving on the decorative old choir stalls in this cathedral are a source of peculiar satisfaction. The ancient Vice-Regal Palace, now the Government House, with its stately halls is rich in history as is the perfectly preserved house of the Torre Tagle family, a mansion which retains all the features of that Hispano-Moorish architecture that was the glory of old Lima.

Less enchanting, perhaps, but none the less compelling is the Hall of the Inquisition, now used for meetings of the Peruvian Senate. Here sat the Council decreeing torture and death sentences for its victims, sentences which were conveniently carried out in the torture chamber just to the rear, or sometimes in the tranquil little Plaza of the Inquisition, now brooded over by the silent statue of Simon Bolivar.

Cuzco and Its Inca Palaces

Cuzco, once the glorious capital of Manco Capac, perched high in its mountain fastness, is to many people the most interesting place in the New World. In its many miles of ancient Inca walls, its

Temple of the Sun, its splendid churches, its megalithic fortress of Sacsahuaman, this centre of the great aboriginal empire of the Incas stands far and above all other attractions in the minds of those who love to delve into the ways of by-gone peoples. And for those who would seek deeper into the past, a short journey from Cuzco will bring them to that wonderful stone city of Machepicchu — a relic of a pre-Inca period of which the Incas themselves knew nothing.

As many as fourteen palaces of Inca rulers still line the streets of Cuzco, and the walls of finely cut blocks of granite laid in courses without cement are considered the finest mason's work in the world. These walls incline a little away from the streets and are broken occasionally by gateways spanned by a single great beam of stone, for these builders were unaware of the arch. Laws of Peru now protect the Incan ruins, and in a museum you may reconstruct with your own imaginings much of the life of the Incas from the battle-axes, hammers, combs, needles, utensils, pottery and ornaments which have been so carefully preserved.

Lake Titicaca on the Roof of the World

A POPULAR side trip from Cuzco takes you to Puno on Lake Titicaca, where from the deck of a little steamer you may sail over the cold blue waters of this lake which glitters on the very roof of South America — the highest navigable body of water in all the world, 12,500 feet above sea level.

Another idyllic day may be arranged from Cuzco by planning to go out to the ancient Inca country seat Chinchero, a town of almost pure Indian population. Here a great Inca palace side wall still stands, occupying one side of the Plaza. Terraced fields sustained by walls cut of granite line the slope from the palace and must once have been the Royal Gardens. Into the face of the rock are cut at intervals stairways, passages and seats where Inca princes once sat at ease and feasted their eyes on the magnificent amphitheatre outlined by the purple pink of snow-capped mountains. On the other side their eyes fell down a darkling canyon where the restless Urubamba river tosses fretfully.

We Cross the Andes and the Pampas

INSTEAD of pounding round the Horn in a clipper ship to reach the East coast, the popular route today is by rail across that gigantic backbone of the continent, the Andes, dropping gradually down on the other side to the Pampas. And no approach to Buenos Aires could be more satisfying than gliding across this fertile expanse of country as flat as the prairies of Illinois, where great herds of blooded cattle graze knee-deep in rank prairie grass — the Pampas of the Gaucho. Much of this country has been fenced, particularly by far-seeing Basques, but large tracts have still to know the feel of the plow. Pigeons, gulls, wild geese and barred falcons fly through the blue, but for miles at a time nothing is to be seen save wild tufted grass blowing in waves as the fitful breeze sweeps over it. This is an ideal approach to Buenos Aires, giving it just that touch of the spectacular that one might not suspect surrounds it if approached from the river de la Platte, where at night it gleams like a necklace of stars. So well and affectionately known is B. A. the world over, that its spacious parks and buildings designed in the best French manner are not surprising but just what we have been led to expect. It is surprising though, to realize that, next to Paris, it is the largest Latin city in the world. Its gaiety and chic are apparent along The Florida, the local Rue de la Paix, the street of fashionable shops, of the famous Jockey Club with its beautifully furnished library and art exhibitions — a street of the exquisite things of life.

Cartagena of the Conquistadors

CARTAGENA is still the same old walled capital of the Spanish Main along whose crooked streets have swaggered most of the Spanish conquerors — Nino, boon companion of Columbus, Pizarro, conqueror of Peru, Balboa who discovered the Pacific, and De Soto of the unconquerable spirit, — in spite of a mantle of modernity. A city of echoes, yet down the centuries the streets still ring with tales of the greatness of old Spain, their exacting mistress. A little of the past is left to remind us of those days when proud Spanish galleons tugged at anchor in

the sheltered harbor, eager to set sail on their perilous voyages laden down with gold. Faintly etched along the crest of the Popa (that lofty crag that for generations has stood guard above the city) we may still trace the ruins of massive fortifications. At the entrance to the harbor from the Boca Chica, more ruins tell of strongholds that fell when the nine-pounders of Lord Vernon's English fleet levelled their walls, leaving the stealthy growth of the jungle to hide their ravages. Las Bovedas, the dungeons of the old city, cower as of old beneath their eighty-foot walls and gape black and hungry from behind their graceful row of Roman arches — stark reminders of those days when the Inquisition held its uncompromising sway and kept them well filled.

Hundreds of small sailing craft nose up to the waterfront which, like a silver crescent circles the clear green water of the harbor, and often as not the trim lines of a graceful yacht lend a certain sophistication to the ancient port. Here where today the lazy market stretches its profusion along the beach, came that bold Corsair Sir Francis Drake, and like a hawk to its prize, fell upon the little city and put to sea with a cool million in ransom. Today, under its cream-colored Spanish towers and tiled roofs, Cartagena dreams gently, like some quaint wall-paper city, of its romantic past.

Making Friends with Australia

IN SPEAKING of the growing friendship between Australia and the United States, James H. Scullin, Prime Minister of Australia, recently said, "The drawing together of the English-speaking peoples in the interest of world harmony and development makes it ever more necessary that we should know each other better. Travel is not only the greatest educator, but the most potent of friendship makers as well . . ." And American travellers, as if eagerly seeking this opportunity to make friends with Australia, are more and more frequently planning their itineraries so that they may join a cruise which includes a visit to Australia, or make a definite point of going to this great island, which is as large as our own United States, and "doing" it thoroughly on its own account.

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Across Romantic Seas to Australia

THE course from the United States to Australia, like the dancing path of moonlight on a tropic sea, is one of radiance and romance. Days of quiet delight on the calm Pacific, broken occasionally by dropping anchor in the depths of quiet harbors. Hawaii, lying green and violet and blue in the mists of early morning, may be your first stop, then on down to Samoa where Robert Louis Stevenson found life so sweet, to Fiji, Tahiti, Rarotonga, through the languorous South Seas to New Zealand and on to Australia. Three steamship lines — the Matson, the Canadian-Australasian Royal Mail and the Union Royal Mail — each known for its splendid service, run from our Western ports, and keep this friendship between the two countries very much alive.

Ever since the days that you propped your geography up on your desk at school and pondered the pictures of those fascinating animals and birds that always accompanied a first class map of Australia, from the alert old mother kangaroo with her young tucked

so tidily in her pouch to that most amiable of bears, the koala, with its funny little snub nose and engaging ways, and the proud lyre bird with its harp-like tail — you have wanted to go to Australia.

Where You Star in the Story

IT IS a land that adapts itself wonderfully to tours of all kinds, particularly those that include all kinds of sport that a great out-of-doors country has to offer from sun-drenched beaches, miles upon miles of them, to winter sports in the mountains; tours to jungle wilds in the tropical north, to the Great Barrier Coral Reef, and through lands where the native "blacks" still throw their boomerangs with uncanny exactness. No weary days spent here dragging yourself through musty cathedrals and the gloom of dungeoned castles, no endless miles of galleries, no Baedecker to rivet your attention while the story itself unfolds before your very eyes, unheeded. No, in Australia it is you who live the story, not some other fellow in days long gone, and truly, from the very oddness of the experience, travellers can not but find a thrill. For after all, it is much more fun to live romance than to hear about it, much more satisfying to make history than to read about it. That is what Australia has to offer you that few other lands have. It is all so fresh, so vivid, so new to the white race, for though it is the world's oldest continent and many of its aborigines no farther advanced than men of the stone age, it is the youngest as a settlement for the white man. Scientific expeditions revel in its strange birds, fossil records and the curious plant and animal life which abound there. An expedition from Harvard will sail for Australia this summer to collect mammals, birds, reptiles and other species which are rapidly disappearing.

Friendly Animals In and Out of the Bush

IN THE bushlands of Gippsland, Victoria, kangaroos, native bears and possums used to be not only plentiful, but very tame, for they would hop or climb into the huts of the early settlers as fearlessly as domestic animals. Then they had never been hunted. They were not even afraid of each other, and it may seem a peculiar fact, but the native animals of Australia are quite harmless unless attacked. Now, however, that they have learned to know the sound of the hunter's gun, they are keen and quick to evade him. When horsemen and dogs pursue a mob of kangaroos, they have been known to hop as far as thirty feet at a bound, and not even hesitate before a nine foot fence in their stride. Their long powerful tails, which many people believe they use as a spring to aid them in running, really only serve to help keep their balance, or for a sort of third leg when they tire and want to rest.

Every one who has made the acquaintance of the Koala, or native bear, begins at once to bestow on him the same variety of affection children lavish on their "Teddies." And he looks just as appealing and innocent as a teddy-bear with his snub nose, button eyes and pudgy figure. When he is hurt big tears roll down his droll little face and when he cries in his human way, he is quite irresistible. He is very easy to feed, for he lives on the juicy tender leaves of the eucalyptus trees which grow so abundantly in Australia. People have become so fond of these little native bears that they are now protected by law and bred in a private park near Sydney where visitors always go to see them.

If ever hunters found a happy hunting ground, they have discovered it in the Northern Territory of Australia. Here only a handful of white men live working on the great cattle runs. In this practically unoccupied territory, now made accessible to travellers by means of organized parties, there are thousands of deer, wild pig, and cattle and horses that acknowledge no owners, not to mention great herds of buffalo with horns measuring from five to fifteen feet from point to point. There is no dearth of these powerful beasts in this part of the world, as, in one area alone, there are some 50,000. Though natives in this section are skilled hunters and have been hunting here from time immemorial, achievements in this direction seem to have made no impression whatever on the herds of wild animals, on the flocks of geese and ducks, or even on the giant crocodiles that haunt the swamps and rivers, so greatly do they all thrive.

Enchanting Gardens on the Great Barrier Coral Reef

ANOTHER kind of sport, accessible to Sydney, Brisbane and other large cities, is afforded by the Great Barrier Coral Reef which lies just off the coast of Queensland and is dotted with lovely green islands. These islands of coral, decked with thousands of trees and giddy palms, are not unlike charming bowers where you may rest securely while you wait for the tide to carry away the green-blue waters which lap their edges and reveal that marvellous stretch of coral reef from half a mile to five miles wide along which you may then stroll with perfect assurance. These coral gardens pulsating with color which are thus revealed are an enthralling study. Shining pools appear in which the mermaids seem to have stowed their choicest jewels. Great bouquets of coral — violet, green, pink and red — seem to have been carelessly dropped into their depths. Fish, black as Othello himself, dart through the opalescent waters chased by bright blue fish or fish striped like zebras, while giant sea slugs, oysters and clams dream calmly at the bottom. You will see a crab with a single eye at the end of a long feeler, keeping lookout for any prowling enemies; or one of that curious variety that snip off pieces of living sponge and fasten them to their bodies in grotesque fashion; soldier crabs that line up in formation, then disappear, or that crafty lady-like crab that carries a living sea anemone in each hand like a parasol.

If you would test your skill in deeper waters, the Spanish mackerel running from four to five feet in length and around eighty pounds in weight, will give you a grand tussle, or you may be plainly bewitched by some fat old rock cod, or by the flash of the red emperor, a brilliant scarlet creature which is perhaps the most beautiful of them all.

Up with the Birds

WITH these strange sea creatures, you will find the wild sea birds swarming about their nests on these coral islands — all vying for your attention. And not only the sea birds, but all the land birds of Australia are remarkable, for it is said that every bird family in the world, with the exception of two or three is represented in its forests. One of the most lovely is the cockatoo, softly grey with rose pink breast. These fly in great screaming silver flocks. Perhaps the most amazing birds are the kookaburra that laughs uproariously, the lyre bird that is such a splendid mimic, and those indefatigable bower birds that scour the forest and fields for everything that is bright and gay so that they may build enchanting playgrounds before their nests.

But you need not spend all your time communing with nature in Australia. It has its very civilized side as well. True, its people are not all pent up in apartments and skyscrapers, but they accomplish a tremendous amount of business just the same. Besides everybody is so interested in owning his own home. Sydney and Melbourne, each with a population of more than a million, are the fourth and sixth largest cities in the British Empire, and larger than San Francisco. Their hotels are as fine as you will find anywhere, and wherever you may go in this land, you may be sure of a cordial welcome.

ARE YOU SEEKING A SCHOOL ?

Then turn to the August issue of HARPERS MAGAZINE which contains the announcements of about 300 schools and colleges. Its School Section forms a most comprehensive Directory that will guide you to the school best suited to meet your requirements. On sale at all newsstands on July 21st.

Our School Booklet containing the announcements of most of the leading schools and colleges is a dependable school reference that will help you solve your school problem. Sent free on request.

Harpers Magazine

49 E. 33rd Street New York City

(*Continued from page III*)

Foreign Affairs

THE improvement in foreign securities which followed the relief of the German situation will undoubtedly be followed by some gain in foreign trade. It would be a serious mistake, however, to assume that Europe's desperate disease was cured by a single dose of Mr. Hoover's generosity. Only a most serious condition could have called forth the measures that were resorted to.

The Russian situation remains unchanged. It is quite impossible to gauge the harm that has been done and will be done to the economic condition of the world by the Russian experiment. The uncertainty and fear which it breeds are perhaps the worst aspects of this situation. There is, it may be said, an abnormally large amount of fear spread about in Europe. Germany fears Russia, France fears Germany, Germany fears France, France fears England, England fears its dominions, etc., etc. Nothing stagnates industrial activity so much as apprehension.

Politics

A YEAR from now the political campaign will be at its height. Economically, the intervening year lies under the shadow of the campaign and conversely, the outcome of the Presidential election will be greatly affected by business conditions. The German moratorium was either the wisest move or the luckiest break (perhaps both) of Mr. Hoover's career. If the election were to take place this year instead of next, his chances, I believe, would be extremely good. If the temporary improvement should become permanent, so that business by next year has returned to something like normal, a great deal of the hardship of the depression will have been forgotten and Mr. Hoover will be played up as the wizard who stepped in at the psychological moment and rescued Europe from the consequences of Mr. Wilson's interference thirteen years ago. Unfortunately, there is a chance that the temporary improvement will not become permanent and that next year will find business even worse off than this year. However, the French acceptance has made sentiment generally still firmer, and optimism may help.

Bonds

THE bond averages continued their downward trend until the early part of June, though, unlike stocks, they did not quite reach their December low. Since making their June low they have shown marked improvement — particularly foreign obligations. Liberty Bonds have not shared in the rise — quite naturally — since they were already on a low return basis, since they represent the obligations of an organization which is facing a serious curtailment of income, and since, with the improvement in business sentiment, there has been a good deal of switching into less conservative, higher yield, investments.

Stocks

THE spectacular recovery of stocks beginning on the sunny Saturday when Mr. Hoover's plan was announced demonstrated how well the market is deflated. The rally occurred at a time when all of the ordinary business barometers — car loadings, steel mill activity, automobile production, building contracts — looked very unhealthy. In this connection, it is interesting to remember that the peak of the spring rally was reached at approximately the same time as the peak of business activity, according to the New York *Times* Index. In other words (as it has been many times pointed out) business barometers are not barometers at all, but thermometers. They indicate the present state of business and only help to judge the future by analogy. Certain information is available to "insiders" which enables them to tell with a certain degree of accuracy what the barometers are going to do in the future. The activities of this group of operators (they are not really a group at all, of course) creates the so-called technical strength of the market. When they buy stocks, they buy them to hold, and do not change their position if the market goes a few points against them. Conversely, when they sell stocks, they sell them, very largely, to margin traders who will be forced to sell if weakness develops. In appearance, the technical condition of the market often seems to create just the set of statistics or news which it needs. As evidenced by brokers' loans, by the halt in the

spring decline, and by the petering out of volume, the technical position, early in June, was extremely strong. Bad news had more or less ceased to affect the market, all that was needed to bring about an advance was a piece of constructive news. At what appeared to be the psychological moment — a sunny Saturday when the prosperous bears had gone to the beaches — Mr. Hoover's moratorium plan was announced and the market sky-rocketed.

The market is now faced with a long series of extremely discouraging half-year reports. It is difficult to see how much progress can be made during the forthcoming month, although the technical strength may be sufficient to keep the market above the June lows until the bad news is out of the way. Some time in August strength is likely to develop in anticipation of business improvement in the third quarter. Provided that the looked-for bulge in new construction contracts materializes, that the European situation grows no worse, that weather conditions continue to favor the crops, and that no unforeseen disaster occurs, it is my opinion that weakness in August should be utilized to accumulate stocks for the pull. At best, however, I do not expect a very spectacular bull market to develop while the uncertainty over the outcome of the Presidential election stands in its way. As a matter of fact, too much emphasis is often placed on the idea of "the market," as though all stocks behaved in identical fashion. During the next few years the records of individual companies will vary widely. Some, whose securities are listed on reputable exchanges, will be in the hands of receivers; others, little known today, will be recording spectacular earnings. Corporations, after all, owe their existence to the minds of men. The creature never rises above its creator, and usually inherits a good many of the latter's characteristics. Some are wise, others foolish, some lucky, others hounded by misfortunes. Yet people, who inquire carefully into the records and character of their servants, will buy the equities or obligations of a corporation without having the slightest idea who are its managers, directors and sponsors. In my opinion, this is the most important factor to study when deciding what stocks or bonds to buy. It is often overlooked simply because such information, except in a general way, is difficult to obtain.

When business returns, some industries will, of course, do better than others. The ideal security would be that of the best managed company in the most fortunately placed industry. Each wave of prosperity seems to bring some new industry to the forefront, while others tend to sink back. During the last period, the railroads, for example, did not do relatively as well as they formerly had done. This tendency may well be accentuated in the coming (it will have to come some time) era of prosperity. The electric industry, in spite of the rapid advances it has already made, has not, in my opinion, nearly reached its peak. The stocks of the best managed electric and utility companies, will, I believe, do as well as those of any other group in the next bull market. In the same rank I place the chemical industry which is finding new uses for its products every day. The food industry has improved its methods of manufacturing and distribution very much during the last year or so, but it should be remembered that the amount of food which can be consumed by an individual is limited, whereas the consumption of electricity can be expanded almost indefinitely. I do not expect that the automobile industry will make such rapid advances as it did in the last few years, or that the aviation industry will live up to expectations.

Conclusion

FORECASTING of any sort is a dangerous procedure at this time. Events may occur at any moment which will change the industrial picture completely overnight. Nevertheless I feel that it is safe to say that conditions have improved materially since the last time of writing. Months from now statistics will show the benefits which have resulted from Mr. Hoover's step.

Take the case of an individual. I had a friend who owed a neighbor some money. The neighbor called him up one day and told him that he could have an additional year in which to pay his debt. Feeling cheerful, he bought a new straw hat the next day. If an analogy is worth anything, perhaps our many debtors will be coming into our markets again.

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By B. S. STANOYEVICH

BIOGRAPHY

Whitman and Burroughs — Comrades. By *Clara Barrus*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

This is a story of thirty years of friendship between Walt Whitman and John Burroughs.

Behind the Scenes with Booth. By *Katherine Goodale*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

This book is based on the original notes which were jotted down in Mr. Booth's presence, and they throw new light on the character of the Master Tragedian.

The Caliph of Bagdad. By *Robert H. Davis* and *Arthur B. Maurice*. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

O. Henry never fails to win a sympathetic hearing on the part of the American public, and this telling of his career anew is apropos.

Rockne of Notre Dame. By *Delos W. Lovelace*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

A life of the glorious coach of Notre Dame, written by a newspaper man who was formerly associated with THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

FICTION

Torture Garden. By *Octave Mirabeau*. New York: Claude Kendall. $2.50.

Story of an adventure in the Orient — strange and powerful.

Starry Adventure. By *Mary Austin*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

Set in Mexico with the festivals of the Indians as background, this tale has moments of thrill.

The Monk's-Hood Murders. By *The Edingtons*. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.00.

The mystery of Josiah Wardock's death leads the reader into strange byways.

When the Wicked Man . . . By *Ford Madox Ford*. New York: Horace Liveright, Inc. $2.50.

The tragic, fascinating figure of Notterdam is modern man in his pilgrimage.

RELIGION

The World of the New Testament. By *T. R. Glover*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

Very real and interesting are made these characters which move and have their being in the New Testament setting, just as though they were living and thinking today.

In Defence of the Reformation. By *G. G. Coulton*. London: Simpkin Marshall, Ltd. 5 shillings.

Three lectures bearing on problems stirred up by Reformation doctrines.

TRAVELERS

America the Menace. By *Georges Duhamel*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

In which a French visitor to our shores discloses some "scenes from the life of the future."

Mexican Maze. By *Carleton Beals*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.00.

Very rich in flavor are these leaves from a notebook of fifteen years of war and revolution in Mexico.

YOUTH

The Student Life and Other Essays. By *Sir William Osler*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

Although by "student," Sir William means others than young people, much that he says can be taken by those who are starting out in life.

Your Son and Mine. By *John T. McGovern*. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.00.

Some sensible remarks made by Terry McGovern, who has known much about boys in addition to athletics.

The Son of Two Nations. By *Pedro Juan Labarthe*. New York.

The private life of a Columbia student from Porto Rico.

Letters of a Hoofer to His Ma. By *Jack Donahue*. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

These humorous sketches were written by a popular star, who danced his way from the sidewalks of New England to fame on Broadway.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Untold Tale

WARD WILSON RANDALL, 12, of Whitehall, Illinois, this year won the annual national spelling bee. The prize was $1,000 and he won with the word "fracas."

Thomas Edison, you would have had trouble not noticing, gave up his brightest boy scholarship; but spelling bees are superior to depression. There is no conclusion but that spelling is more important than being the brightest boy.

I should write a moral tale proving that spelling bees are vicious, antisocial, dangerous things. It would have for hero a youth who won a national spelling bee. It would have somewhere in it a scene in which his arithmetic teacher was marking examination papers and said to herself, "Johnnie does not know much about arithmetic, but he spells so well that I must pass him." It would have a scene in which his English teacher was marking examination papers and said to herself, "Johnnie does not know much about grammar or literature, but he spells so well that I must pass him." And it would have other scenes in which his history, geography, Latin and French teachers likewise proved to the reader what a victim of specialization Johnnie was.

Then Johnnie would go on into adult life with his inflated idea of spelling's importance and with his inflated idea of his own importance. He would become an editor, perhaps, and reject the Great American Novel because its author, like all geniuses, was insistently mistaken about the spelling of simple words. This would be a hardship on the author for the moment, but he would get his masterpiece published elsewhere and then it would reflect back on Johnnie, who would be asked by his employers why he had not seen the great merit of this man's work. He would be asked politely, but in the end he would lose his job.

Then he would go rapidly down the social scale, assisted in each descending step by the perfection of his spelling. At the last, when he was putting his head in the gas oven, he would murmur, "I see it now. It was that spelling bee that caused my degradation. I should have realized that it was always possible to use a

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dictionary and gone on to more important things, but it is too late now." Then he would write a note to the newspapers warning lads away from spelling bees, and turn on the gas. Out of the oven would come his dying voice, "Obuncous, o-b-u-n-c-o-u-s; ginglymostomidae, g-i-n-g-l-y-m-o-s-t-o-m-i-d-a-e; psoroph-thalmia, p-s. . . ."

Brothers Under the Stars

IN GERMANY there is a search on for "horoscope twins." Scientists have decided to explode, once and for all, the claims of astrologers, and they are looking for two unrelated people born at approximately the same place in the same second of time, hoping they will turn out entirely unlike. According to astrology, they should have similar personalities and should have led nearly identical lives.

I keep seeing the meeting of these two. They were born in a small town in Ohio, were moved away early by their parents in opposite directions and now, at the age of forty, are brought together. They are slightly bald, slightly fat and tired; in fact, they look alike. They shake hands with embarrassment. The scientists are sitting around comfortably on chairs. Smith begins the talk:

"Well, do you think Hoover'll be reëlected?"

"Oh, it's a sure thing," Brown answers wisely. "Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think so, too," says Smith, and they are well started.

They talk golf. They each tell about a hole made in one, and the accounts are quite similar: miraculous. They go on and discover mutual tastes: in poker, gin, Eddie Guest, commuting, Greta Garbo, contract bridge, wives, children and a vast number of other things. The scientists grow unhappy. The longer the conversation goes on, the unhappier they grow.

Smith and Brown talk. They talk of boxing and baseball, the stock market, patriotism, Brisbane, advertising, Coolidge, business, and back over the same ground again. Everywhere they agree. They agree to the accompaniment of enthusiastic smiles, hearty laughs, shaken hands. And the scientists are downright morose.

An hour passes. The scientists notice a change. Smith and Brown are still agreeing, but they are no longer laughing or shaking hands; there is a look of bewilderment on their faces. As they go on agreeing, the look shifts to dislike, to animosity, at last to out and out hatred. But they go on agreeing. They turn to the scientists for permission to give up the game; but the scientists, curious, shake their heads, and they go on.

Each is suffering from an acute desire to bash the other on his nose; I can see it in their eyes. But they go on talking, helplessly agreeing on everything. The desire grows so acute that the veins stand out on their foreheads; even on that they agree. Finally, just when it seems that the veins will burst, Smith says:

"Gosh, it would be great to have good beer again, wouldn't it?" And Brown says: "It sure would."

Then they stand up and smash each other in the face with their right hands, stagger and come back and

smash each other in the face with their left hands. They smash and smash, with a positively beautiful unanimity of rhythm. At last they drop, at the same time, and the scientists, pleased as can be, pour cold water on them and shake hands all around.

But scientists like themselves, having good reason.

Oh, Well

MRS. MACCOMOBOY'S apartment had an air of solidity. Chairs were planted massively on thick legs; floor lamps were screwed into the floor and made so strong that any number of orang-outangs could swing from them. There were safe receptacles for fragile objects, such as tea sets and cocktail glasses, and the chandeliers were trapeze bars. It was a sensible way of doing things, when you consider.

Mrs. Maccomoboy was in one of the chairs lying on her shoulder blades, with legs outstretched. She grunted something to my hello, seized the floor lamp nearest her with both hands far apart and hoisted herself to a horizontal position in the air. This was characteristic and not supposed to be noticed, so I lit a cigarette and sat down. After a moment she dropped to the floor and did some bending exercises.

"If you say a word about the moratorium," she muttered, "I'll scream."

"And if I know you," I returned with a Gallic shrug, "you'll scream anyhow. I had no intention of talking about the moratorium."

She inspected the heel of her slipper by the arduous method of leaning her head back till it was no more than six inches from her foot, then deciding to encourage me, threw a large book at my head.

"Poor Jules Verne," I sighed. "Do you know, a Mr. Guy Bartlett examined his prophecies scientifically and gave him scarcely a passing mark — only sixty per cent! Jules was only three-fifths right in how he imagined the submarine *Nautilus* would work — and I have to use my Latin again: *sic transit gloria.*"

"*Mundi,*" she added conscientiously. "But science is so marvelous."

"Of course it is. Look at Dr. Séverin Icard. He can deduce where any one has been or what he's been doing by the dust in his watch. Things always seep into watches, and barbers have fragments of hair in theirs, bricklayers pieces of mortar, violinists bits of resin, grocers assorted vegetables, and so on. A distinguished churchman, they say, dead a hundred years, was proved to have been a snuff-taker by grains of tobacco dust found in his watch, which — very fortunately indeed — had been preserved in a museum."

Without warning Mrs. Maccomoboy suddenly shot into the air, caught her heels on the chandelier and swung violently back and forth, laughing like a maniac — shrieked at the top of her lungs: "What if he'd *hocked* his watch!"

I had to think of the Hungarian doctor who conceived a treatment for drugs which were ordinarily harmless or beneficial, if taken in mild doses, but which in quantities could kill. So many people were committing suicide this way and it would

have been so inconvenient to stop sale of the drugs that this doctor suggested combining them with a little emetic — not enough to distress ordinary users, but enough to prevent suicides. His idea was that it would please the would-be suicides, because they could have the thrill of killing themselves with no worse consequence than a healthy nausea. *My* idea was that Mrs. Maccomoboy could get the scare of her life, and be deservedly sick besides.

I felt eyes and looked up. At the window was a man's head; his body was invisible, dangling outside, presumably, fourteen floors above the street. "Tell her," he said breathlessly, "about insomnia, how they've found out there's hardly any such thing. You know, everybody wakes up dozens of times every night; most people don't remember next day. Ones who do think they have insomnia. Nonsense!" He gasped and disappeared. Mrs. Maccomoboy descended from the chandelier.

"Don't mind him," she apologized. "He's an iconoclast and very much upset these days over the homicide rate, because it's doubled in the last thirty years. With unemployment and all, he thinks it should have done much better — forty or fifty times better."

It seemed inadequate as an explanation, but there it was. I changed the subject and looked for my hat, which was gone, as I had suspected.

"Anyhow," I said, "it's all your fault, this wheat surplus. You exercise and go on spinach diets and there's no bread eaten except by men. There will have to be propaganda, I expect: 'Not a curve in a carload.' What's more, it's really true that if you eat too many carrots by themselves, you'll get yellow. Women have."

She lay down on the divan, politely closing her eyes in dismissal.

"Well, at least you can't blame us for the fall in the birth rate. Some census expert — Warren Thompson — admits it's just life in the cities. Children in the cities are just an afterthought. Tangible, countable, cumulative things are criteria of success. Children in the country, I suppose, *aren't* tangible, countable or cumulative things. They're ethereal, exactly like a love of poetry. Go on home."

W. A. D.

The Town of a Hundred Millionaires

By Ben Dixon MacNeill

Picture of Winston-Salem, cigarette capital of the world, and its extraordinary inhabitants

An even hundred millionaires, as such, in a republic that possesses, or is possessed by, four or five thousand of the species and can take its millionaires or leave them, arouse no more than casual interest and no concern whatever. Set forward in competition with, say, a medium-sized herd of medium-sized camels plodding along the street, an even hundred assorted proprietors of seven-figured quantities of money would stand a fair chance of being ignored utterly. Millionaires, as such, are as outmoded as pole-sitters.

Or at any rate the standard brands of millionaire have been relegated to the oblivion of the inside pages of the newspapers. The old, piratically whiskered juggler of railroads seems entirely extinct. The war-profits and stock-boom brands, pitiably attenuated, are keeping filling-stations somewhere, and the most celebrated of them all, spawned in such fabulous numbers in Pittsburgh a generation ago, is too enfeebled to bring much color to its absorption of the chorus-girl market. Their current patronage of restorative spas is a dull spectacle and their sons, perhaps not unnaturally, seem a lifeless lot.

Here and there members of the species have momentarily achieved public attention by donning overalls. But as a general thing, the millionaire has palled upon the public taste and the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers run more to contrivers of new theories about the origin, the operation and probable duration of the universe and to other sages preoccupied with exhuming history in remote parts of the earth. Practically the only chance a millionaire, as such, has of appearing in the pictures is by doing so in the company of some savant with whom he has divided his wealth.

A fish to his swimming and a millionaire to his million-making; lifted by curiosity or boredom out of his native element, ignominious disillusion is likely to overtake and overwhelm him. It is a wisdom inherited and husbanded by the even

hundred millionaires who, in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, have created $700,000,000 which they possess among themselves, who walk daily their mile for their only brand of cigarette, whose interest in printers' ink, except when used in legitimate and profitable advertising, is non-existent, and who have no inclination to traffic in or with chorus ladies and who are not bothered with the past or the future of any of the solar systems.

This unorthodox fiscal hybrid, an even hundred of him, lives, has grown up in a town measured by the census with less than 80,000 population, or about one millionaire for each eight hundred people. And a fairly generous proportion of the remaining 799 have made substantial beginnings toward elevating themselves into the seven-figured bracket. None of them, not even the Socialist spellbinders who mount soapboxes and excitedly rend their linen publicly, belongs to what could be called the poorer classes. There are no poor, except relatively.

A MILD lot, these even hundred millionaires in North Carolina's twin city. Not a throat has been slit nor a chorus lady ravished, nor until recently, when it apparently became necessary as a defensive measure, a politician debauched, in the accumulation of this unparalleled lot of wealth. Unparalleled, that is, for a town that a generation ago was a somnolent country village. It still holds to the simple ways in which it has prospered as few towns, omitting oil-boom places and the like, have prospered in America.

Vaguely analogous allusion to a medium-sized herd of camels at the beginning of this chronicle was not wholly unintentional. These even hundred millionaires have got to where they are, almost literally, on the backs of Camels. And while about the dubious business of playing with words and to have it over with, we may trifle a moment with a line slogan from their advertising matter. Every columnist and vaudeville comedian in America trifled with it some years ago. Entirely literally, the even hundred millionaires daily walk their mile for their Camel.

HOWEVER, the advertising slogan had nothing, has nothing, to do with the literal fact that every millionaire in the town, at seven o'clock every work day morning, walks down to his office and goes to work. They were doing it, most of them, long before they got to be millionaires and before the advertising slogan brought a boom to their business and a boon to columnar wits. They still do. It is an honored custom, brought to Winston-Salem by the first Richard Joshua Reynolds when he drifted in with a few borrowed thousands of dollars looking for a site upon which to set up a modest tobacco factory.

While their 35,000 employes rattle factoryward in street cars and flivvers, these hundred millionaires can be seen morning after morning trudging toward their own work. Not all of them go to the great cigarette factories. Some of them deploy to the great bank where their money is housed; some to the great — but in these surroundings insignificant — woolen mill and to the mills that are making the town the underwear

capital of the nation, as it is already the cigarette capital of, virtually, the world.

It is no hardship for them. The only hardship incident to their pedestrianism is visited upon the unedified beholder of it, who is not able to understand why a man who owns a half dozen costly but conservative automobiles would walk to work. It is no hardship to the even hundred millionaires because they were brought up that way. It will be, generally, no hardship for the next generation because the custom is continued in practice. The millionaires walk, and at seven o'clock, but they do not require emulation of the practice among their hirelings. It may be the lesser hired help can not afford the luxury of pedestrianism.

Their walking is done entirely without self-consciousness, as most of their activities are done without self-consciousness. They are not self-conscious about being millionaires. None of them has ever been, from the time Old Man Dick Reynolds began to attain that status thirty years ago. Mr. Reynolds was always so busy planning additions to the factory that he died before any subjective comprehension of his wealth came to him. And it is so with his fiscal inheritors. It is not that they are without concern or imagination; they are just busy.

Fewer than a thousand inhabitants, none of them millionaires, none of them, indeed, of any experience with which they could imagine so incredible a sum of money, peopled the despised village when Mr. Reynolds descended upon it intent upon the manufacture of chewing tobacco. Its single industry, grown up from a blacksmith shop for which there was no room in the town of Salem, concerned itself with the making of wagons. Nissen Wagons were the standard far up the Valley of the Yadkin and the manufacture of them marked the horizon of the town's interest or belief in corporate craftsmanship.

The town started with an inferiority complex. A dozen years before the Civil War an increased population along the Valley of the Yadkin made the creation of a new county seem expedient. By legislative enactment the county of Forsythe was set up with the idea of making the ancient town of the Moravians its seat of government. Salem was the Southern capital of the Moravian faith in America, settled forty years before the Revolution and by 1848 grown into a place of some importance. It contained the Southern bishopric of the church, a college curiously preoccupied with the education of females and such artisans and tradesmen as were necessary to the maintenance of a sort of papal state.

When overtures were made for the designation of a site for the erection of a court house, a jail, a whipping post, a gallows and other paraphernalia of government, the reverend fathers in Salem arose in haughty wrath and declared that Salem would have none of the business. If they wanted a court house, they could go elsewhere with it; among God-fearing people there should be no need of court houses and jails. The reverend fathers of Salem told

the Commissioners of the new county to be gone.

Naturally, they went. They went two miles westward from Salem and bought a tract of land along the hill above the heretic Nissen's blacksmith shop. They laid out a town, with a square reserved in its center for the court house, and another for the jail, gallows and whipping post. But even here they were not beyond the sphere of the Church's prejudice against whipping posts. It was written into the deed and made forever binding, that no whipping post might be set up on the lands transferred.

The Commissioners were not wholly supine. In defiance of probable ecclesiastic disapproval in the matter, were it brought to their attention, the town was named Winston, honoring one Major John Winston, whose patriotic blood-lettings occupy some space in the earlier annals of the State. Disdainful Salem ignored the shabby county seat. More nearly than any other sect in America, the Moravians successfully ignore civil government, together with its occasional war-makings and its services and punishments. In Pennsylvania and in North Carolina they have thrived, in their fashion, for two centuries, avoiding open issue with civil authority, but ignoring it.

At any rate, Winston set out upon its career as a municipality under the handicap of an inferiority complex. The best people in the Valley didn't approve of the town at all, and dwellers therein were necessarily of a lower order than those who lived under the patriarchate in Salem. It was eleven years before they availed themselves of the authority designated by the General Assembly and became an incorporated village, with the powers that accrue to such bodies. The achievement of townhood was celebrated, in a way, by the hanging of one of Major W. J. McElroy's slaves. The Major was merely a lawyer, and his hands were not stained with martial red. The town paid $256.25 for the land upon which the Negro was hanged, and upon which its incredible cigarette factories and its millionaires, are now housed.

So the town was in 1859, and approximately so in 1875 when Mr. Reynolds appeared. In 1913, by reason of the expansion ensuing from the manufacture of Prince Albert smoking tobacco, it had reached such proportions that an amalgamation with Salem was put through the General Assembly and a local plebescite, and thus the State came into possession of a duplicate of Minnesota's twin cities. The patriarchate of Salem protested apoplectically and uselessly. Since then it has been Winston-Salem, with Winston's policemen, fire trucks and street cars and ward politicians making a havoc of the serenity of the ancient village and its two-century-old mid-European architecture. The name of Richard J. Reynolds is not blessed in Salem.

Nor has blasphemous vandalism stopped there. Winston has grown and grown, northward and southward and eastward with its factories and its tenements until the ancient village is engulfed, lost in the reaching maze of industrialism. Westward

the municipal frontiers have been reserved for the accommodation of many, many scores of such residences as people with money are likely to build. Many of them are fabulous places, blood-brothers to the houses New York has built in Westchester and on Long Island. They are not remotely related, architecturally or spiritually, to the bewildered, smothering old houses in Salem, which seem somehow like senile, helplessly refined survivors of a shipwreck clinging to rafts in a harassed sea.

THE town has not traded one complex for another; it has simply forgotten that it started out with one. Mr. Reynolds had none when he settled there, after desultory youthful wanderings here and there throughout the Piedmont of Virginia and North Carolina, finally selecting Winston for no obvious reason except that easily to hand was much tobacco. He had to build somewhere, and in this disdained village he would not be crowded. Nor was he, until he crowded himself.

In his modest factory he manufactured a modest sort of chewing tobacco, and sold it, prospering moderately and adding to his factory. At about the turn of the century he discovered that gold was to be refined from barreled printers' ink. He started advertising and finally settled definitely upon a brand of pipe tobacco which he named for the then extravagantly popular Prince of Wales. Quite suddenly he discovered that he had a million dollars and that he needed another new factory and more barrels of red and black ink. . . . Sensing the comfort that a soldier gets out of easily smoked tobacco, Camels were launched at the beginning of the War. The rest is more or less obvious history.

Before abandoning Mr. Reynolds, dead these dozen years, profitable parallel might be drawn between him and North Carolina's other tobacco giant, the late James Buchanan Duke, fabricator of the "tobacco trust," later dismembered by the United States Supreme Court. Between them, with production approximately equal, companies brought into being by these two contemporary Tar Heels manufacture upwards of ninety per cent of the cigarettes smoked in America. Camels, Chesterfields, Lucky Strikes, Old Golds are their familiar brands. Between them they taught the world to smoke.

Between them there was a vast difference in method. Duke was not, primarily, a manufacturer and merchant. From an unpretentious business in Durham he went to New York, organized vast corporations, aimed at domination of the tobacco world and very nearly achieved it. Then Reynolds was not important enough for Duke to smash when he couldn't absorb him. Duke internationalized himself, and the town from which he went, though large from the making of cigarettes, bears no stamp of his personality. Durham is just a factory, a dull desert, with only its one bizarre distinction in the extravagant university which Duke, dying, built there for the glorification of his own name.

REYNOLDS was not a manipulator. He manufactured and sold tobacco and cigarettes. If he brought more with him to Winston than his borrowed ten thousand dollars and a

valise to carry it in, there is no record of it. But he brought himself. He worked in local tobacco, and with local help. He was comfortably dead before any stock of his ever found its way into the lists of the New York Stock Exchange. As many millionaires happened in the wake of Duke as of Reynolds. But with the difference that the Duke species were a result of spontaneous combustion, while the Reynolds litter just grew. And also worked.

From the outset of his career in Winston, Reynolds hired local help and wisely allowed them, helped them, to prosper in proportion to their deserving. Without notable exception the one hundred millionaires in Winston-Salem could boast, if they were given to boasting, that they grew up out of or with the business. They have a local inheritance that goes back beyond the beginnings of the village. They belong to the town, as Reynolds belonged to the valley.

And, naturally, the town belongs to them. The Reynolds factories are the town, for all that it could find reasonable pride and adequate sustenance in its Hanes industries devoted to making underwear, and the Chatham enterprises, which manufacture two million woolen blankets annually and are the only industrial organization in the State owned and directed by the fifth generation of the family which founded them. These two industrial plants could sustain a great many people. But the cigarette factories give work, which, in Winston-Salem, is the essential thing.

More than forty thousand wage and salary earners in a town of only eighty thousand, anyone must agree, is not usual.

Two-fifths of the total are Negroes, recruited from the cotton fields far to the eastward. The remainder come from up and down the Valley of the Yadkin, plain people, eight and ten generations descended from sturdy, commonplace Scotch-Irish, German Lutheran and Moravian stock that came in such quantity from Pennsylvania when Indian wars made that territory untenable in the decade beginning with 1735. Not a brilliant lot, to be sure, but they contributed Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk and, partially, Andrew Johnston to the nation's roster of Presidents.

From Jackson's linen-weaver father onward, they have made competent workmen. They have large-bottomed feet, which equip them poorly for stampeding. There is not, has never been, and will probably never be, a labor union among them. They are an individualistic lot, and did not their forefathers abandon Pennsylvania rather than be bothered with contending with the aborigines? No serious effort has ever been made to unionize them. It would probably be useless; an astounding number of them own varying amounts of the ten million shares of common stock in the company.

Being rich and without disturbing complexes, the town can afford tolerant support for harmless amusing paradoxes. It is the only town in the South which has consistently put forth biennially a Socialist ticket for the city government and listened, not at all impatiently, to the most

incendiary sort of Socialist oratory from its court house steps. The Socialists exhaust themselves. It is nothing to be alarmed about. And it is to be noted that the Communists let the town severely alone when they invaded the State in 1929, with bloody doings in Gastonia.

If it tolerates the Socialist party, the town also supports very adequately a great choral society that gives magnificent concerts, in an outdoor stadium, with a thousand voices. There is an excellent orchestra, not known outside the town of course. It is purely for local enjoyment. The community musical director draws a much handsomer salary than does the mayor. The town is unostentatiously but adequately and thriftily governed. It has the lowest tax rate in the State, and the finest high school with the highest paid teachers. There has never been a scandal in the local government. The millionaires would not tolerate corruption or inefficiency. Just what they would do has never been disclosed; it has not been necessary.

THEY have a sense of proportion, or at any rate a sense that draws rational distinctions between what would be harmful to the atmosphere of the town and what would be harmlessly amusing or diverting. Once it supported the largest klavern of the late Ku Klux Klan in the State, but none of the class that is somehow spoken of as "us" belonged to it. The Kluckers did no harm to anybody, fomented no disorder, but perhaps they did get rid of a lot of steam, sweated out of them while wearing their robes.

Almost to a man the millionaires are Democrats and were, before and after the Houston convention, supporting Alfred E. Smith. But the newspaper's editor was fanatically opposed to him, before and after the convention, and worked himself into a behemothian editorial sweat about it. Which was quite all right with the millionaires. One way or the other, it would not hurt the town. They let him rage. But upon matters that would seem trifling to an outsider, he must walk softly and speak not at all. The halter lies lightly upon his neck, and the hands that hold it seem preoccupied. If he should speak offendingly about some matter, like labor unions, or a sales tax, the hands would move with deadly swiftness.

ANNUALLY the town collects and pays into the Federal treasury about $175,000,000 in excise taxes, to the accompaniment of gleeful chortling among the State-conscious press. This chortling among the custodians of the State's pride have given rise to a state of mind that disturbs the millionaires profoundly. A headline proclaims "Winston-Salem Pays Near Two Hundred Million to Federal Treasury." The idea lodges in the burry mind of some outlander groaning under the burden of taxes on his small farm. Immediately he begins to think thoughts.

If this town is as rich as all that, thinks he, why can't it pay something into the State. Why, it is more than all the State and local taxes put together. Some of it ought to be kept at home. Such thinking is not confined to the burry-minded agrarian serf. This past winter saw the solemn introduction of a resolution in the

General Assembly, memorializing the Federal Government to split up the tax. The resolution was written by no less than a justice of the State Supreme Court.

As matters already stand, out of every $2.50 collected in taxes by the State, the Company pays a dollar. Ten years ago, representing his county, which was also largely his company, James A. Gray, young financial genius of the organization who conceived and executed the idea of ten million shares of common stock worth at the present market, $520,000,000, went down to the capital and re-wrote the State's taxing machinery. An income tax lifted all State tax from real property, leaving that source to the counties and towns. Corporate and personal and franchise taxes support the State government, which includes fourteen institutions of higher education, and half the cost of the elementary schools.

THE law worked beautifully. Reynolds paid more than a third of the taxes, and without complaining. The counties, having land taxes all to themselves, went wild — except Forsythe County — and have become virtually bankrupt. They groan and sweat and plan a new raid upon the tobacco company, bodily moving most of their taxes into Forsythe by a production levy on cigarettes. The result has been a deadly deadlock between the agrarian east and the industrial middle. The headlines in the Josephus Daniels newspaper speak boldly of bribes, and the editorials emit the brimstone customary in such cases when the "rights of the people" are being bartered.

It is not a new charge, to be sure, but there is a certain novelty in the hauling of the millionaires before committees in person to swear they have not bribed anybody. It is not by any means a new charge. The Elizabeth City (North Carolina) *Independent* three years ago printed a tale, for years in word-of-mouth circulation, to the effect that in 1924 the present governor, O. Max Gardner, was accommodatingly enabled to buy a large block of stock in the Reynolds company, paying for it with a note in the Reynolds bank, and eventually having a net profit of $445,000. The hundred millionaires are in politics. Merely defensively, they maintain, and dismiss the matter.

IF THEY have battles to do, they go alone. Or, rather, they send some one competent and experienced in that sort of battling. They align themselves with no other interests. There is no confusion. They lack utterly ostentation, which is in sharp contrast with the melodramatic doings of the late Mr. Duke when the General Assembly, under the whippings of Mr. Daniels, undertook to fix power rates. That was after Duke abandoned cigarettes for dynamos. He arrived in oriental state, private cars, flunkies, shoals of paid-by-the-piece politicians and glared balefully at the General Assembly, which promptly voted him out-of-doors. Winston-Salem has an undeniable finesse in such matters. They intervene only when their own ox is being gored.

Mostly the controlling group of the town's millionaires are younger men, still under fifty. All of them

are conventionally graduated from the State University. They began to take hold about 1920, when the stock made its appearance on the Exchange. Some of their elders had misgivings, but the ten million shares, even through the past lean year, earned and paid the usual dividend, with a comfortable accretion for the surplus being laid up against another stock-splitting that will make more men millionaires.

They are, none of them, a markedly playful lot, nor are their wives given overly to extra-domestic diversions calculated to call attention to themselves. European steamers get little business among them, but nurserymen and landscape architects profit by them notably. They have a country club that is a marvel of democratic exclusiveness, and atop the Blue Ridge highland fifty miles away, a summer colony with the golf course that is the highest east of the Mississippi.

WINSTON-SALEM is probably the only town in America that has no loafing class. Most smaller cities in America have a drug store or a pool room where the younger unoccupied males collect to idle away time for which they have no use. Ranging from that down to places where the idlers are concerned with matters of a criminal sort. Having no idlers, the town has no need of an idling place in which to amuse them. Vagrancy is not tolerated in any class. It is ostracized.

All of which may seem a prosaic and unimaginative procedure for a town with money to buy coloring matter for the drab fabric of living. But it satisfies them. Here, in their hands, is something very definite and very large and very powerful which they themselves have made and to which they plan additional touches. It is neither ignorantly unconcerned nor callously superior. It is just busy with something that it enjoys doing, and something that it knows very much how to do.

IT HAS genial, tolerant manners, as witness in the incident of the notorious United States Senator, who does not need a name here since his people, ashamed, have since recalled him. In early 1928, fearful that the Pope was about to move his bed into the White House, he hurried south in search of an audience to whom he might, with profit to himself, reveal his forebodings. Winston-Salem's large Klavern of Kluckers booked him.

Arrived in town, he was greeted by a delegation of Kluckers. None of them was a person of consequence and the Senator, like all demagogues, is a snob. He was accustomed to being received by responsible citizens with whom he could enjoy highballs, though publicly liquor alarmed him painfully. None of the sort of citizens with whom it was his custom to fraternize was on hand. He dismissed the committee and repaired to his room in the hotel. He sent for the register to see if he knew anybody inscribed therein, discovering a newspaper friend who had been sent to witness the launching of the 1928 campaign against Rome.

The speech created a mighty furore in the audience, but nobody of major consequence was present. It was a harmless ebullition of the workers. None of the principal citizens had called when he returned to

the hotel, and the Senator retired, feeling very much put upon. It chanced that the newspaper man had considerable acquaintance in the town and was invited to breakfast by no less than a millionaire and was shown over a new factory with much novel modern equipment. His host drove him back to the hotel.

ENROUTE he said: "I dislike to have anybody of the importance of a United States Senator come here and none of us do his office the courtesy of speaking to him. Of course we had no interest whatever in his mission here. But I don't happen to know this Senator; would you very much mind going up with me and letting me make my manners to him? I don't want to be there a moment."

The Senator was closeted with two officers of the Klavern and from the looks of things, was having a most unsatisfactory time with them. But he was affable to his caller, insisted that he sit down. The two Kluckers retired from the room hastily, somewhat shamefacedly. A moment later they were waiting in the corridor when the caller took leave of the Senator. They were obviously distraught. One of them said "Mr. Hugh, could we speak to you a minute. We are in a sort of a mess. We agreed to pay him five hundred dollars and we didn't raise it and he's raising an awful row. I just don't know what to do. He won't listen to no reason."

"Well, well," said the millionaire mildly, "he mustn't leave us unrewarded. He obviously expects to be paid and we Winston folks do pay our debts. Tell you what I'll do." A little later the Senator departed, fully recompensed.

By no means unconscious of itself and dutifully appreciative of its own present and future, the town can laugh at itself, as it did on the evening of a great dinner when the guest of honor smilingly turned a lady's prideful humor back upon her. The dinner went on smoothly, pleasantly animated. Just before coffee was brought, the guest of honor absently took out his cigarettes and lighted one. He laid the case beside his plate, the while talking to the vivacious younger matron at his right. The cigarettes were an alien brand. The vivacious lady summoned a waiter.

"TAKE these," she said, pleasantly but definitely, "and bring Doctor Charles some cigarettes." She emphasized the last word. The Doctor smiled agreeably, threw away his Chesterfield and tugged at his necktie, unbuttoned his collar. The lady was mystified, then alarmed when he unsnapped a stud in his shirt. The returned waiter and his burden of genuine cigarettes were forgotten at this strange behavior.

"Why, Doctor, what does this mean?" the lady said, not quite certain she should say anything.

"Awfully tactless of me to bring those Chesterfields here," the Doctor said, "and I'm very grateful to you for reminding me." He smiled engagingly. "And it has just occurred to me that I am guilty of another equally abominable mistake. I have just remembered that my undershirt was made in Kenosha and . . ."

There was silence. The lady broke it with a healthy, unaffected laugh.

A Misconceived Merchant Marine

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

Our shipbuilding subsidy creates inflation on the sea to match the inflation we have had on land

The American merchant marine wants its share of the foreign trade of the United States. Just what that share is, we do not know. But we do know that some 800 American ships, totalling approximately 4,000,000 gross tons, are engaged in unprotected foreign trade, and, during the past few years, have carried about one-third of the exports and imports of the United States. These latter amount annually to something like $10,000,000,000, and the foreign trade cargo runs up to about 100,000,000 tons, of which two-thirds are shipped in foreign bottoms.

This sounds as if the United States furnished the cargo and foreign countries most of the ships. And, in fact, foreign fleets do prosper under a gentle breeze of freight bills paid in American dollars. There is a reason, of course, for the American exporter and importer to ship his goods in foreign vessels. "A study of the types of vessels comprising this fleet reveals that very few of them are modern ships capable of competing effectively under present-day conditions. . . . More than sixty per cent of the United States' waterborne foreign commerce is carried in strictly cargo vessels, yet, during the past five years, only three ships of this type have been built in the United States. During the same period, other countries have launched 863 cargo vessels, of which over 500 were built in Great Britain." This is the comment of the New York Trust Company in a study on the merchant marine problem.

Is it, then, a question of building fast, modern ships in which to carry American goods? It seems so, for Mr. O'Connor, Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, is of the opinion that "better and speedier ships, operating under private American ownership in well-ordered and well-regulated companies, under conditions that assure a reasonable financial return in the face of foreign competition — that, in a word, is a picture of the American merchant marine as it is destined to appear in the not very distant future."

If this is the picture destined to appear in the not very distant future, why not go ahead and build those ships and have it over with? — Unfortunately, it is not as easy as

that. American vessels now operating in foreign trade routes were built during 1918 and 1919 and are in direct competition with foreign-built vessels of modern types. . . . The cost of carrying goods in American vessels must not exceed the cost of carriage in foreign vessels; otherwise, American shippers are subject to serious handicap in competition with foreign nations. This handicap exists at the present time, due primarily to the higher cost of ship construction in the United States than in foreign countries. It is for this reason that new merchant vessels to replace old vessels now operating in our foreign trade routes have not been constructed. . . . This is, in essence, the opinion of Mr. Smith, President of the National Council of American Shipbuilders.

SINCE American shipyards could not compete with foreign shipbuilders, Congress took a hand in the rebuilding of an American merchant marine. The Jones-White Act, which became law on May 22, 1928, has given impetus to a ship-building programme that will give American flag lines operating in foreign trade about seventy new, shiny vessels during the next few years. Construction loans on the new vessels have already been granted to the extent of more than $110,000,000.

Since American shippers can not compete with foreign ship lines in operating costs, ocean mail contracts have been provided under the same act. American ship lines will receive approximately $270,000,000 from the Government in the next ten years for carrying mails.

Thus, the foundation for a great American merchant marine has actually been laid. At least, we are repeatedly assured this by shippers and shipbuilders, by economists and Government officials. But can the problem really be reduced to so simple an equation as $1+1=2$? Is it possible to create a merchant marine for a nation's foreign trade by the simple expedient of building ships? And if these can not be built as cheaply as they are constructed at Hamburg and Newcastle, is the problem solved by appealing to the Government to supply the deficit in shipbuilding and in ship-operating?

SUCH a procedure can end only in disappointment, according to every precedent established in any branch of economic endeavour. Fortunately, there are precedents which nearly parallel the merchant marine *mene tekel*. It is well known that the Federal Farm Board refused further loans to ailing farmers, on the ground that such loans had, during the past year, led to increased cultivation, instead of reduction of the agricultural output. The Board's loans had "inflated" farming activity.

The tremendous financial strength of the Federal Farm Board could not do away with the evils of agricultural over-production; on the contrary, it has acted as a stimulant. By the same token, Government help will not reduce, let alone eliminate, surplus tonnage and the excessive amount of competition existent in the world shipping market. On the contrary, Government loans and mail contracts have, as we have seen, resulted in spirited building activity, thus adding to surplus tonnage, in-

creasing competition and making the shipping branch less profitable than it ever has been.

Fundamentally, the same principle of "inflation" applies to the stock market crash. Back in 1928–1929, the credit situation was such that thousands, if not millions, of people were in a position to borrow "easy" money for speculation in Wall Street. Their buying capacity was greatly "inflated." Both instances show clearly enough that financial help, or gifts, presented on a silver plate, instead of remedying ills, actually results in either disappointment or depression, leading ultimately to failure.

If this theory needs further proof, we may turn to France and see there industries which are undoubtedly inferior to their German competitors in efficiency, though France won and Germany lost the war, and though France was rich in reparation gifts, while Germany had to call on every inch of her energy and ingenuity to pull through in the face of staggering burdens, under the iron grip of depression and post-war inflation.

Or, again, take Germany after the victorious Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71 when, a few years after her triumph, she went through an intense economic crisis, in spite of the millions of francs that came to her in the guise of reparations, a crisis not experienced again in either scope or intensity up to 1918 and the end of the World War. Great Britain, on the other hand, was foresighted enough, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, to cancel the Napoleonic war debts, in order to escape "inflation."

As different as these instances are in character and nature, they all show the danger of "inflation," of an artificial stimulant which all but ruins the respective industries or nations it is supposed to aid. They all show that free and unhampered competition is by far the most effective medium of building up an economic unit, whether it is the entire economic system of a country, or a single branch, such as the merchant marine.

The advocates of a strong American merchant marine have disregarded the warnings of these precedents at every turn. They have disregarded economic principles, and, instead of building up a merchant fleet on the strength of its competitive ability, they have simply brought about a state of inflation in the shipbuilding industry. The latter branch is one of the very few which are prosperous in the midst of depression. Completed ship construction was, in 1928, about 164,000 gross tons, rose in 1929 to 209,000 and, during *seven* months of 1930, to nearly 200,000 gross tons. The increasing volume of construction in progress is shown by the amount of tonnage under contract or building on July 1, 1928: 264,000 tons; July 1, 1929: 170,000 tons; and July 1, 1930: 487,000 tons.

The consensus of opinion runs like this: "We have the trade. Give us the ships and watch our merchant marine grow to supremacy on the seven seas!" They have obtained the necessary funds and are building ships; but they have robbed this same merchant marine of its strongest weapon — competitive strength. It is said that this merchant marine

can not compete in either ship-building or ship-operating with foreign nations without Government help. This is true. But with such aid, the strong weapon of its competitive ability is the reflection, not of the ship-builders or the shippers, but of the force which stands *behind* the whole shipping development: the economic supremacy of the United States and the dominant influence of its foreign trade.

Frequently reference is made to the British, the German, the French and Italian merchant fleets, and to the way in which they have been created, which is identical with the manner and principle characteristic of the protagonists of an American merchant marine. Yet, the foreign merchant fleets developed under conditions quite different from those existing today in the United States. The British fleet originated within the scope of an economic empire. While American industry has prospered and is prospering on the strength of a continental unit — the United States — an American merchant marine has no *empire* at its disposal.

THE German merchant fleet, again, grew on the crest of a powerful imperialistic wave. It was decisively supported by its industry, colonies and a very worth while emigrants' business; but it never developed on a purely national foundation. None of these factors (with, perhaps, the exception of colonies — and American colonial trade is, for the most part, of the protected, coastwise variety) enters into the present position of the American merchant marine. Before the war, national forces guided shipping development. There was a distinct difference between German and British and French shipping. But there was never a country whose foreign trade had been taken care of by alien merchant fleets to the extent of sixty per cent or sixty-five per cent. From a national frame shipping has grown into an international scope, and the background of a national merchant marine in 1931 is very different from what it was in 1913.

THE theory of developing the American merchant marine is fundamentally misconceived. It is not based on sound economic reasoning, but on patriotism (which pays no dividends to either the nation or the people), on certain group interests (which may consider the proposition a profitable one) and on a misconception of economic principles. I remember talking once with a man who was an outstanding figure in national merchant marine affairs, at the time when the Jones-White Act filled the front pages of the American newspapers. "Thank God," he remarked, "our shipping industry is coming into its own."

"Shipping industry?" I asked. "You mean ship-*building* industry?"

"No," he answered, "I positively mean shipping industry! Surely a commercial undertaking, such as shipping, with a merchant fleet of nearly 14,000,000 gross tons, with approximately 1,800 ships carrying on foreign trade over ninety-six trade routes from the United States to practically every part of the world, can not be anything else *but* an industry?" (Incidentally, he included tankers, etc., in this classification.)

Apparently we have not only a shipping industry, then, but also a subway industry, a railroad industry, a trolley, a bus, and a ferry-boat industry, according to this logic, and, for all we know, we may soon be blessed with a Zeppelin industry. The truth is that all these are transportation systems and not industries. They are connecting links between the office and the home, the factory and the apartment, between countries producing raw materials and domestic industries, between industrial centres of the United States and overseas markets. But to define them as "industries" would be as logical as calling a single house a colony or a piece of machinery a factory.

ORDINARILY, it would not matter whether we labeled any particular enterprise as an industry, or a botanical garden or an amusement park, provided it fulfilled its functions successfully and yielded a handsome profit. This case, however, is different, because the denomination of the shipping branch as an "industry" has given rise to the misconceived attitude of the protagonists of a powerful merchant marine and has led to a development which must necessarily end in disappointment.

The propagandists of an American merchant marine, going strong in 1931, are thinking in terms which were true of the beginning of the Twentieth Century. They think they have to sell something, namely space. But, as we shall see later, there is considerably more tonnage in the world than is good for the interests of the merchant marine fleets of the world. It is not the question to sell space — let alone to create space — but to fill the existing space with cargo. As long as one insists on calling shipping an industry, he will automatically harbor the mistaken idea of selling something.

The attitude of the merchant marine advocates is that ships alone are needed in order to work miracles for American shipping. There is, however, a surplus tonnage of 7,500,000 throughout the world, and idle ships rust in docks and yards and harbors to the amount of 5,000,000 tons. To turn to the United States, the present keen competition among domestic and foreign shipping interests in this country seems to indicate that there are many more ships entering and leaving American ports than are needed for the transportation of goods and passengers.

The question, therefore, is not one of ships, but of who shall get the cargo. Today foreign lines are getting most of it, because they have better and faster ships. And if the United States can trump the foreigners in this respect, the fond belief is that business will automatically revert to American ships. Hence the cry, "Give us the ships!"

BUT the American merchant marine would not have the last word. Foreign ship lines are also determined. While the American fleet is fighting for *new* business, the British, German, French and Italian fleets are fighting to keep the business they have had for decades. Quite naturally, there is no law to prevent any one's taking it away from them; but it is not likely that they will let it go without a struggle. It is probably no exaggeration to

expect that foreign competition will move heaven and earth to maintain its present status in the American shipping market. Their resources are by no means negligible. Great Britain, France, Germany and even Italy boast of a foreign trade which, to a considerable extent, supports their merchant marines. They also have the finest and fastest boats on the seas today. If this advantage should be wrung from their hands through American Government subsidies and through American shipbuilding genius, foreign lines will put up a fight. In the end the struggle would amount to more tonnage, keener competition and lower rates — in short, the survival of the fittest.

WE ARE assured that American business will naturally ship in American vessels, once they are brought up to date. But this qualifying phrase must be added: *all other things being equal.* And it is hard to see how they can be equal. If European lines offer more advantageous rates, the business will go to them, and their ships will carry the cargo. If the American merchant fleet tops competitive rates, business will reconsider. But business will not and can not be relied upon as a steady supporter of the merchant marine *ambition.* Being neither altruistic nor philanthropic, it will patronize the shipping lines that offer the greatest advantages in the way of rates and efficiency. Thus far it has shown no tendency to develop an American merchant marine (else over sixty per cent of American foreign trade would not travel on foreign ships); why should it change its attitude in the future, if such change would involve higher rates and, consequently, higher production or distribution costs? Yet the ship-building programme presupposes the whole-hearted support of the American foreign trade interests.

Thus, two mistaken ideas make the stand of the merchant marine advocates decidedly insecure: first, that only ships (which are already as plentiful as the sands at Coney Island) are necessary in order to assure the success of the new venture; and, second, that the cargo will automatically transfer itself to American ships. This is a true parallel to the pre-depression conception of American manufacturers: "Let's turn out goods in mass-production; let's offer them at reasonable prices, and watch the crowds storm the retail stores!" We have seen some part of the crowd, apparently misunderstanding the manufacturers' slogan, storming, not the stores, but the banks.

INDUSTRY has lived to see the day when the outstanding issue is not *production,* but *consumption;* when the manufacturer, before starting the moving belt of production, delves into the mysteries of sales possibilities, and limits his output strictly to the estimate of his merchandizing experts.

The merchant marine advocates will live to see the day when not ships, but cargo, will guide the destinies of merchant marine development. The shipping and the shipbuilding branches have, aside from rates, nothing to say about who gets the freight business. Here we come to the real weapon of the American merchant marine. Who actually con-

trols the freight business? The exporters, the importers, the manufacturers. How can their business be hooked up with the merchant marine?

The present attitude of the fist-shaking merchant fleet rooters is not unlike Don Quixote's engagement with the wings of a peaceful windmill. They are battling merchant fleets on the seven seas instead of looking around in their own home. For the point of resistance is not to be found abroad, but in their own country. The merchant marine musketeers do not have for their ultimate goal to sweep the American shipping market clean of all foreign vessels; they want merely a share of the American foreign trade business.

How much the ultimate goal of the merchant marine is misunderstood, may be seen from the fact that all the talk is about ships, foreign and domestic, while the foreign trade interests, which must be considered the "customers of mercantile shipping," are pretty much neglected in the discussion. The merchant marine is still young, but it is a pity that it should go through the same bitter experiences, in order to develop, as have other economic branches — industry, railroads, banking, mining, etc. — and that it should make the same mistake of charging all that the traffic can bear.

Up-to-date shipping interests will have to adopt the modern conception of consumption, of demand, of customers' consideration. The American shipper's mind will have to change from that of a producer to that of a consumer. He will have to think in the terms of the man he wants to ship in his vessels.

And this prospective shipper has very definite interests. It is probably easier in the shipping field than in any other branch to meet the demands of customers, for the reason that no market has to be *created.* It is already there, consisting of exporters and importers, of the countries from which raw materials come, and the markets to which American goods are sent. All that is needed is *contact* with these different interests. Then the foundation on which an American merchant marine can grow to really unassailable strength will be built of definite schedules to definite countries, of certain types of vessels built specially for different commodities, such as automobiles, etc., of definite rates, of agreements with foreign competitors and so on.

If a manufacturer of, say, rayon finds himself in the midst of over-production (as they all do) and if he thinks of ways and means to get back to profitable work, the chances are that, for the time being, he will not be interested in turning out more rayon products but will concentrate on possibilities to increase the demand. This study of the *demand* for space must, by necessity, be the Alpha and Omega of those interested in a strong American merchant fleet.

The direction in which the master minds of the merchant marine development are steering now is against the wind. The breeze swells the sails of the European fleets going the other way. Only when the captains shift into an opposite direction will the sails of the American merchant marine swell lustily in the powerful gale of American foreign trade coöperation.

What's Left for the Novelist?

By Struthers Burt

With plot outmoded and action relegated to the detective story, Mr. Burt still thinks there is an "important, exciting and dour job"

Once upon a time, and not so long ago, at the end of every author's garden, and if he hadn't a garden, in the then equivalent of his kitchenette, lived a leprechaun (I would have said fairy if the word were not in disrepute), and whenever the author was planning a new book, he called the leprechaun up to him, and it, he, or she came bearing a basket filled with plots. There were all kinds of plots, dewy and nestling and like violets newly picked, and the author, smiling to himself, selected one that he thought would suit his central idea, for even then, if he was a serious author, the idea of his book was primary and the plot subsidiary.

It was a very lovely period for the author, but it is gone.

Not only is there hardly a plot left, but there are no more leprechauns. Even the Irish are losing their faith in the latter now that Ireland is a self-contained, self-governing land. Life, almost within the past five years, so sudden has been the actual change, has become almost entirely a relative matter, without any discernible pattern and practically no standards or traditions which go unchallenged. Statements and descriptions, and beliefs that twenty years ago would have shocked even the youngest of the present day mature, are now accepted blandly by the mature and complacently by the mature's surviving grandmothers. There is little left of that ancient conflict — of the generations, of classes, of ideas, of the religious instinct, and other instincts — which afforded the novelist of the Victorian period so rich a field. The world at present is a very implicit world, marking time and waiting to see what will happen next. Every one knows almost everything there is to be known, and there is not much to get excited about.

I say every one knows almost everything that can be known and there is not much conflict. I mean, of course, that this is true among the modern-minded who represent about twenty per cent of the world's population and from whom come all the books worth reading. The remaining eighty per cent need not be taken into consideration, for,

as always, this remaining eighty per cent is living anywhere from twenty to fifty years behind its more enlightened fellows. The conflicts and opinions of this eighty per cent are not apt literary material and, if used at all, can only be used as folk-tales, for the purposes of satire, or as background. You could not, for instance, nowadays make your hero or heroine a Prohibitionist and have your hero's (or heroine's, for even the most earnest Prohibitionist has at length been forced to admit that the fair sex every now and then takes a snifter); you could not nowadays make your hero or heroine a Prohibitionist and have his or her conflict revolve about the question of whether a glass of port should be substituted for the daily six or seven coca-colas. If you did this, you would alienate the sympathies of most people intelligent enough to read. Such anachronisms as Prohibition can only be treated by direct attack; that is, by the article or essay. Even the backward eighty per cent living in the past is too sceptical, too aware vaguely of what is going on about it, to be enthralled or convinced by such conflicts. There may be Methodists, but they don't want to read about Methodists. Such plots as *Ten Nights in a Bar Room* are no longer possible even to the backward eighty per cent.

FURTHERMORE, this backward eighty per cent is not apt literary material, except historically, because it represents a vanishing past. It is not a definite viewpoint as, let us say, monarchy was at one time, to which the world might, or might not, return. It has no validity; the bottom has been knocked out of it. It is merely backwardism and twenty years from now most of this eighty per cent will have accepted, without knowing why, what the enlightened part of humanity has already accepted. Meanwhile, the enlightened part of humanity will have moved on another twenty years.

DEFINITELY and surely at least ten great beliefs, political and social and moral and religious, have gone out of the world, just as yellow-fever and diphtheria and a dozen other epidemics are practically extinct, and although there may be temporary reactions, there can not again be any universal plague unless some human cataclysm makes us forget all we have ever learned, as the descent of the Barbarians made Europe for a while forget the civilization and learning of Greece and Rome. This does not mean, of course, that we haven't new follies and new prejudices and new diseases to take the place of those we have conquered, but that is another question.

It has been stated, although I have never been able to verify this statement, and I am not sure that any one else can, that there are only about nine basic plots and that all of these were known to the Egyptians. However that may be, it is true that there aren't many basic plots, although the variations upon these have been countless. And it is further true that practically all these plots, or, in other words, conflicts, have their rise in some convention; in some rule of the race that is not connected with the individual needs or desires or good — or bad — of a particular person or group. War

always furnishes an immense plot because war cares nothing for the individual.

Some of the other basic plots are the conflict between the generations; the rise from a hostile background and against adverse circumstances of a young man or woman; the religious impulse, and so on. But of course the greatest plot, and the one upon which most variations have been rung, has been the separation of lovers; Paris and Helen, Pyramus and Thisbe, Galahad and Guinevere, Tristan and Iseult, Héloise and Abelard, Romeo and Juliet, Francesca and Paola — a thousand unhappy lovers all through the ages who have been kept apart by this, that, or the other, or who, if coming together for an instant, have been separated again by the inevitable tragedy consequent upon such reunions. The world has been far more interested in unhappy lovers than in happy lovers, perhaps realizing the fundamental contrariness of man, especially the male part of it, and the mournful fact that it is usually what we can not get that makes us great and interesting. Renunciation has been one of the major subsidiary themes of this major situation. About ten years ago renunciation largely disappeared from the world.

These lovers, unhappy and unsatisfied, pale, sweet ghosts of history, were separated by a score of varying circumstances. When it came to fiction, the author had but to pick his circumstances and he didn't have to do that with much care. Almost any set of circumstances would do. There was to begin with the stern parent, or perhaps it was a difference in class — King Cophetua and the beggar maid, or the heiress and the butcher boy, later the chauffeur — or perhaps it was an inherited disease of some kind, insanity or tuberculosis, or the young man, eligible in every other respect, was poor and too proud to marry a rich girl; there were a score of different ways in which you could separate your lovers and then, in the last breathless moment, bring them together, or else keep them separated and thus produce a gentle tragedy. At all events, here was your plot to keep your readers interested while, at the same time, you were injecting into their unconscious veins whatever idea was uppermost in your mind; the prison reforms of Charles Reade, or the social reforms of Charles Dickens, or the social satire of William Thackeray.

For make no mistake. And pay no attention to what critics, usually ignorant, have to say. There has never been a great novel written which did not have back of it an idea, although this idea should never be insistent or point any but an implicit moral. It is upon the horns of this dilemma that all serious novelists are forced to sit.

When one emerged from the realm of young, unmarried lovers, there was still a huge field left; a far greater field, as a matter of fact, and a far more colorful one. Here the theme of renunciation came into its own, unless one were a Frenchman, when, instead of renunciation, one substituted intrigue. But in Anglo-Saxon nations, until a scant ten years ago, it was never admitted that there ever had been in the history of

the world such a thing as happy and successful adultery. Even now this is seldom admitted in the United States, although for a decade the English have been hinting at it. However, as in the United States divorce takes the place of adultery, and few people seem to realize that there is little difference, there is no need for us to spend time on a possible new form of plot that seems to have little chance of ever becoming native. Even the necessary reticences and evasions and nuances and agonies of adultery have been taken away from the novelist, because, nowadays, people just go out and get a divorce. There is not much conflict here. In the words of the old lady who saw Niagara for the first time, and wasn't much impressed by it, "What's to hinder?"

THERE are no longer any stern parents left, or, if they are stern, nobody pays any attention to them. There is little definite sense of class. There is a sense of class, of course, and always will be, but it is an individual matter and not a social one. The King Cophetuas of today realize that, as a general rule, due entirely to upbringing and not to any actual difference in clay, most beggar maids would not make them congenial wives, but, should they meet a beggar maid who, in their opinion, would make them a congenial wife, the fact that she is a beggar maid would mean nothing to them. It is the same way with the heiress and the butcher boy. As for insanity or tuberculosis, due to a somewhat widespread knowledge of how to limit the population, lovers no longer suffer, whether they seek the sanction of the church or not. And poor young men, or poor young girls, are no longer too proud to marry. If a rich member of the opposite sex wishes to make them a bridegroom or bride, why not? All this is very sensible, but it is hard on the novelist. The great theme of renunciation has today become practically non-existent. Try to put it in a story or a novel and see what happens. Even the moralist will surprise you by being unconvinced. One of the oddest experiences that can befall a novelist is to put in a novel a renunciatory character only to find the contempt and dislike in which that character is held by all men and women no matter how rigid they may be in their own lives.

The core of this type of plot was destroyed when virginity became a question of personal predilection and common sense, and not the earth-shaking social problem that it had always been heretofore. Nowadays there are no "ruined women" unless they want to be ruined. Or rather, a ruined woman, just like a ruined man, is the product of a series of circumstances due to certain faults of character or mentality, not the product of one moment of recklessness, or ignorance, or deceit.

ONCE again — humanity has lifted itself by its bootstraps to a position of greater trust and humanness and decency, but it is hard on the story-teller.

One is not so foolish, of course, as to imagine that virginity is no longer a thing of importance, or that the stock of virgins has appreciably diminished. This is a pathetic fallacy indulged in by the mature who have

little opportunity for personal observation. Such a physical, or spiritual, or, if you will, mental state, will always remain a problem of taste, dignity, farsightedness and fastidiousness, but it is no longer a moral or social problem; it has become a problem for personal decision and essentially the business of the person concerned. The modern parent does not turn his erring daughter out of doors, no matter what he, or she, may privately think, and the modern husband does not shoot his wife when he finds her *in flagrante delicto*, no matter how much his finger itches for the trigger.

In short, the modern man and woman no longer act according to a code that may, or may not have, something to do with the immediate circumstances. We have no longer, in fiction or life, those terrible, but for fictional purposes admirable and simple figures, "the father" and "the husband," and "the wife." For the first time, possibly, in its history, the world has accepted publicly what many people have always privately known, and that is that circumstances do alter cases and that the circumstances are frequently more important than the act. You can not have the epic father, or the epic husband, and so on, because you can never tell just how any father, or husband, is going to act under a given set of circumstances. It is fascinating to see people playing the father, or the husband, or the wife, with all the traditional gestures and the cold-blooded emptiness of the rôles, but it is no longer convincing.

Even those great plots that have little to do with young lovers, and less with older ones, have gone down. An Horatio Alger of today would have a hard time earning his living. The poor boy who through all sorts of hardship and discouragements wins to love, fortune and fame, does not thrill us as he did. If we want that sort of thing we turn to the biography of Mr. Bok or some other actual narrative. But even biographies of success are losing their charm as we realize more and more that real success by no means consists in money, power, or the hand of some juvenile female. It is after the last "success" that a man's history usually begins, and no matter how rich a man may be or how powerful, what counts is what goes on inside his brain. Success is the question of adjustment to life in all its facets; money and power are only two facets.

Action, too, has lost its fictional validity. By the inevitable paradox, there is now so much action in the world that it is no longer of much moment. The young can not conceive of a day when there were not airplanes, automobiles and submarines. We no longer are in rebellion against taxicabs, as were the older generations, nor are we any longer enraptured by mere speed as we were immediately after the war. The virgin no longer falls because "she must have experience," nor do we feel that we are embarking upon an adventure when we embark in a passenger plane. We embark in passenger planes quite implicitly and casually, and if the virgin falls, it is not through a desire for "experience," or to prove some revolutionary point, but because, under the

circumstances, she thinks it a wise and just performance.

This loss of validity of action in serious fiction accounts for our turning to detective stories when we want action. Although it is no longer possible for us to believe in ghost stories or fairy stories, we are still forced to believe, alas, in gunmen and detectives.

But what then is left for the serious novelist? Left in this relative world in which there are no longer many discernible patterns and hardly any unchallenged traditions? Well, it seems to me, a great deal. More, perhaps, than ever before in the history of fiction or of life. There is no doubt that we stand at a parting of the ways; on the edge of new horizons; and as some Frenchman said — I wish I could remember quotations, but I can't — perhaps, having completed so much of material discovery, we have now cleared the way for the greatest and most exciting exploration of all, man himself. We know almost all there is to be known about the North Pole, the South, the jungles and machinery, but we are still children when it comes to ourselves. Possibly now we will have time to find out what we are really like.

It is not, for example, of interest that a man enters a taxicab. It is still of interest, but not paramount, what he sees from the windows of the taxicab; but the deepest interest consists in the decisions, great or small, which he makes between the time he enters the taxicab and the time he gets out; decisions that he may act upon at once, or within the next hour, or the next week, or throughout all his life. Even after death, for all we know.

The objective side of this, what the man sees from the windows of his taxicab, apparently unrelated glimpses, colorful and exciting, and yet actually, if not discernibly, related by that strange web we call life, is already beginning to be done by those modern objectivists like Hemingway. This is valid, this is actual, this is fine and this is true. It is something stirringly new. But the mind of the man in the taxicab is still waiting to be done, and it is the only subjective form of writing that before long will have the slightest trace of realism.

But, you say, what is this but the ancient "stream of consciousness," once new, not so very long ago, but now no longer new? It is not the "stream of consciousness" which, at its best, was always irritatingly aloof from actual happenings, and scratchingly egotistic, but the "stream of consciousness" related to actual happenings and acted upon by the present day environment and its compulsions.

You will have noticed that I used the word "decisions," and in the use of that word lies all the difference between what should be the modern subjective school and the useful, but by now overworked and antedated school of the "stream of consciousness." With the increase, the perfection, and the subjection of the mechanistic — the pushing of it, that is, into our accustomed background; with the dissolving of all old patterns, so that a man no longer refers back to them; man, for all his laziness and stupidity, has been

forced to become, alone and unaided, a creature of multiple decisions, instantaneous, many of them, many of them equally irrevocable. Take the simplest example of all, and one, of course, in which many philosophical flaws can be picked. Give a moron a Ford car and tell him to drive ten miles and before he has got through he will have made a half dozen decisions; either that, or else he will be dead. But imagine this moron increased to the stature of an intelligent man or woman, and imagine then the number of decisions, many of them having nothing to do with a motor car, that will have been made in a day's driving. All over this huge country, and all over the world today, there are countless millions of men and women, in cars and out of them, making these decisions, and the sum total of these decisions is what the world will be fifty years from now.

REMEMBER that they are a new kind of decision. In feudal days you made most of your decisions in accordance with the concepts of the class to which you belonged and within the pattern that had been laid down for you by countless generations. First you made your decision according to God, or, at least, what the priesthood told you God wanted, then you made your decision as a king, or an earl, or a merchant, or a serf; then you made your decision as a father, or husband, or a son; finally, at the very end, you made your decision as a human being. But usually by the time that decision was reached there was startlingly little humanity left. Philip II of Spain was actually a gentle, and melancholy, and kindly man, and he wept over the victims of his *autos-da-fé* and wished them God-speed and a happy journey.

Nor was this method of making decisions greatly altered until within — one may almost dare to say — the last decade. It is almost impossible for us to realize, even those of us who have seen the change, how cataclysmic it has been and how swift; the majority of the world still does not know that the change has occurred. The majority of the world still refers back the odd, new things it does to patterns that have dissolved. Up until the war people still functioned as kings, or earls, or merchants, or peasants; as "ladies" or "gentlemen," not realizing that you can not possibly be a lady or gentleman until you are first a woman, or a man, and that you can not possibly be a woman or a man until you stand upon your own feet and without fear or favor make your own decisions. Not realizing, in short, that gentleness and any sort of a rigid code are incompatible, and that the heart of gentleness is the consideration of all the evidence and all the circumstances. Tempering the wind to the shorn lamb is one of the shortest cuts known toward becoming an actual aristocrat.

THIS is not intellectual, or moral, or spiritual anarchy as so many of our leading clergymen imagine. It might be if the human race were not to be trusted, but I agree with Winston Churchill when he says, "Follies which tend toward vice encounter at every stage in healthy communities enormous checks and corrections from the inherent sanity

of human nature." And in fact, I believe so much in this inherent sanity, this almost categorical imperative, that I am enraptured that the human race is at last out of diapers.

Nor am I even depressed as a novelist. The novelist no longer has a leprechaun bearing a basket filled with dewy plots; instead he has an important, exciting and dour job. The last traces of the minstrel have departed from him. It is not his business any longer to amuse tired kings or tired business men, and the fact is proven by the increasing importance of the serious novelist in the scheme of life and the increasing attention paid to him. He is one of the leading explorers in this new expedition to find out what man is, and why.

At the Clavier

By Faith Vilas

He drops the seed of music on the land,
In fields of furrowed ebony, ivory-cold.
The flowers his fingers free, no stem can hold:
Long after the up-flight of his sentient hand,
Adrift in air, they linger . . . to unfold.

A Marriage Clinic

By Helen Weigel Brown

Los Angeles has a solution for the family troubles of its citizens, poor as well as rich

Out in California there's a certain gentleman who pays monthly bills of some three hundred dollars to his wife's psychologist-adviser. He's a rather comfortably-fixed individual, let us hasten to explain, to whom it does not mean exactly financial ruin to allow his wife what might seem to some of us such downright luxury. But, as he puts it, "It's worth it, take it from a husband who knows. It keeps her happy, and when she's happy it simplifies things a lot for me. Because when she's *un*happy, there are squabbles, and bills from nerve specialists, and sudden trips to Europe, and no end of things like that. It's sort of a case of six of one and a dozen of the other. Give me the psychologist at three hundred a month any time, bless him!"

Now of course all of us married people can't go paying psychologists three hundred a month to keep us in a blithesome mood. Neither could we, if we felt the worm of discontent gnawing at us, go running to nerve specialists, or trekking off to Europe. Nor do all of us, anyway, need constant bolstering up to convince us that we're reasonably happy about our marriages just as they stand. And if we did need such bolstering, it probably wouldn't take the three hundred dollars' worth per month that the hyper-emotional California lady feels called upon to indulge in.

But there are those of us, without a doubt, who do need some sort of sage counselling on our marriage enigmas. Some of us, of course, don't mind hashing over the whole distressing situation, *ad lib.*, with our business associates, our golfing friends, our relatives, or even with the next-door ladies who always seem deliriously happy to have us pour the harrowing details into their receptive ears. Some of us don't mind that at all, and so have found therein a convenient escape valve for pent-up emotions, and a place to unload many a soul-burden. But on the other hand, some of us do mind, and would rather die martyr to the cause of matrimony than have our private troubles bandied about among too-eager-eared friends and relatives.

What's the solution? To get at the basic cause of the trouble, of course. For no mate makes himself or herself difficult to live with

out of pure "meanness." There's a reason behind it, whether it be mental, emotional, or physical. But to get at that cause by way of scientific means — that is, through the help of physicians, neurologists, psychoanalysts or psychologists — is expensive. And matrimonial difficulties so often go hand-in-hand with financial troubles that such a course is very often impossible. Sometimes we could even ferret out the hidden difficulty of our own accord, if we could only bring the troubles out for a good, confidential airing once in so often. For though psychoanalysis is a very complicated science indeed, its basic principle originated in the discovery of Sigmund Freud that certain disturbing factors persist unconsciously, while rejected consciously. In other words, "talking it out" often brings to view a lot of concealed "worriers" that, pulled out into the light of day and calm reasoning, sometimes prove to be nothing more than mares' nests. And at other times, of course, they might prove even more serious than we had imagined.

THEREFORE, a confidential "clinic" where "patients" suffering from any of the hundred-and-one causes of matrimonial frictions and fracases might go to have their ills diagnosed by real scientists, seems to us to be about the happiest solution to date. And the Institute of Family Relations, recently opened in Los Angeles is just such a clinic — where it costs little or nothing, depending entirely upon one's financial condition, to receive scientific advice and aid in marital problems.

This Institute, called for short the "Marriage Clinic," represents the first organized attempt in the United States to concentrate all of the resources of modern science on the problems of home life. There is no quackery, no fad-ism about this Clinic. Conducted on a non-profit basis, it is a purely scientific organization whose sole aim is to promote more successful marriage and parenthood. Its counsellors include four of the city's most outstanding psychologists; four equally distinguished physicians. Its director, Dr. Paul Popenoe, is a noted scientist who has written many books on modern social problems. His assistant, Mrs. L. C. Bagg, is a social worker of long experience. All of these altruistic people, offering their services without remuneration, are sincerely interested in helping couples to realize happier married lives.

IN ADDITION to the services of its directors and counsellors, the Marriage Clinic works in close cooperation with the city's religious agencies, social agencies, and with the Child Guidance Clinic and the Legal Aid Clinic of the University of Southern California. Thus, a broad classification of the Clinic's services would include: psychological counsel; medical counsel; legal counsel; religious counsel; consultation on the adoption of children; investigation of individual problems of heredity — a group of services that should be successful in solving the most involved marriage problem!

Not that the Marriage Clinic assumes for a moment that all marriages are unhappy, that every husband and wife harbor a secret longing

for freedom. On the contrary, an extensive survey made by the Clinic through questionnaires sent to a large number of intelligent married couples discloses the fact that only about fifteen to twenty-five per cent of them are unhappy in their marriages. And the Clinic is concerned only with this unhappy minority — a minority whose unhappiness has been found to be the result of four often quite curable causes: sexual maladjustment; difference of opinion as to how the couple's leisure shall be spent; financial difficulties; and mental, physical or emotional abnormalities.

The first of these — sexual maladjustment — while most frequently the cause behind cases of marital unhappiness brought to the attention of the Clinic, is often the most simple of cure. Sometimes it is only a matter of education in the fundamental principles of physiology and psychology; other cases demand medical attention; and some are the results of misunderstandings and misconceptions built up in early life — misunderstandings that must be analyzed and traced to their sources before the individual can be made to see his error.

DISAGREEMENT over how a couple's leisure time should be spent is one of the numerous modern ailments that might be lumped under the heading, "Ordeals of Civilization." To keep up with the Joneses (or, more frequently, with the Van Astorbilts a step or so above the Joneses) young husbands, unless they are heirs, have to throw a good portion of their mental and physical energy into the increasingly serious business of making money. Which leaves almost every hardworking John Brown anything but agog for excitement by the time he gets home of an evening. His wife, who has been in all day, is just as likely to be a-twitter to get out into the social whirl, or to make culture hum at some elevating lecture or exhibit. And upon her every suggestion to that effect, John turns a cold and glassy eye of disinterest.

So the battle is on. Sometimes John wins, and sometimes his wife emerges victorious. Sometimes John goes to bed and his wife goes out anyway, with some other John who has already made his money. But however the decision, a constant state of conflict, such as this important question stirs up, isn't exactly conducive to married bliss. And some sort of a compromise has to be made, or the divorce court is liable to settle it for all time.

THE Marriage Clinic is constantly busy with just such compromises — compromises which in many cases are not half so difficult to arrive at as they might seem. Maybe a husband proves not so much tired as just the victim of a habit of going into a mental and physical slump the moment his eyes light upon his easy chair and the newest detective novel. Perhaps if his wife should choose, occasionally, an evening's entertainment that would be unusually interesting and stimulating to him, she could rescue him from his nightly hibernations.

Or a wife may find that she needs some other interest, some activity more creative than just running her home. And finding that the usual afternoon bridge or tea far from

fills the need, she looks to her husband for intellectual stimulation in their evenings, forgetting that he has been turning out mental energy a good part of his day. Of course she needs the mental stimulation, and we don't blame her a bit for despairing of finding it in the more frothy feminine social affairs. But there are countless ways in which she could solve that matter without bringing a tired husband into it at all. Recently, the writer asked a young wife her reason for taking a certain study course two afternoons a week.

"Oh, just to keep myself out of mischief, I guess," she answered.

WHICH long ago struck the Marriage Clinic as not a bad idea. They feel that if more young wives (and older wives, too) who feel the urge to be "doing something" could realize the value of keeping their minds alert and "out of mischief" by learning more about some subject in which they are particularly interested, there would be a lot less discontent with hard-working husbands and their social and cultural shortcomings. Most cities provide some sort of evening high school classes, Y. W. C. A. courses, or similar study opportunities; and then there are the hundreds of correspondence courses that can be taken through the big universities of the country, that are not costly, and are extremely worthwhile. Even the "Reading with a Purpose" booklets that one finds in most of the public libraries are splendid guides to self-conducted reading courses in almost any subject — art, music, literature, journalism, child guidance, etc. All of these means of further education have been prescribed by the Marriage Clinic, and found valuable in solving the problem of the restless wife who rightfully seeks something more than her home and family to occupy her active mind. And in most cases, this sort of intellectual stimulation has not only made her happier and more satisfied with her lot, but a far more helpful, more understanding companion to her husband.

OF COURSE, some husbands and wives are both unconsciously to blame for their disappointment in marriage, their complete lack of mutual interests. Both are the victims of a machine-age get-rich-quick-at-all-cost philosophy that makes a wife prod her husband to more slavery in his business, because she sees social success ahead; and convinces him that she is right, because the prodding fits in with his ambition to belong to "big business," to be a financial success. Meanwhile, he is sacrificing his youth and his health and his capacity for enjoying leisure; and she is finding her interests away from home, and apart from him. And then they wonder why they are disappointed in the institution called marriage, and come to the Marriage Clinic for a little enlightenment, remembering the days when life and marriage seemed so much more interesting and worthy of the struggle. And if they can just be convinced of the wisdom of stopping and asking themselves, "Well, after all, what are money and social position going to mean, if we've sacrificed health and companionship and happiness to get them?" the problem is all solved, and the family lives happily ever after, even if it does live a

little less hectically, and a little less conspicuously.

Financial difficulties bring with them a long train of dire results and almost endless complaints. Some wives think their husbands live too much in the future, salting away most of their income for the rainy day; some husbands accuse their wives of the same hoarding propensities. Some husbands squander all of their pay on the stock market, on betting, or drinking; and some wives can make an entire pay check stage a neat disappearing act within two days after receipt. Some husbands insist upon bundling home expensive radio "innards" for spare-time tinkering, at the expense of outstanding household bills; and some wives simply can't resist a new dress or hat when the family budget is already far overspent.

And does it ever occur to some of us, who are bothered mostly about too little income, that *too much* money can also make for marital unhappiness? It can — and does — as witness many such cases that come to the Clinic. For too much social life, too many luxuries, a constant frantic searching for new amusements, new pastimes, can make a husband and wife lose sight of the mutual interests and companionship (for which they ostensibly married) almost as quickly as poverty can worry a husband and wife into the same state of affairs.

And so it goes — and it's up to the Marriage Clinic to solve just such knotty problems — problems which may at times seem insignificant, but which can quickly grow into definite matrimonial hazards.

In some cases, the Clinic has had to put a young wife into the hands of a home economics expert, who leads her back into the path of homemaking virtue, and teaches her the important lesson that outgo should be budgeted to fall a bit under income. In other cases, where husbands have sunk deep into the bog of financial scrapes, through unwise business deals, they are sent to a competent lawyer or banker, who advises them how to get back on an even footing, and how to avoid future disasters.

Sometimes both husband and wife can be brought together for a confidential heart-to-heart talk with the Clinic director, and are made to see where one has been selfish or thoughtless in his or her disregard of the other, in money matters, and can be brought around to a friendly agreement as to how the finances shall be handled in the future. And sometimes, in the case where there is too much money, the couple simply needs to be guided to some more permanent, more worth while mutual interest, such as the adoption of a child, some form of public philanthropy, or perhaps some purely intellectual interest.

Physical, mental, and emotional abnormalities the Clinic finds underlying a large percentage of the cases of marital unhappiness brought there for counselling — abnormalities that are sometimes not even suspected by the couple. Some cases are simply impossible of help — an inherited mental quirk giving rise to jealousies and suspicion may make a mate plainly impossible to live with for a lifetime; but often there are such cases, where the abnormality

has not been inherited, that quickly respond to treatment.

Take, for example, the case of poor Mrs. M., who was just positive that her husband had suddenly developed a hatred for her, and even for their children. Out of a clear sky, he had begun picking, then scolding, then haranguing, and finally took to violent fits of anger. Not being able to solve the riddle through Mrs. M., the Clinic asked her to send her husband in, which she did. Mr. M. was glad of the opportunity to talk the matter over, himself, for, as he explained it, he was anxious to know, just for his own satisfaction, what had been making him feel so irascible and "down-right ornery." His talk with the Clinic director seemed to indicate that conditions at home were not unfavorable; his business was going well enough. The next step was obviously a complete physical examination, which examination, to his and his wife's amazement, revealed a serious nervous disease, already in an advanced state and irritating enough to have made him commit anything short of mayhem.

HAVING located the well-spring of his "temper" that had been breaking up his home, he is now under competent treatment by his own physician, and is promised complete recovery. Needless to say, his home life is looking considerably brighter; his wife, now that she understands the strain under which he has been, is more sympathetic and helpful; and the children, two boys, are finding once more the affectionate and companionable father they had thought was lost forever.

Or take the strange case of Mrs. W., a distraught young wife who burst into the Clinic one day to pour out a distressing tale of how her hitherto model husband had all of a sudden taken to drinking — not just mild, sociable drinking, but hard drinking — regular bouts, that would eat up a good portion of his salary each time. After which he would come reeling home to smash up any furniture he could lay hands on, deliver long orations from the front porch, to the glee and excitement of the neighbors, and, on occasion, indulge in assault and battery upon any one present, including his three small children. Then he would go off into a mood of despondency that would last sometimes for days.

HIS wife had tried reasoning, pleading, threatening, but to no gain. The drinking went on, family resources lessened, and the gap between them grew wider and nearer to divorce. Not that she wanted a divorce — she still loved her husband, and in his sober moments he was always desperately sorry for his actions and pleaded forgiveness. But something had to be done soon — there were the children to be considered as well as herself.

The Clinic could reach no solution through his wife, so she was advised to send him in, if he could be in any way inveigled into it. He did come, about a week after his wife's visit. To make a long story shorter — for it did develop into a very long story, taking a matter of some months to straighten out — the young husband proved, on interview, to be a highly sensitive, retiring, moody chap, the sort of person who had probably packed a chronic inferiority complex

around with him most of his life. After many long and friendly talks with a psychologist, he finally admitted that the reason for his drinking was simply that he might feel a little power in his own right. There was a mother-in-law in the case, it developed, and she and his wife seemed always to be lording it over him in his own home. In arguments they sided with one another; they criticized or belittled his every expression of opinion; the raising of his children was taken entirely out of his jurisdiction, and given into the hands of his mother-in-law who had ideas of her own on child raising and impressed them well upon her daughter. In other words, he had lost all "say" in the home he worked to support. For the two years this situation had existed, he had been feeling less and less important, more and more insignificant. As he expressed it, he was "just a machine for bringing in the money." Otherwise it seemed to him that he was totally unimportant.

THEN one night Mr. W. accidentally got very drunk with some of the boys, and on coming home found himself feeling like a real boss of the ranch. He threw things around a bit to prove it. His mother-in-law scurried out of his way, scowling her disapproval but not daring to cross so dangerous a person; his wife became for the moment a cowering, submissive thing, all weepy and meek and obedient. It was a grand and glorious feeling. So he repeated it. Again and again. It buoyed up his ego for the time being, and relieved an aching sense of insignificance that had been making his life seem more useless daily.

Asked why he hadn't talked over the situation with his wife, he confessed that he had never, until the moment, admitted, even to himself, just why he was doing as he was. Because, as he confided, his sense of inferiority was already strong enough without having to admit that it was necessary to get drunk to convince himself that he wasn't just a poor weak thing. It took weeks for a psychologist to get him in a frame of mind where he could feel that he was just as important and necessary to his home as any one else in it.

THEN his wife was called in and given a long talk on the rôle she had failed to play in giving her husband equal share in the family life. As a result, the mother-in-law was bid an affectionate but firm farewell, presented with a return ticket to Missouri, whence she had hailed some two years previous for a "short" visit, and the family once more took up a normal existence. To date, the new arrangement has proved completely successful. Mrs. W., inclined to be overaggressive, is learning to curb some of her domineering tendencies, while her husband is beginning to reveal a hitherto hidden ability of self-expression, and has taken a new and highly cheerful outlook on life. The drinking has disappeared as suddenly as it came; and perhaps the most fortunate result of all has been the improved home life of the children, who, it was inevitable, had been suffering inestimable harm from the lact of adjustment and harmony between their parents.

These are just two of the hundreds of similar problems brought to

the Marriage Clinic for solution. Many of them are much more serious — lamentable conditions that would seem to us to make life not worth the candle. And not all of them are possible of solution, or much help. But the Marriage Clinic stands ready to apply all of the cures of science and education to any marriage ill, and if these fail to work any good, then perhaps the marriage has gone too far askew for mortal intervention.

MARRIED couples, however, are not the only ones that the Clinic wants to help. In fact, its directors consider the other phase of its work — that of advice and education of couples *before* marriage — as by far their most important undertaking, and hope in the future to have ninety per cent of their clients in this field. For they feel that if most couples could have scientific counselling, examination and education before marriage, a lot of after-marriage maladjustment and unhappiness could be eliminated. The Clinic's aim in these pre-marital examinations and conferences is two-fold: first, to provide the essentials of an education for successful coöperation in marriage (this is done through friendly, helpful conferences with the men and women directors of the Clinic, and through an outline of reading that thoroughly acquaints them with all of the biological and psychological facts of the relation into which they are about to enter). Secondly, their purpose is to discourage the marriage of those who, because of mental, emotional or physical defects are not qualified to marry successfully, or, if married, to be successful parents; or to encourage the removal of such defects, if in any way possible, before the marriage is entered into. These incurable defects might include hereditary insanity, bad heredity, acute infectious diseases, chronic diseases, or abnormalities.

The young people that apply for these examinations and conferences come from all walks of life. Some of them have been sent to the Clinic by social agencies of the city; some of them come of their own accord after reading of the work of the Clinic in the newspapers, or hearing the lectures that are being given at the Y. W. C. A., Y. M. C. A. and other organizations in the city. Many of the applicants are college men and women, vitally interested in making their marriages successful in every possible way. And every effort is made by the Clinic to give all of them the proper start toward realizing this future happiness in marriage.

Dr. Popenoe, the Clinic's director, says that he believes that the new so-called "gin law" of California which requires couples to wait for three days after application, before a marriage certificate is issued, has been one of the most effective laws ever passed for preventing hasty, impulsive marriages. For a great number of those who apply fail to call for the license when it is issued. The three days' wait has given them time to think it over and to change their minds.

THE idea of a marriage clinic such as the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations is not a new one. The first clinic for promoting successful marriage and parenthood was established in Vienna in 1922. It

proved so successful that similar clinics were established in other cities throughout Europe, until now they number over two hundred, and many more will doubtless be founded within the next ten years.

Los Angeles' Marriage Clinic, modeled after these European organizations, opened its doors in February 1930. Since that time it has handled over six hundred cases, and has interested many of Los Angeles' most distinguished professors, bankers, doctors, ministers, rabbis and business men in the project. Though all of its officers and staff give freely of their services without charge, there are, of course, running expenses that must be met, and for this reason, applicants who are able to do so are asked to pay a nominal fee; in this way it is hoped that in the near future the Clinic will be entirely self-supporting.

Since all of the Clinic's services are confidential, no applicants are ever asked for their names. When one has come back more than once, he usually gives his name voluntarily; but if not, his case is simply recorded under a number, and his secrets remain his. Some of the applicants who came in during the first month of the Clinic's opening still drop around to report on how affairs at home are progressing, to ask further advice on new problems that have arisen, or simply to express more thanks for the help they have received.

Some would-be alarmists might rise to protest that such a marriage consultation bureau is going to allow cold science to blight the bud of romance. But the Los Angeles Marriage Clinic only answers, "Romance flourishes much better in an atmosphere of health and knowledge than in an atmosphere of disease and ignorance." And who can present a more reasonable argument than that?

Morning Rapture

By Merab Eberle

The morn
Is liquor in my throat,
A fiery zest within my breast,
A glory newly born!
See! See!
How in winged ecstacy
The butterfly doth flutter above clover,
And dragonfly doth ply
A jewelled needle
Where rushes hedge the river's edge!

The Next Speaker

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

Who will succeed "Nick" Longworth in the second most powerful office of our Government?

When a King of England dies, the line of succession to the throne is clear and precise. It is known in advance. When a Speaker of the National House of Representatives goes to his reward, even among his own party there is no heir apparent. In American politics wars of succession may be as bitterly fought and personal ambition may be as soaring as in the rough days of old when the sceptre went to the strongest, rather than to the nearest of kin. Hardly had the late Nicholas Longworth of Ohio been laid in his grave, and the funeral orations pronounced, than the fight for his raiment began. Had the Ohio man lived, the Republicans would almost certainly have chosen him as their candidate for the office which still ranks second in real power only to that of the President. His death released the floodgates of personal ambition, sectionalism, and partisan politics. The contest for the speakership, now under way, will continue until the seventy-second Congress meets in December, and perhaps for some weeks thereafter. Until the House organizes, and chooses its officers, by a majority vote, it can transact no public business.

This is more than a private fight for office. It has a direct bearing upon the fortunes of the Hoover Administration. The next House will be a hybrid body; the two parties are so evenly divided that it is a toss-up whether the Republicans or the Democrats will have the numerical edge. A corporal's guard of radicals holds the balance of power, and with the Democrats and Republicans so evenly matched, the radicals never had a better chance to run the show on Capitol Hill than will be theirs this winter. With a Westerner as Speaker, one half-way sympathetic with their socialistic legislative nostrums, the radicals feel that the lightning has struck, and that fate has played into their hands.

Radical legislation is one of the clouds on President Hoover's political horizon, for much of it, if enacted, will seriously interfere with the plans of his Administration. If a glove can be placed on the radical fist, it can best be placed there through the election of a "safe" and conservative Speaker. Back of the tu-

mult and the shouting, therefore, we may see a sharp clash between the East and West, between the conservatism of the industrialized East, and the radicalism of the agrarian West.

For some years past, the Big Three — Longworth, Tilson and Snell — ruled the House with a pleasant, but none the less iron hand. Inheritor of wealth, backed by a Harvard education, his wife a daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, Longworth was generally regarded as an Easterner, though Cincinnati was his home. On economic issues he nearly always walked the conservative side of the ship. Hailing, as he does, from industrial Connecticut, Floor Leader Tilson has the record of a dyed-in-the-wool conservative. Bertrand Snell of New York, chairman of the Rules Committee, and the third member of the triumvirate, ranks in the same class with Tilson as a conservative, but has turned down radical legislation with a sharper tongue, and a more ungracious manner.

WHILE Longworth was alive, and with a comfortable Republican majority back of them, enough to offset the desertion of the party programme by the Wisconsin insurgents and their sympathizers, the Big Three ruled the roost, and except under such emergency conditions as the drive for the soldiers' loan bill, when even Longworth deserted the President, the Administration could usually count upon the House to stand by it, no matter how far the Senate might stray from the straight and narrow path. Smart as they might under the high-handed rule of the trio, the radicals and progressives were all but helpless. Unless Snell agreed to let a given measure come up on the floor, it was practically impossible to bring it up in any other way, for Longworth, through the prerogatives of the Speaker's office, could refuse to recognize the insurgent member.

THE dam has now burst, and neither Tilson nor Snell, the two most logical claimants for the throne, has the personal popularity, and the geniality which belonged to the late Speaker, the personal qualities which warmed to him the hearts of the radicals, even when he was planning to sidetrack some of their pet measures. Revolt has flared up in the House against the rule of the old triumvirate. Western members, by and large, will not accept an Eastern speaker if they can help it. Eastern Republicans have put forward as candidates the two surviving members of the old triumvirate, Tilson and Snell. The Connecticut man has been a close friend of President Hoover, is a frequent guest at the White House, and has stood by the President pretty consistently through the strenuous days of the past session, even injecting his body in the path of the avalanche of votes for the soldiers' loan bill. There have been reports that the President would like to see Tilson chosen speaker, presumably for the reason that he is a man upon whose loyalty the Administration could continue to count. The White House, however, has officially denied this. According to its spokesmen, the President will pursue a strictly hands-off policy in the speakership fight. Apart from his ultraconservatism and his tendency

to regard all other than Old Guard Republicans as barbarians, one of the principal elements of weakness in Tilson's campaign seems to lie in the fact that he is too much of an Administration man, a significant commentary on the extent to which party responsibility and party loyalty have broken down in the National Legislature.

AN ALUMNUS of old Amherst, with a long training in the school of practical politics back of him, Bertrand Snell has won his way into the inner councils of the party leaders of the House. For some years he has been chairman of the Rules Committee, one of the key posts in Congress. As such, he has acted as a sort of legislative traffic cop, telling the House what bills it can take up and what it can not, pocketing proposals which he considers dangerous or unwise. Snell appeals for the support of his fellow Republicans, partly on the ground of his long years of service in the House, and in part because better than any other Eastern Republican, his friends feel he can hold the tide of Western radicalism in check. One of his principal supporters, the veteran James M. Parker of New York, made this plain in his statement setting forth the many reasons why the Republicans should make his colleague their candidate for speaker.

"Just consider what will happen even if New York is given this much needed recognition, and Mr. Snell is elected Speaker. Indiana's four Republicans will include one, Will R. Wood, who is chairman of the Appropriations Committee, one of the three most important committees not only of the House, but of Congress, for no committee in the Senate has equal power. These four Republicans also include Fred S. Purnell, who will become chairman of the Rules Committee, another of the three most powerful. The chairmanship of the third of the Big Three committees, Ways and Means, is held by Willis C. Hawley of Oregon. Domination of the key positions in this Government at the present time is not in the East. President Hoover was born in Iowa and claims California as his home. Vice President Curtis is from Kansas. Only one Cabinet member is from the Empire State, Henry L. Stimson."

If you read behind the lines, there is more in this statement than appeals to the pride of the Empire State. The drums beat to summon all those who want to hold in check the grip of the West.

WESTERN Republicans have their full quota of receptive candidates — Hoch of Kansas, Mapes and Michener of Michigan, Britten of Illinois, Purnell and Woods of Indiana, Haugen of Iowa and several others. Trial balloons aplenty have already gone up in the air to test the drift and the force of the prevailing winds. Though no one of their number has leaped to the fore, Western Republicans are in substantial agreement on one thing; they want a Westerner to succeed Nick Longworth. Radicals and progressives, who hold in their hands the balance of power, may have at the outset a candidate of their own, but when the balloting reaches a decisive turn, their votes, in all probability will go to any Westerner rather than to the candidate

put forward by the conservative Eastern wing of the party.

As they stand today, the House rules have chafed the Westerners. They know well enough that these same rules were a mighty help to the Big Three in operating the steam roller. The principal change the reformers want is one by which hereafter it will be possible for a hundred members on a petition to discharge a committee from consideration of any given bill, and have it reported to the floor. Now the chairman is virtually boss of his committee; it cannot meet unless he so directs, and rarely does any committee vote out a bill over the veto of the chairman. Since the selection of the chairman of committees is in the hands of the majority leaders, the present practice facilitates this group's grip on the legislative throttle. By the simple expedient of having the committee chairman, whoever he might be, refuse to call his committee together, Administration forces have been able time and again to pigeonhole an objectionable bill, one that would almost certainly have passed had it come to a vote on the floor.

A HUNDRED names for a petition would be an easy matter for the progressives, and aided and abetted by the Democrats, who love nothing better than putting the Administration in a hole, they might well railroad through the House many a measure which the President and his advisers regard as an economic menace to the country. Hence the conservatives, to a man, will fight the proposed liberalization of the rule as breaking down legislative efficiency, and as striking a body blow at party responsibility. Liberalization of the rules, as the radical sees it, will give him a chance to experiment with some of his favorite specifics and cure-alls, with the American people as the laboratory.

ON THE Democratic side, the dream and spell of office conceals the underlying discords. Since March 3, 1919, when Champ Clark of Missouri yielded up his gavel, the Democrats in the House have gone through twelve lean and hungry years. The pie counter has been near enough at times, but not near enough for the party to receive any of the choice cuts. Committee chairmanships, patronage, fame and publicity — these are the things that lure the party on to capture the speakership if by hook or crook they can muster the votes necessary to do so, even by buying at the seller's price a possible insurgent vote or two. A minority party invariably has greater discipline and unity than the majority, and Jack Garner of Texas, whose favorite sport is baiting Andy Mellon, will be the man behind whom the Democrats will rally when the time comes for voting for Speaker.

If Garner and his cohorts march in to capture the fort, with bands playing and banners flying, there will be a mighty migration of power from North to South. Texas will become the most powerful State in the Union. Sixteen out of the seventeen really important chairmanships will go to the South, a migration which Tammany Democrats from New York, and other Congressmen of the party hailing from New England or the Middle West can not view with much enthusiasm. In addition to the

speakership, under the seniority rule, Texans would fill the chairmanships as well of six of the major House committees.

The national campaigns of 1924 and 1928, the epic fight in Madison Square Garden, and the more recent flare-up over John J. Raskob, all speak eloquently of the fact that a fundamental cleavage still cuts the Democratic party into two wings; the wet Catholic Democrats of the North and East, and the dry Protestants of the South. It is the Democracy of the South which will climb into the seats of power on Capitol Hill if the Democrats succeed in organizing the House.

ONCE Jack Garner ascended the Speaker's platform, it would take little to light the fires of sectional, religious and racial passion. For the moment, however, House Democrats have their eye on the trappings, the plums and patronage of office. If the chance comes, they are not likely to refuse to organize the House because of the knowledge that in so doing the country as a whole will hold the Democratic party responsible for the sins of commission, as well as of omission of that body. On the eve of a national election, when Democratic hopes are running high, this is no small responsibility.

The speakership is one of the great prizes in public life. The car that goes with the office is not the only attraction, though you may be sure that its glitter finds a place in the dreams of Jack Garner. Though shorn a bit of the prerogatives inherent in the office when Uncle Joe Cannon was Czar of the House, it is still one of great power, second perhaps only to that of the President. Tradition and the unwritten law require that the Speaker apply the rules fairly as between the two parties in the House, yet in the twilight zone, a large area exists where he has great latitude of action, and where he has many an opportunity to apply the rules to his party's advantage, without offending the accepted proprieties. The range of the Speaker's influence is extended through the authority to appoint chairmen and members of select committees. Again, too, on a controversial issue, the way the Speaker votes determines the votes of many of his colleagues. In the social life of the capital, the Speaker ranks next to the Chief Justice; and in Washington no small part of the business of government is transacted, and many an important decision made over the dinner table. His social contacts broaden materially the influence which the Speaker has on public affairs.

IN THE first half of the Nineteenth Century the division between North and South ran through the political battles of the age. Today, on the field of national politics, the split between East and West is one of the sharpest of the dividing lines. It is the clue to much that is happening in contemporary politics. The cleavage tends to grow sharper, rather than otherwise. Sectionalism runs its dividing line down legislation, the choice of candidates, and the orientation of economic policies. From the agrarian West have come populism, free silver, the drive for farm relief, much of the demand for curbing the "power trust," and the movement for an alleged democratization of the

political structure, as represented by such institutions as the direct primary, the initiative, the referendum and the recall. From this region, too, have sprung a succession of leaders, such as William J. Bryan, the elder La Follette, down to the Borahs and Norrises of our time — all embodying the social and political philosophy of the agrarian West.

By placing its man in the Speaker's chair, and by holding the chairmanships of as many of the House committees as it can, the West has high hopes of playing the whip hand in the next House. Any candidate that the East is likely to present politicians in the great open spaces would classify as a conservative, perhaps as a reactionary, and therefore entirely unacceptable. No Republican can be elected unless he gets every Republican vote.

On most pivotal issues until now, the Republican Administration has been able to count on the support of the lower branch, while the Senate, where the wild jackasses have had pretty much the run of the corral, has tended to follow its own sweet will and the mood of the moment. The support of one House, at any rate, has been an anchor to windward. In December, the balance will be the other way; unless all signs fail, the House which then meets will be as difficult for the Administration to manage as any Senate in recent years. Only by a conservative Speaker can the East hope to stem, even in part, the avalanche of Western ideas, and by the same token, if the progressives and radicals force the election of a Western Speaker, one presumably sympathetic with their programme, the West will be pretty much master of the field. Not in a generation, indeed, has a speakership contest had as broad a national significance.

The Poet

By V. Sackville-West

A story by the author of "The Edwardians"

I first saw him sitting at a little table outside a café in Italy. He was alone, and I knew him instantly for a poet by his wild eyes, his tumbled hair, his sensitive nostrils, and his weak but beautiful mouth. He wore a faded blue shirt and a pair of blue linen trousers, with his bare feet thrust into heelless *espadrilles*. At the moment when my eyes first fell upon him, he was gazing sorrowfully into a glass of beer. I imagined that in those translucent amber depths he sought perhaps some simile for a mermaid's hair — the café was situated on the shores of the Mediterranean — but after a prolonged contemplation he beckoned to the waiter and said in Italian, "There's a fly in this beer. Take it away."

I was disappointed. I had been so certain he was a poet and that he was English. His appearance was so romantic, the lonely fishing village was so romantic too, just the place for a poet, with its little harbour and the painted boats swaying softly on the dark green water, and the Mediterranean beyond, and the fishermen's houses in a semi-circle, the colour of tea-roses and tulips, and the nets hung out to dry, and the lovely hills rising behind, silvery with the olive-trees. Now it seemed that he was a native, a peasant perhaps, come down from the hills to catch the evening coolness of the port, and to drink his glass before climbing back to bed; a native, a peasant, unlettered, and a materialist into the bargain. As I watched him, he rose, and slouching away he vanished through a little green door into a neighbouring house. I heard him coughing as he went.

On the following evening I saw him again in the same place. His glass of beer stood beside him, his elbow was propped on the table, his cheek propped on his hand, and he was reading in a small book bound in calf, the pages slightly foxed. I passed behind him, and looked over his shoulder. He was reading Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, in a Seventeenth Century edition. My spirits revived. I felt justified.

As I sat down at another table and ordered my vermouth and selz, unfolding my *Daily Mail* meanwhile rather ostentatiously, I felt rather than saw that he had raised his head and was glancing in my direction. I bided my time, paying no attention.

Presently I heard, as I had known I would hear, the scraping of his chair on the tiled floor. He was edging himself towards me. He wanted to enter into conversation. I cursed myself for a brute as I heard his first apologetic cough develop into a terrible, a heart-rending attack of coughing. I flung my *Daily Mail* aside, and hastily poured him out a glass of water. "By God, you're ill," I said.

He put his handkerchief to his lips and brought it away stained with red. "Ill?" he said, and stretched a shaking hand. "There's death in that hand," he said with a twisted smile.

THAT jarred me. I had dramatized him to myself, heaven knows, but that he should dramatize himself was more than I could bear. I was divided between distress at his ill-health and disgust at his exploitation of it. In consequence I spoke rather briskly, asking him what ailed him, — though it was clear enough.

He was ready to talk. He hadn't spoken his own language for three months, he told me. He had come to Santa Caterina to die. He thought it couldn't be long now, but he didn't mind; he didn't care for life, so long as it gave him time to accomplish that which he must accomplish. He thought he had done his best by now, and was quite ready to go.

And what, I asked, was he so anxious to accomplish?

"I write poetry," he said, quite simply this time.

He was twenty-five years of age, he told me, and his name was Nicholas Lambarde. That seemed to me a good name for an English poet, in the tradition of Kit Marlowe, Robert Herrick, Richard Lovelace, and the rest. English poets had nearly always been endowed with good names, and Nicholas Lambarde might figure as honestly in an alphabetical index as the others. But, although I keep an eye on poetry, I had never heard of him. A mere name was not enough to make me take him on trust. What poetry, I asked, had he written? Had any of it been published?

No, he said, he had never bothered about publication. He cared nothing about contemporary fame. Posterity was the only thing that counted, and about posterity he had no doubt at all. He began then to talk of his poetry, dashing his hands through his hair; he talked extravagantly, lyrically; but somehow — although sceptical, I think, by nature, and not readily impressed — I couldn't feel that he was boasting in a void, or that the claims he made were in any way in excess of their justification. I couldn't explain to myself why he thus immediately convinced me. Perhaps his very scorn for present fame did its part, a scorn so rare and so manifestly genuine. At any rate, whenever he told me that he had that morning written a real poem, a true contribution to English literature, I believed him. And, in a way, as my story will show, I was right. He had.

HE HELD very definite and vigorous views about poetry. He couldn't abide the modern school of *défaitisme* and despair. He couldn't feel — dying man though he was — that life was little more than the sloughed skin of a snake, or a rustle of dry leaves, or a parched land

without water, or whatever the metaphor might be. Nor did he feel that poetry was the proper vehicle for metaphysics, any more than fiction was the proper vehicle for propaganda, sexual or sociological. He held that poetry ought to spring from its own soil, and break freely into leaves like a tree, with a suggestion of sky above and of roots beneath, drinking deeply in the earth. He believed profoundly in the technique of the craft, and held that the first use of technique was to suggest, by association, far greater riches than actually stated by the words. In fact, rapturously though he expressed himself, he displayed a considered judgment and talked a great deal of sense.

He never read poetry nowadays, he said, for fear of being influenced, though of course he had read through the whole of English literature in his early youth.

Every now and then he broke off to cough and to dab his handkerchief against his mouth.

Well, I stayed on at Santa Caterina. Nicholas Lambarde, invisible in the daytime, appeared regularly every evening at the café, ordered his glass of beer, joined me at my table, and talked poetry to me while the stars came out and the lights of the harbour dropped their plummets into the water. I watched him growing a little paler, a little thinner every day. His fits of coughing became more frequent and more violent. Still, when I exhorted him, he impatiently brushed aside my importunity and went on with what he was saying. The only important thing in the world to him was poetry. Death did not matter, health did not matter, nor time, nor fame, nor money; I never met any one who lived so intensely or so continuously the life of the spirit. I can see him now, with his burning eyes, his unshaven chin cupped in his hands, and the stained handkerchief crumpled between his fingers, leaning across the table, talking, talking.

One evening he said that he would like to ask me a favour. He had no friends and no relations, he said, and the only thing which bothered him was the disposal of his manuscripts after he was dead. He had thought of consigning them all to a literary agency, but that seemed an insecure thing to do, for who could guarantee that any literary agency would find him a publisher? Poetry did not pay — he knew that — and he feared that the eventual fate of his poems might be the waste-paper basket. On the one hand, you see, he was curiously sane. On the other hand, he was absolutely confident that in, say, a hundred years' time he would be recognized as the head of English song. He made a possible exception in favour of Shakespeare, but admitted no other rivals. If, that is to say, he had his chance, and that must be my business. In short, he asked me to act as his literary executor.

Of course, I accepted. No one could have refused him, and I was, as you may imagine, consumed with the desire to read these poems of which I had heard so much. Often though I urged him, he would never show me a line, but putting on an expression at once arrogant and secretive would reply, "All in good time! You'll see, you'll see."

It was on a morning in early May that a fisher-boy came breathlessly to find me, saying that the Englishman had died during the night: would I please come at once? I had never before penetrated into Lambarde's lodging, and it was with an uncomfortable sense of intrusion that I mounted the rickety stairs and stood upon the threshold of his room. I had not expected to find him surrounded by many possessions, but neither had I been prepared for such utter barrenness and poverty. He himself lay upon, not in, the bed, dressed as usual in his faded shirt and trousers, as though he had flung himself down in the last fatal access of coughing — for the sheets and counterpane were stained with a deeper flood than ever his pitiable handkerchief. One glance round gave me the complete inventory of the room. A pair of brushes, a comb, a razor; a bunch of wild jonquils stuck in a bottle; some shoes; a few books, mostly tattered. That was all I could see. But there were papers everywhere — strewn over the bed, the one table, and even over the floor — separate sheets of foolscap, some closely covered, some scrawled with but a single line, tossed aside, blown by the breeze into some neglected corner. His landlady, who had followed me upstairs, doubtless thought that she read criticism in my glance.

He would never allow her to tidy, she said; sometimes for weeks together he had locked the door and she had been unable to enter his room; and once, when she had ventured to pick up some of his papers and place them on the table, he had flown into the most terrible rage, so that she thought he would expire on the spot. It was comprehensible, she said, with the Latin peasant's understanding of the artist: the poor young man was a poet, and poets were cursed with that kind of temperament; one could not expect a stag to browse mildly like a cow. And she looked at him, lying upon the bed, with a compassion that forgave him all his trespasses.

But now he could prevent nobody from picking up his papers and arranging them on the table. It was, indeed, precisely what he had asked me to do, yet I did it with a sense of guilt, induced, no doubt, by my own knowledge of my own curiosity. Outwardly I was executing the wishes of a dead compatriot; in reality, I was gratifying the meanest of our instincts. Yet why should I blacken myself unduly? I love letters, I respect genius; I had lent a sympathetic ear to an unknown poet for weeks past; I had upset all my plans on his account. It was only fair that I should have my reward.

And yet, I swear, it wasn't only my reward that I thought of — the reward of discovering a new master of English verse. I honestly wanted to do my best by that proud, lonely, flaming creature who had lived for nothing but his art.

I persuaded the good wife to leave me, and, alone with the dead man, I fell to my task. You must believe me when I say that I have seldom been more excited. At first I was puzzled, for many of the writings were so exceedingly fragmentary; there were scraps of scenes from plays, whose characters bore names

in the Elizabethan tradition — Baldassare, Mercurio, and the like; there were a few verses of what appeared to be a ballad; there were some ribald addresses to Chloe and Dorinda; there was the beginning of a contemplative poem on Solitude. I fancied from all these that he had been practising his hand at the art of parody, for he had hit off the Elizabethan manner exactly, and the manner of the ballads, and of the Restoration, and of the early Nineteenth Century. Whatever else he had been, he was certainly a skilful parodist; I was sure that I had read something very like his play-scenes in some minor work of Kyd or Shirley, I couldn't remember which. But I turned over his poor papers impatiently, in the hope of coming on one of those poems of which he had said to me, "Lord! I'm tired, but I did something good today, something really first-class. I'm pleased."

And I found them. I found the really first-class things. He was quite right: they really were first-class. He had taken an enormous amount of trouble, putting his pencil through word after word, until he got exactly the word he wanted. That was the extraordinary thing: the amount of trouble he had taken in his search for perfection, carving each phrase laboriously from his brain, working it out like a puzzle; I could imagine him sitting there at that same table, concentrated, rapt; dissatisfied at first, and finally triumphant; I could imagine him springing up at last with a cry of triumph and pacing about the room declaiming the magnificent stanzas to himself. It had been a terrific effort, but he had always got it right in the end.

One of his first drafts ran thus:

Fair star! I would I were as faithful as thou
art,
Not in sole glory piercing through the night,
But watching with unsleeping lids apart
eremite
The restless ocean at its patient task
Of slow erosion round earth's aged shores.

The pencil had been dashed through the last two lines, and he had substituted with scarcely a check,

The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores.

Yes, I thought, no wonder he was pleased with that; no wonder he had come down to the café to tell me he had done something really good!

And there were other passages which had worried him considerably:

But after me I seem to hear
The wheels of Time near

A fiery spirit ?bright and swift

The Earth like Danae
Like Danae the Earth
Under the stars the Earth like Danae lies

But he had got that right too, nearly the whole of it, except one line, for which he had left a blank.

I sat back and stared at his papers. What had gone wrong, in that poor muddled brain? What fantastic trick had memory played upon him? I remembered how he had told me that he had quite given up reading the poets now, "for fear of being influenced," though he had read them extensively as a boy. Influenced, indeed! The irony of it!

And yet, you know, I still main-

tain that a poet was lost in him. I found among his papers one sonnet, which, with the obvious though partial exception of the first line, I have so far been unable to trace to anybody else. It is not the kind of poetry which brought him downstairs to tell me that he had done something "really good"; it is, indeed, only a sonnet of a type which could be turned out in dozens by any competent rhymester, soaked in the conventions of English literature; the octet may pass muster, but the sextet is poor, as though scribbled down in a hurry; and probably I exaggerate the merit of the whole, being privy to the absolute truth which inspired it; but such as it is it may very well stand as his epitaph:

When I am gone, say only this of me:
He scorned the laurels and the praise of men,
Alien to fortune and to fame; but then
Add this: he plunged with Thetis in the sea;
Lay naked with Diana in the shade;
He knew what paths the wandering planets drew;
He heard the music of the winds; he knew
What songs the sirens sang; Arion played.

Say this; no more; but when the shadows lengthen
Across the greensward of your cloistered turf,
Remember one who felt his sinews strengthen
And tuned his hearing by the line of surf.
One who, too proud, passed ease and comfort by,
But learned from Rome and Hesiod how to die.

Picture Card

By Alberta Williams

A Story of Post-war Germany

She was too busy with the colored yarns. Her very intentness in selecting the blue told him she had read it. And there she sat in his room, guarding her evidence. Peasant shrewdness again, combined with no real intelligence.

"So, you have paid your morning call on cousin Koethe. And how is little Klaus?" She could not look up from her work.

"Klaus was very smart this morning. I saw him in his bath. And Koethe tells me I should ask you to write down the pancake mixture for her cook, Mutti."

"Ach, she likes it then? And only one egg for such a pancake. So I make it."

"Yes, she was telling Werner about it." He looked at the clock. "Mutti, we have still an hour before Father comes. I think I shall take a little walk and go to say goodbye to Fraulein Hahn and return her English books. With only two days left I must make all my last farewells."

"Naturally. And greet Fraulein Hahn for me and tell her she must come for coffee with me some time soon, so we can again talk over old times when you were her pupil. Tell her I hope she has no more the bad headaches which her eyes were causing. I think my eyes are getting bad. I could no longer see well to embroider in my room, so I had to come to your room where there is better light. But here one sees quite well, by this large window. Perhaps I should stay in my room and make the light on, but the bills are always so large that one doesn't turn on the light at noon, even if the day is dark. I think I am getting old. If you are gone long in America you will find an old, old lady when you come back. You don't mind your old mother sitting in your room, do you?"

Not bad. That peasant shrewdness, cunning. "Of course I like to have you in my room, Mutti." He fumbled at his writing table. Unaided she wouldn't raise the issue. "I wrote a picture card this morning and forgot to mail it. I shall post it on the way back from Fraulein Hahn's." He put the card in his pocket. "And now those English books. Ah, yes, here they are. Well, can I do any errand for you while I am gone?"

Now she was absorbed in finding the exact shade of green. "No, only that you come back on time. Papa always wishes to start his *Mittagsessen* promptly."

He would turn at the next corner. No use hazarding this street with its possibility of meeting Elsa and having to walk with her. His association with the *Kapellmeister's* daughter these last three months had already come to his father's attention. Better not to risk anything these last two days. Better to be the very correct son of the Herr Oberregierungsrat Doktor Wiemer. Elsa was diverting, but then, she was much like a boy, she might even be *la garçonne* some day, and, should he meet her, she would request to be taken for a cognac, and he had very little money and only one hour until he must be back home for dinner. And, anyway, he must make himself perfectly secure by taking care of the post card.

SUPPOSE he should let the post card go? He felt comfortable in contemplating it, permitting himself to enjoy the vision of such a gesture. What would it mean to her? It was not climax she sought, not the opportunity to be the force to put something in motion, not revenge for wrong. It was merely alliance, and the ability to become articulate, to be recognized. She had waited twenty-five years. Ever since Mathilde Zimmermann had brought her almost too adequate fortune to a climbing, untitled and ambitious government official, ever since she had bid farewell to lower bourgeoisie and gone uncertainly into upper bourgeoisie, there had been tendered her no invitation to articulation.

The drama of letting matters take their course pleased him for a moment. Let the post card go? Now that he was at last on the quota let slip the only possible opportunity he had for a future? Post-war Germany offered him nothing. His father, who had once been Landrat, now only Oberregierungsrat, securely that, of course, until his pension, but in a Catholic district, and his father a Protestant! And what did it matter to have a father who was Oberregierungsrat if he was a pre-war official? Trying to emigrate proved that there was no influence for the son of a pre-war official in these times. He had had to wait just as long as any of them to be put on the quota. He had even been sorry his father had tried to get him in ahead of his turn. And the other pre-war connections, wealthy bourgeoisie who had enjoyed the acquaintance of a Landrat? There had been only volunteer apprenticeship when it came to finding work for the son of a former Landrat whose fortune had been woefully mismanaged in the inflation. Was he to go on with a large firm as volunteer apprentice with the career of minor clerk staring at him in the near future and perhaps eventually the directorship of an insignificant department?

HE COULD conceive of a situation in which he could have told his father about Sigrid, and have been rewarded by that correct official with only a "*Tiens, tiens, mein Sohn.*" In the days of the Landrat, in the days of the country estate, in the days when there were hunting parties, in the days of the Zimmermann-Wiemer fortune, when he had listened to his brilliant future, how after university he would travel for a year or perhaps two years and then would either make a good business

connection or go into the diplomatic service, as he chose, in those days he could have hinted laughingly of Sigrid to his father and been given an almost admiring reprimand. But now, in these days of a six-room flat in Crefeld, in these days of one servant, a peasant girl whom his mother futilely tried to train, in these times of bread soup on laundry day, in these times when his father was Oberregierungsrat — really a mere tax collector trying to maintain caste by rigid correctness — such an understanding was impossible. No, if the little affair, the *scherzo* with Sigrid, were disclosed it would meet with no sympathy. It would mean a crash and he would come out badly.

THAT in exchange for squeamishness about the feelings of Mathilde Zimmermann, who happened to be his father's wife and his mother? He could get another one of those cards, very ordinary ten pfennig ones of the new *Bahnhof*, change the positives to negatives, even make the tiny ink smudge in the upper corner, and, then, if she chose to make her feeble attempt, what could she do? After all, perhaps she would keep silence and he would not have to use the well-prepared defense. She had an hour in which to think it over. She loved him, he knew that. He was probably the only human being she presumed to love. Her solicitous desire to have everything exactly as his father wanted it, her eagerness to agree on every point, her cordiality and pleasantness toward Tante Tietjen and Koethe, her politeness and respect toward *Grossmutter*, all that was not love. No, whatever of love there was in her now was for him. And that was understandable; it was even as it should be under the circumstances. But why must she always silently ask for an alliance in return? He realized comfortably that he had only to tell her of Sigrid, to share that part, any part, of his life with Mutti and he would truly have entered into a pact with her which would keep her allegiance forever. In the case of Sigrid she would disapprove, she would probably attempt some clumsy advice about women, but she would agree not to say anything to father. The alliance would be established! In it she would find her importance, her self-esteem, her happiness. She would have become a person who counted, whom one took into consideration; she would even enjoy it more than the alliance she could form with Father through this incident, an articulation based on telling tales, on an assumed righteous anger to match Father's genuine wrath. She could feel only excited, not angry. Never had she been able to summon the dignity of real anger. It had been only excitement over the French troops. And how fleeting would be her power of articulation, her alliance, with Father; with him it would be secret and therefore permanent.

* * *

HE HAD wound the bath towel very tightly around his abdomen and he pinned it there securely. It pressed hard. That was better. One didn't notice one's hunger when the bath towel drew one in and pressed on one. At fourteen you could not go to sleep when you were hungry. Everyone in the Rheinlands

was hungry. Tea made of apple parings. Turnips in the watery soup, mashed turnips, bread made of turnips. Dinner cooked on the one gas flame allowed and each pot embedded in straw to keep the food warm while the rest of the meal was prepared. Butter rationed. Each one in the family with his own pat of butter to do for the week, really just enough for one breakfast. Miraculously on Wednesday his butter pat began to grow. He knew. He could eat a little on all the days, he need not hoard it for the end of the week. Mutti never touching butter. They never mentioned it. If he thanked her he could allow her to do it no more. On Wednesdays when his butter pat began to get a little larger he would look at Mutti and raise his brows a little. She would almost smile and look from the corner of her eye at Father. Father not noticing, thinking always of the prison camp, the Russian nobles who had half enough beds. Mutti probably liked butter. But, then, one doesn't mention such things. No word. It was better so.

* * *

MUTTI fluttering, actually trembling. To take charge of the volunteer work in the city! Sewing supplies for the soldiers, rolling bandages, cutting and packing; *ah, ja*, that, but in charge of the volunteer work, she knew she could not. Frau Baronne von Pechmann would be working there, Frau Geheimrat Hachmeister, Frau Director Stauf, and Father's sister, Tante Tietjen — Tante Tietjen, the poised and assured Frau Kommerzienrat Wienands. Mutti in charge of them and all the others. Not in charge, she couldn't. Work, yes — sewing would be fine — but in charge, with all the ordering, all the routine, all the responsibility — ach, it was not to be expected of her, surely. Father irritated. The wife of Herr Landrat Doktor Wiemer refusing to take charge! Mutti terror-stricken, going down to take charge of the volunteer work.

THE evening of the second day. Mutti crying, weeping. She had become confused. They had sent everything to the wrong place. So many orders, directions and regulations from headquarters, one simply couldn't keep them all straight. Father coldly suggesting that he ask Tietjen to take charge for her. Mutti embarrassedly grateful. Tante Tietjen in charge. Mutti working there. The volunteer work so capably directed by Frau Kommerzienrat Wienands. "Why, she should have been a man, so she could have gone into business!" Frau Landrat Doktor Wiemer sewing bandages. "Her maiden name was Mathilde Zimmermann, from Stuttgart, I believe."

One should almost say something kind to Mutti. Perhaps put one's fingers on her arm. But, there, the thing was really settled now. Why, Mutti had been going down now as worker for over a week already!

* * *

Inflation. One thousand marks — nothing. Money slipping, sliding, impossible to hold it in your hand. The Zimmermann fortune melting like a bowl of frozen punch. Zimmermann fortune, factory money from Stuttgart. Impossible to talk to Father now. Mutti agonized, dis-

traught, saying nothing, asking no questions, thinking only of Father. Grossvater Zimmermann's money streaming into the mouth of the inflation. But one didn't think of Grossvater Zimmermann. One almost forgot that he had ever lived. One heard only of Grossvater Wiemer, an esteemed doctor of medicine. Mutti's sister in Muenchen? No, one visited and admired Father's sister, Tante Tietjen, wife of Herr Kommerzienrat Wienands. There were Zimmermann cousins, one knew that vaguely, but one never saw Zimmermann cousins. It had never been the Zimmermann fortune, surely. But now it undeniably was the Zimmermann fortune. Only Zimmermann money could bound and leap so frenziedly to hurl itself into that yawning inflation. Mutti suffering. For what? For the money? Mutti liked much better to be frugal. She wouldn't miss the money. She loved to count the eggs to make sure the cook hadn't eaten one for lunch. She always had the olive oil bottle turned upside down on a plate for a day when the bottle was supposed to be empty; there were always a few drops of oil left for the salad. Mutti pained for money? Impossible. Ah, but Father had married Mutti — one didn't say it, but of course it was understood. And now Mutti had no fortune. Father had Mutti — of course. But what could one say to Mutti about an inflation?

* * *

CHRISTMAS at Grossmutter's. Best china, best linen, oldest wine. Tante Tietjen very elegant in an austere dark blue silk, with the tiny white fold at the throat; Grossmutter in her black brocade; Mutti — Mutti as usual. It might have been the brown silk of three years ago, it might have been the dark green of six years earlier.

DINNER conversation centered about the glory of the Wiemer family. Grossmutter as a raconteur. Incident after incident of the late Grossvater Wiemer's life, all emphasizing the high social standing of his patients. Grossmutter reflecting on the eminent physician. Always the first day the Frau Graffon von Meyern-Hohenberg called for him, the day they knew the Freifrau von Wangenheim was dying, the twins of Herr General Direktor Hitzmann and Frau, one of whom was feebleminded and had a weak spine. Avid attention to Grossmutter as she held up to view the superiority of the late Herr Doktor Wiemer, as she opened the closet doors on the weaknesses and strength of the local noblesse.

Koethe vivid, quick, charming, making asides to him on Grossmutter's tales. Ilse stolid, not ever very well, thirty, and unmarried. A constant embarrassment to Herr Kommerzienrat Wienands and Frau. Fortunate that Ilse managed to be in the mountains most of the time. She liked landscape gardening. The Wienands' house was always filled with university students calling on Koethe. Students' caps in the vestibule; you could look at the hats and tell what year the callers were.

Father talking about his first trip to Spain, father talking about the exchange, even being listened to respectfully, the Zimmermann for-

tune not occurring to any one. Father telling his experiences with the Russian prisoners, officers, most of them belonging to the old nobility. Then, Herr Kommerzienrat Wienands telling jokes, good ones, a little risqué, more so as they continued. Grossmutter leading the laughter. Tante Tietjen smiling and shaking her head and at the start always intercepting, "That one really shouldn't be told." Every one leaving the table on the laughter from one of the jokes.

THE little salon for coffee. The conversation more general. Mutti smiling nervously each time the others laughed, gathering her courage, watching for her opportunity. German parties, the new Government, which parties stood just how far right, how far left, which one was really center. One of those avowedly impersonal discussions. Father plainly showing his strong inclinations to the right. Mutti at last, "I think one can not be too right." Father surprised. "Naturally, Mathilde, one can be too right, one can be too extreme in anything." Mutti confused. Conversation continuing. Koethe and Tante Tietjen waiting a brief second to exchange the look. Mutti watching while others talked. Ilse talking some to Mutti about the landscaping for the summer cottage. Mutti listening, grateful.

Should one walk with Mutti on the way home? But, then, it was really more thoughtful to go in advance and get the apartment warm. And Mutti would walk home with Father. He would take her arm if there was ice.

Koethe's wedding. A good wedding, too. Tante Tietjen complacent. Herr Kommerzienrat Wienands satisfied. Grossmutter nodding approval when she told of it over the coffee. Ilse landscaping. Koethe nine years younger being married. Grossmutter the only one who said it, "So, it seems now that Ilse will never get herself a husband." Life centering around wedding preparations. Dressmakers always at Tante Tietjen's house. The distinction of going shopping with Koethe. On the way meeting young men from the university who stopped to chat, to deplore laughingly the coming wedding, to plead to be the first house guest.

MUTTI trying to find money in the household account for his tuxedo. At twenty, almost, one can not go to so fine a wedding unless one has a tuxedo. For two years no new suits — Father's suits cut down for him, the material excellent but a little too dignified, the tailor doing as good work as possible but the back never fit just perfectly. And now a tuxedo, for Koethe's wedding. But from where? Mutti sure she could get it from the household money. Skimping — today she had saved one mark; by buying the meat at the shop three streets over last week she had saved six marks altogether. Mutti carefully adding on a pfennig here and there in her reports to Father. Nowadays Mutti always accounted to Father for every mark given her. Father boredly listening to the items of expenditure from the last twenty marks when he gave her the next twenty. Always some few corrections to make in Mutti's addi-

tion. Mutti not quite sure, couldn't remember how much the sausage was, suggesting she'd forgotten and would ask the maid. "Now, please, Mathilde, we do not depend on an ignorant servant girl to keep our personal expenses. You have made some mistake and you can not account for two marks. But you are out of money, so here are twenty marks. From now on write down your expenses just as soon as the maid comes from the market, and you can show me the written statements." Mutti awed. Something new again to do. The next week writing everything down. So many pfennigs here, so many pfennigs there, always adding on a little for the tuxedo. Then making a stupid blunder and, entirely unaware of it, bringing the paper to Father. Father bored but unsuspecting. "But, Mathilde, this can't be right. Here you have . . . "

MUTTI terrified, crying, sure she'd been detected. Explanations. She just wanted to be helpful, helpful. Hermann must have his tuxedo for Koethe's wedding, he must have as good a one as Hans had. Father angry, purple angry. Behind his back all this had been done. Couldn't he be trusted to see that his son had the proper clothing? Was it thinkable that he was not going to buy Hermann a tuxedo before Koethe's wedding? Father turning on him. Had he known that his mother was doing all this secretly? Mutti looking at him. But what could one do? Father's face quite purple. Why, certainly, he had known nothing about it; it was a very kind thought on Mutti's part and it was wonderful that Father, too, had planned for him. Father clearing his throat to end the scene. Where were these ridiculous, paltry few marks that had been stolen from the household account? Mutti fetching them awkwardly from her secretary. Father turning to him. "We may as well go to the tailor now and order a tuxedo for you before any more nonsense is made in my house."

Coming home from the tailor's. Mutti getting her dress ready for the wedding. Sponging, pressing, turning the black silk. How old was it? Really, one no longer knew at all how long Mutti had worn that black silk.

* * *

THE matter of his career. The university out of the question. Father writing letters, to Berlin, to Hamburg, to Bremen. Always the exceedingly polite replies. Regarding his son there was at present nothing available, but the matter would be given constant attention and at the earliest opportunity. . . . Finally the volunteer apprenticeship at the bank in Hamburg. Work that any boy of fourteen could have done. Endless copying, manipulating the old-fashioned letter press, doing countless errands of no importance. Looking about at men of forty who had been army officers and today were super-clerks. A man of fifty who had a brilliant war record who was Herr Direktor over a small department.

A small, uncomfortably clean, and very chilly room in the minister's house in the suburb. To work every morning on the elevated. And then the girl on the bicycle — Sigrid. Chestnut hair, wavy, bobbed. Impos-

sible not to run the fingers through those silken, chestnut *strips*. "*Puff*," always. Father Jewish, mother Gentile. Something infinitely cheerful, comfortable, carnal about the Westheimer apartment. No ambitions, no social position, no titles — one did not even say "Gnädige Frau." He could play chess with Karl while Sigrid pored over a cheap magazine. Dinner a wonderful adventure. Excellent food almost a fetish at the Westheimer home. Sigrid eating so much and sleepy afterwards. Sigrid, sixteen. Instinctive cleverness in love.

Two hours for lunch. A sandwich and a glass of beer. Sigrid waiting for him on the corner, her fur coat wrapped about her, all the *savoir faire* of an actress. Impossible to go back to the bank that afternoon. Sigrid loved the monkeys in the *Tiergarten*. A day now and then missed from the bank. No one said anything, no one cared; he got no money, how could they miss him? Spring and a picnic down the Alster. Three days away from the bank, away from the letter press.

Sigrid's cousin back from Chicago. Possibilities, but many of the immigrants had to begin as bus boys. One must know the language. Some of them stayed bus boys. Others in three years amounted to something. The cousin making a fortune on the stock exchange. The Americans were lazy, careless, friendly. If one was smart one could get ahead quickly, there was no one to stop you there. Only the stupid were clerks. No volunteers. Even the clerks could get twenty dollars a week. Eighty marks! But the quota. There were so many applications. Sometimes it took a year. With influence one could sometimes get on quickly. But one needed some time, anyway.

Father suddenly in Hamburg. Inquiring for him at the bank. He had not been there for two days. Father, disgusted, listening only because one had to have a career some way.

Back to Crefeld to study English until the name was on the quota. Sigrid a little tearful. Not too much, assuring him there would be some one else if he didn't soon make a fortune in America and send for her. Send for Sigrid? In America where he had heard that women love to have the hand kissed, where very young girls drive their own automobiles, in America where he had no intention of being a bus boy, send for Sigrid? She would some day marry some comfortable merchant. Frau Kauffman, Sigrid. Would she get stout, or would she stay thin, like her mother?

* * *

He put the coin back into his pocket. After all the hall was only gloomy, not dark, and the light never stayed on until you were up three flights of stairs. There would be no more of this mournful business of putting a pfennig into the slot for lights in the hall when he got to America, he thought cheerfully, as he mounted the shadowy steps. He closed the inside door gently; it was all too silent. He went into the dining room. They were just sitting down. No, he was not late, but he was not five minutes, three minutes, or even two minutes early. More complete silence. He was actually

enjoying the situation. It was like that moment in the theatre when the lights have gone down and the curtain has not risen, but you know that all the players are on the stage and that soon you will see them, and the action of the play will unfold itself. Of course, he had not been to the theatre very often; but, then, he read the reviews in the illustrated weekly, and that served him well in intellectual company.

The peasant girl, whose maid's uniform had a way of seeming hung on her broad frame like a garment on a wire coat hanger, brought in the soup. It was not a rich, thick concoction with bits of mushrooms, like soup at Tante Tietjen's, but a thin yellowish fluid which tasted faintly of carrots. Mutti had rather audibly swallowed three spoonfuls. Father had the first one down. Was the second one following? He had lifted it, started inclining his body to meet it, just the right number of degrees, no farther. The soup was not quite high enough. The hand of Herr Oberregierungsrat Doktor Wiemer held the spoon in mid air. The spoon was dropped back into the dish. Soup splattered on the table cloth.

"NO, THIS can't go on. I won't have it. You can continue to pack your baggage, but not for America. This evening you leave this house, and we find for you right here, in Crefeld, an apprenticeship. I shall see to it that you have a place to stay and something to eat, but not one pfennig to spend for wine for the daughter of a *Kapellmeister!* When we are straining everything to get you to America — three months of English tutoring, steamship passage, money for making a start in the United States, and you, on these days, are planning and thinking nothing but idiocy!"

HE REFLECTED calmly that Father had never before spilled soup on the table cloth. It was too bad Father could not do his part better, that he must spill soup like a butcher or a green grocer. It lacked the dignity of the fine purple rage he had expected. Disappointing.

"Father, I naturally don't know what you are talking about —"

"And now you lie! You know perfectly well of what I speak. This girl in Hamburg. Mother read your picture card with its beautiful message of devotion, affection expressed on the outside of a picture card addressed to some cheap thing in Hamburg, something with a Jewish name and who may know plenty of sailors, and my son along with them!"

Mutti frightenedly radiant. The alliance!

"If you mean the picture card I wrote —"

"Naturally I mean the picture card you wrote. Are you so stupid that it is just beginning to come to you what I am talking about, or do you have so many Jewish girls as *Freundinnen* that you have to try to recall which one it is?"

"Father, I still can't —"

"And there you sit showing every instinct of a peasant. I might have known. You can not continue to be a gentleman under misfortune. Have I stopped any? No, I never shall. But you, what are you? Deceiving about this girl, lying to me now. You, are you my son? No, you are, evi-

dently can only be — a Zimmermann. God be thanked I don't know them well."

Mutti had died. It had crystallized itself, been said. Alliance? As surely as she sat there she was dead. Father had not glanced at her, had not thought of her. How much longer would she live? Oh, thirty years, perhaps, but she was quite and totally dead, killed once for all.

WELL, it was his turn now. "Father, please listen to me just a moment. Mutti surely thought she was correct when she told you all this. I did write a post card. It is to a Jewish girl in Hamburg — a university professor's daughter — who thought I was sailing from Hamburg, instead of Bremen. She invited me to come to her home between the train and the boat train. I wrote refusing as politely as possible. That is all."

"Mathilde?"

She could only shake her head; three times, stiffly, the vacant face turned from side to side.

"Fortunately I can prove what I have said. I took the card with me to mail when I went out just before *Mittagsessen*, and, since I stayed a little too long at Fraulein Hahn's, I didn't go to drop it on the way home. Here is the card. Read it. You will see that it says I should like very much to see her again before I leave, that such a visit means much to me, that unfortunately my plans are such that this will be impossible. The expression of affection, you will observe, is in quotation marks. It is a silly, sentimental phrase we joked about from a French novel. Mutti must have read the card very hastily." A kind tone, a very kind tone.

"Mathilde, is it the same card?"

She seemed to be addressing herself. "No, it can't be. This time I am surely not mistaken . . ."

"Mathilde, will you manage to look at this card and tell me if it is the same one you read?"

"The *Bahnhof*, the new *Bahnhof*, that was the picture. Is this the new *Bahnhof?* Ach, yes, the same view. But the message — it was exactly opposite, exactly opposite — he was going to see her, it meant much to him, his plans were such that it would really be possible. And there were no marks about the phrase. I can not have read it wrong. There was a very tiny ink blot in the upper corner on the face of the card — that, too, is there. Yes, there is the ink blot. But I can not have read it wrong — I — I am not suspicious — I am not hunting — I would never have thought — it must be the same card, but I thought I read . . ."

Father had gone. The door of his room had closed.

SHE looked at him confusedly, bewilderedly. She had defense if she could grasp it. A hybrid sound of cough and groan escaped her throat. He saw she was done.

Lightly, a light tone. "Well, Mutti, let us finish our *Mittagsessen*. What have we next after this soup?"

He whistled a little as he packed the fibre trunk, *Ich habe etwas verloren*. Rather too bad one had to travel with such a trunk. Father had bought it for that first trip to Spain, fully thirty years ago. Well, one's trunk stayed in one's cabin. In tourist class there were always likely

to be nursemaids who had been back to Germany on a visit. One must avoid them. Queer, too, they sometimes looked quite presentable. But there would be some nice people in tourist class. None of the Americans so traveling would do, but Germans, yes, German students, their cheeks quilted with duel scars, intellectuals, like those two daughters of the famous novelist who always went tourist because they wanted to spend more money on the other side — people like that would be good boat acquaintances. An air of distinction soon brought one together with such people. That merely amounted to eating asparagus with the fingers. Well, fortunately, he could eat his asparagus successfully with his fingers.

Tinge of Sand

By Charles Malam

Shady ways are pleasant ways.
Nothing shakes the drowsy pillow
Where the brook in deep pool plays
Under summer sun and willow.
Nothing stirs the freckled sand
To remind it it is land,
To imply with iron mirth
The sad burden of the earth.

I would seek the greenest pool,
Loll forever out of sight
By a boulder, silent, cool,
Let earth set itself aright —
But for fear the tinge of sand
Might usurp with speckled band
My identity and days
In the pleasant shady ways.

You Got to Be Nice

By Philip Dryer

A Story

I was standing at the corner of MacDougal and Fourth Street and slipping the cards to tourists from uptown, like I always did on Saturday nights, when along come Ralph Jennings and another guy. Some young kid.

"Hello, Doggy! Haven't you had the old mug lifted yet?" Ralph cracked.

Honest, just because when I was a kid on Bleecker Street and a plate-glass window cut my map up pretty bad because of the Black Tom explosion, I've had to listen to more cheap cracks! I kind of liked Ralph, but because he knew me so long he thought it wasn't nothing when he passed those remarks, but it got my cork every time even if I laughed it off.

"Hello, Ralph, how are you?" I said.

"Splendiferous, Doggy, me lad, splendissimus — a — um! Say, meet Tom Rogers."

Ralph was pie-eyed again. Some of those artists and poets could of even put me under the table. Me and this Rogers kid shook hands, and I sized up right away he was another kid fresh from school and down here looking for kindred souls and inspiration. Me, I knowed all about it. What a laugh!

"Say, Doggy! Come on over to Freddy's with us and have a beer," Ralph said.

I already sent Mike enough business for a while, so I said okay.

We went up MacDougal to 131 next to the Provincetown where I helped with the scenery for one of Gene O'Neill's plays when nobody knowed him. Yes, I knowed him and Red Lewis, too. I knowed everybody what's been here for the last twenty years. Every last one of them was nuts, but I been around so much with those kind of guys and their high-talking skirts that I picked up a wonderful vocabulary. I used to fry steaks for them at parties, and I sure learned all about art and literature and that kind of boloney. And when I was cook for Norah in the Doll's House on Bleecker Street for three months, believe me, I learned everything from A to Z.

We went in to Freddy's, and the whole crowd was there at the tables. I saw Marcia in a corner, looking like a knock-out with her red floppy hat and her black scarf around her neck and those blue eyes of hers.

She was with two guys with stiff collars and spats, so I knew she was working her racket. Free drinks. I didn't want to muscle in and queer the works, maybe, but she saw us and hollered, "Why, Dog, darling! Ralph! Come over here."

THE three of us went over, and we was introduced — sure, I was used to that kind of society stuff, and Blackie brought over some beers. I had to laugh at that kid, Rogers. He was taking everything in like it was back-stage at the Winter Garden.

"Marcia, I salute your unfailing genius." Ralph was beginning to crack wise again. "However, may I suggest a little versatility in your choice of sub —"

The Rogers kid butted in. "Say, Ralph — aren't all these caricatures on the walls yours?"

Ralph begun to look snidey like he always did when some of his tourist-friends asked him that. "Tom, you can find the fruits of my art in every hole West, South and North of the Square as far as Fourteenth Street."

One of the foreigners from uptown took Marcia's hand and pulled the calf-act. "So you're an artist, too, eh? What do you do?"

I was wise that Marcia was crazy about Ralph, even if lots of times he said things what got her cork. Me, I didn't even try to get the Greek he was throwing half the time, but I could tell he pulled a three-bagger that time. Marcia was sore.

She closed her eyes and lifted her nose in the air and said kind of dreamy, "I secure suitable subjects to help me eject reality."

I ain't hep to what that means, but the guy wasn't, neither. "What do you mean?" he said.

Marcia looked at him with her big round eyes, and then she rattled off a lot of big words. The guy was locoed of course, so he shut up. I tell you they was all plain cracked. I bet they don't even talk in books like she talked that time. Anyhow, it shut the guy up, but Marcia was lamping daggers at Ralph.

Him and Rogers was having a regular pow-wow. Rogers was saying, kind of excited, "There's lots of stuff here, Ralph! Apaches in the New World!"

"Yes." Ralph laughed through his schnozzle. "But up-to-date, with all the wrinkles."

"Don't you think it would be a good idea to —"

Ralph got kind of disgusted. "Hell! I know plenty, but who wants to bother about these gorillas! Write about a he and a she in Normandy and send it to the *Home Fire Sheet*. It pays a lot better. There! That was an original observation, for a change."

Me, I got the drift then, and he was wise. Silly and Moe was at the next table. They was looking at me.

THE door opened, and in come strutting Benny. Boy, he was a knock-out. He was sporting a stiff blue collar and a blue tie and real sparklers and a pair of spats. He had a cane even. He made me look like two cents, honest. Benny was a real smart lawyer, and he had real Park Avenue style. When one of the boys got a little clumsy, Benny always saw the judge first thing in the morning and everything was jake.

Ralph saw him and said, "Hi, Benny!"

Benny come over. "Hello, sweetheart," he said to Marcia.

Marcia didn't like him, even if he was supposed to be a assistant district attorney in Brooklyn, so she just frosted him. That just goes to show how dumb all the high-brows are. Benny could of done a lot for that moll.

HE SAT down between me and Ralph. "Freddy here?" he said low to me.

"Yes, why?" I said.

"Tonight's pay-day, you punch-drunk gorilla. What's it to you, anyway?"

"Oh! So the boss is going to drop in, hunh?" I said, like a hayseed.

"Shut your trap!" He turned around on me and begun jawing with Ralph and Rogers. Benny and Ralph was great pals, only Ralph didn't know nothing. See? Me, I didn't feel so good, and was I sore at myself! Guys what got too nosey has a beautiful funeral, everybody knows that.

"What's the matter, Benny?" Ralph laughed. "Sore at Doggy?"

"He's one dumb animal."

I was getting sorer and sorer. At myself and Benny and at that smart-boy Ralph.

"What you should really do, Doggy," Ralph said, "is what I've always been telling you. Get your face lifted. I can give you the address of a good plastic surgeon. If you were only beautiful, we'd all love you."

"Ah! Go to hell!" That guy got my nanny, honest.

I heard Rogers say low, "Cut that stuff, Ralph! What's the idea, anyway?"

"Oh, he doesn't mind. He's simple."

They was talking like if I wasn't there even. Benny took out a nifty lighter and a cigar.

"Say, Benny," Ralph said, "where did you get the lighter?"

"A racketeer sent it to me from the stir, after I sent him up for three years. For my courteous treatment of him."

"Ha! Ha!" It seemed to tickle Ralph. "What a life! For your — Ha! Ha!"

It sure was a laugh. Benny was one smart boy. Only it was the other way around. It was Honest Bloomberg what got one from Tim after Bloomie sent him up. And a judge sent Benny his after Benny kicked him off the chief's pay-roll and sicked the dogs on him.

I TURNED around to chew the rag with Marcia, but she was busy with the uptowners. She was sitting sideways against the table, and she had her knees crossed, and — well, anyway, she was one sweet baby. Even if that kind of babe never gave me no tumble. They used to kid me around, that's all.

The door opened again, and in walked Luigi and Patsy. They looked around, and Patsy stuck his head outside. And then in come the chief and Louie and Johnny and Dominick. Everything got quiet all of a sudden and the chief said hello to everybody. He was nice and quiet, like always, but he looked like his liver wasn't treating him right again. He was in civvies, of course.

"Who's that?" Rogers said to Ralph.

"Cavrilla. Lieutenant of the precinct."

"What! You mean — a cop?"

"Yep."

"But what — "

"Shut up. And talk lower. He's one of the satraps."

I don't know what that means, neither. But the advice was wonderful, coming or going.

FREDDY come out of the back room and said hello, and then he went back in. Luigi went in after him and then the chief and then Johnny. Blackie asked Louie and Dominick and Patsy if they wanted a beer, but they said no. They just leaned against the wall near the doorway with their hands in their pockets and their collars up. They looked like they needed a shave, so I guessed they must of been busy the last couple days.

"Say, Ralph," Rogers said, "are those fellows his body-guard?"

"Yes."

"Those tramps? I thought those fellows were always young and slick and dressed to kill."

"Listen to me, Tom," Ralph said. He'd been having a lot of beers, on top of what he was carrying already, and he begun to talk real out loud. "Cavrilla, the dirty bum, knows what he's doing. Those yeggs with him are married and respectable and they don't go gadding around and their fat old wives know how to keep their mouths shut. And these boys can beat William Tell at his own game."

"Well!"

"Shut up. And for Chrisake, don't talk so loud? And don't ask me so many questions!" Believe me, he was soused.

Everybody was looking at us, and me, I didn't begin to feel so good. Moe leaned over from the other table and shoved Ralph on the shoulder. "Hey, guy, that's no way to talk!"

Marcia got kind of white and leaned over and yanked Ralph by his necktie. "Shut your damfool mouth."

Benny wasn't saying a word. Or me, neither. Ralph got up to lambaste Moe, but Benny pulled him down again. Moe and Silly was already standing up, and they had their hands under their coat-lapels, and they was shrugging their holsters easy. Benny looked at them, and they sat down quick. Me, I begun to breathe again.

Luigi come out of the back room, and then Freddy and the chief, and then Johnny. They was all laughing.

"Have a beer?" Freddy said.

"All right. A quick one." The chief looked like he was feeling better.

THEY all lined up to the bar, except Patsy and Dominick, and they leaned their backs against the bar and kept their hands in their pockets. I wouldn't of wanted their job for no money.

"Their hands must certainly be cold," Rogers whispered to Ralph.

"Let him alone!" Benny was getting sick of that dumb kid, and I didn't blame him such a hell of a lot.

Ralph was sore clean through, but he wasn't saying nothing. He took out a pad and pencil and begun to draw fast a picture of the chief at the bar. Believe me, Ralph was

tough, and he could use a wicked pencil. Rogers looked over his shoulder and said, excited, "That's great, Ralph! You've got him, all right. The jowls and the thin curved beak of a nose. And those little eyes!"

Ralph just said shut up and kept on drawing. Moe got up and leaned over his shoulder. He grabbed the pad and held it up.

"Say, chief!" he said. "You want to take a look at this?"

THE chief put down his beer and looked around. Then he come over, the boys all around him. He looked at Benny next to Ralph, and then he looked at me and Marcia and the foreigners. I didn't feel good. We was all quiet. The light was strong and there was a lot of smoke from everybody's butts and the sweat smelled. I felt like clearing my throat, but I didn't.

"What you got there?" the chief asked Moe.

Ralph was sitting like he didn't give no damn for nobody, and Moe gave the pad to the chief. The chief looked at it a long time, and then he run his finger along his tongue. The chief didn't like it one little bit. He looked at me and Ralph again, and I begun to sweat good. He knew all about me and my friends.

The chief laughed easy and said to Ralph, "You do this?"

"Yep." Ralph took another drink. I'd of liked to of burned him right then and there.

"And that ain't all," Moe butted in. "Him and this kid with him is going to give you a writing-up!"

Quick as anything, Ralph jumped up and turned around and straight-armed Moe so hard he grunted like a stuck pig. Moe fell back flat on the table, and his mouth and nose begun to bleed hard. The chief grabbed Ralph and slammed him down in the chair.

"Is it straight what my boy said?"

"Hell, no! But I want that gorilla of yours — and you — to keep your paws off the kid!" That just goes to show what rot-gut does to a guy.

The chief leaned over and tapped his finger hard on Ralph's vest. "Listen, you! You're fresh boloney! I know you. I don't want to see you no more on Fourth Street. Get me? No more!"

Ralph stood up quick and kicked his chair away in back of him and grabbed the pad. "Listen!" He was talking through his molars. "Next Thursday, that thing is going to be in the *Gotham Weekly*. And five thousand words are going to go with it that are going to blow you sky-high!"

The chief took out a cigar and laughed. "All right. Suit yourself!"

HE SMILED and rubbed his hands and looked at Moe and Silly. Jeez! A rubbing out! I looked quick for Moe and Silly, and they was already making tracks. Then the chief looked slow at me and Benny, and all of a sudden I was cold all over. Me, I didn't have no belly, like the other boys, for no such stuff.

"All right, boys," the chief said, "take me home." Him and the boys left, him in the middle.

The Rogers kid looked kind of sick and white. "Think he'll try anything, Ralph?"

Ralph was still pickled, but beginning to sober up. "What do you think, Benny?" he said.

"Well, I don't know what — "

Marcia butted in quick, "Benny, take that fool away until he's sober. He's as responsible as a two-year-old right now. Please, Benny!" She knew they was pals. "Take that moron away!"

"All right. Listen, you," Benny said to Rogers, "beat it, quick."

Rogers looked at Ralph.

"Beat it."

Rogers beat it.

"Listen, Marcia," Benny said, "I know of a place where I can stow him away, but — "

"Oh, for God's sake! Stop your chatter! Go on!"

BENNY got up and took Ralph by the arm. They went out, and I followed close. It was dark in the hall. I saw the outside door close behind Benny and Ralph, and then somebody grabbed me by the arm. I turned quick, and, believe me, my hand was at my holster. It was Marcia.

"Where are you going, Doggy?"

"Why, Marcia, what you worrying about?" I said. "I'm going to help Benny with Ralph."

"You stay here. Everybody will know you."

"Leave go of me." I was in a hurry. "Benny's waiting for me."

"You stay here!"

Those dictionary dames thought they was different from other molls. I pinched her.

"Don't you worry none, kid." I guess I kind of laughed.

She hauled off and socked me. "You filthy animal!" She socked me again.

Honest, those kind of dames thought they was everything. You can't blame me for getting sore. I grabbed her and threw my arm around her and sunk my nails in. With my other hand, I knuckled her Adam's apple, hard. I knowed she was going to yell, so I knuckled her again. I guess that must of made her kind of sick, because there wasn't no more of a peep out of her. I grabbed her under my arm, she was only a little moll, and I hauled her up to Joe's room.

"Here's somebody what thinks she's Mrs. Astor," I said and shoved her into the room.

She jumped around and grabbed my wrist. What a bite she gave me! I had my iron out to massage her, but I dropped it and gave her a backswipe what bloodied her mouth good. She fell against Joe and I beat it.

I WENT banging down the stairs. Benny might of got tired waiting for me. The whole street was jammed with taxis. I couldn't see the Studie with Moe and Silly, but I didn't try hard. Near the corner at Fourth Street, I saw Benny having trouble getting Ralph into the Pierce. I run over and gave him a hand. Ralph had a real load on.

"You flat-footed gorilla, where have you been?" Benny said.

"Needs his map lifted." Ralph thought he could show us what a brave guy he was. It cooked his goose with me.

Benny got in at the wheel, and I got in back with Ralph. We turned the corner and went up Washington Square South.

"Where are you going, Benny?" Ralph said.

"Never mind, we'll be there in a little while."

"Suppose they spray us with Tommies!" He was biting away at his knuckle.

"Dont worry," Benny said. "We're proof, you fool."

I looked through the back window and saw the Studie come round the corner. I almost laughed out loud. They was giving us plenty time. It was going to be easier than what I thought, a real picnic.

I leaned ahead and said, "Make it snappy, Benny."

We went all around and come down Eighth Street, and then we went up the Avenue soft and quick. The Studie was giving us about three hundred yards. It was late and there wasn't a lot of cars and so it was dead easy. What a laugh!

Ralph's knuckle was bleeding. "For God's sake, Benny, step on that gas!"

"All right, all right. No one knows where we are or where we're going, anyway."

"Say!" Ralph yelled. "Where in all hell is your sign!"

"Oh, yes!" Benny said. "I forgot."

HE BENT down with one hand and picked up a black sign with white letters on it. DEP'T. OF JUSTICE. He stuck it against the windshield.

"Don't you have it up all the time?" Ralph said.

"Too much side, Ralph." Benny sounded just like a college boy. Nobody could of tripped him up.

We begun to travel real fast and then Benny started to turn down West Twelfth, but some Chevvie thought we wasn't, because of the one-way sign.

"Swipe him, Benny! Swipe him!" I yelled. I was sure enjoying myself.

Benny swore and jammed down on the gas and twisted for all he was worth. There was a quick hard bump and we jumped away like a scared rabbit, and then I heard glass smashing while we went fast and easy down Twelfth. I looked back and saw the Chevvie laying on its side and the wheels spinning. Boy, I just laid back and roared.

Ralph grabbed me, and I saw his eyes. "Listen, you gorilla, I'll brain you if you don't stop that laughing!"

He looked kind of dangerous, so I said okay, okay. If I'd of had my iron, maybe I'd of gave him a rubbing right then. But maybe not, because I ain't like the other boys, and I got to take plenty coke after it. And, anyway, Ralph was a friend of mine.

WE WAS going sixty when some damn bull blew his whistle. Benny jammed down on the footbrake and yanked up the emergency and we went skidding all over and just missed a parkie.

"Go on ahead, Benny!" I yelled. "What's the idea!"

"Go ahead!" Ralph said.

"Nothing doing. I don't want my plate-number sent in."

"Well, what of it! What's a ticket!"

"I don't want even a suspension against me." Benny was sure one smart boy.

The flat-foot come running over. "Hey! Didn't you see no sign!"

Benny got sore. "You, rookie! Didn't you? Didn't you see *that* sign?" He pointed at the sign against the windshield.

The bull took a look and didn't

know what to do with himself. "Excuse me, chief," he said, "but — but you got your badge?"

Benny dug down in his pants-pocket and pulled out a badge. The bull took it and flashed his lamp on it, and then he looked at the name on the back.

"Excuse me, chief," he scratched the back of his conk, "but you know I got my orders. How do I know this here's yours?"

"Well I'll be damned!" Benny pulled out his driving license and showed him the name. "Okay?"

"Okay, boss!" The bull touched his cap. "Excuse it, chief!"

We went slamming off again. I didn't look around, but I was on to Moe and Silly. They must of stopped, too, to give us a chance with our freight. I was going to ask Benny about the badge, but I remembered Ralph was in the boat, and then I remembered Honest Bloomberg what got his coming out of the Brooklyn post-office where he was the talent behind the Prohibition bums. Right in broad daylight they salted him and frisked him. Anyway, he was too sure he could of sent Ike up for a frying.

I looked at Ralph. He had his head in his hands and was shaking to beat the band. I slapped him on the back.

"Don't be dumb, Ralph. What you worrying about?" I said.

"Shut up, you!" He yelled at me. "That cop wouldn't have held us up if he hadn't seen you in the car!"

"Here's Abingdon Square!" Benny yipped out.

"*Okay!*" I said. "Cross Hudson Street and go under the L and stop at Frau Werner's!"

I looked back and saw headlights away back coming fast.

"We're near the water, aren't we?" Ralph said to me.

"Yes. Come on, we're getting out in a second."

"Listen!" He grabbed my coat. "Sure I'll be all right here?"

"Absolutely. Come on." I was in a hurry. The headlights was coming real fast.

Benny pulled the car to the curb, and we hopped out. Benny yelled "So long, Ralph!" and beat it quick. He sounded kind of funny.

Ralph turned around to say so long, but I grabbed him by the shoulder and hauled him up the stairs to the door. It wasn't locked, and I stepped in fast and banged it into Ralph's map. It was black as hell in the hall. I shoved the jigger down on the lock, and Ralph begun to yell high like a woman, "Let me in, you! Oh, my God! Let me in! Oh, Mother! Mother!" He sure was planted nice. I flopped on the floor and rolled over to the side. I heard the Studie come racing down. Ralph yelled long and loud like a woman and then the Tommies begun to rattle. Chips went flying out of the door. The boys kept going, and I hopped up quick and unlocked the door. Ralph had his mouth open like something was gagging him, and his tongue was hanging away out. His eyes looked like they was going to pop out of his head. He gave a kind of a big cough and fell against me, like a heavy sack of rags. And before I could help it even, the blood poured out of the damn stiff's mouth and ruined my suit what I had to shake down fifty bucks for, honest.

Temple Rocking in the Movies

By Norah Wellesby

The Hollywood Samsons try harder than ever to accomplish the destruction of their industry, and of themselves

There are signs both within and without the motion picture industry that the producers must, for their own financial gain, stop trying to fit the public to the pictures instead of the pictures to the public.

The movies really are one of the wonders of this century. The fact that they moved was in itself such a marvel that for years the public had a seemingly unquenchable thirst for this product of the show world. The nickels, the dimes, the quarters and the fifty-cent pieces, trickling out from every town and hamlet, made streams of silver that flowed into great tributaries and were transmuted into rivers of gold for these new showmen. Fortunes were sometimes lost, but millions upon millions were made and held and made to multiply.

Such was our response that the film manufacturers seemed justified in setting up their system of manufacturing a standardized product to be spread through every town and village, a system that now seems to various analysts of the industry to be fast becoming its greatest liability instead of its greatest asset.

Of course, in this time of business depression reduced spending power is reflected in this business just as in all others, but there are, I believe, other economic reasons for this shrinkage. It was pointed out by The North American Review soon after the stock market collapse and before our spending power was so greatly curtailed that there had been several serious slumps in the motion picture industry and that there would be another as soon as the novelty of sound wore off. The article emphasized the fact that in each previous slump the producers had recouped themselves by some new offering, but that never had they faced the real underlying cause of public indifference. The motion picture producers' habit of easy money seems to have caused a kind of astigmatism. They haven't as a consequence been able to scrutinize their industry so closely as men in certain other fields of production.

Will this present slump that is causing all financiers and all economists to rack their brains for a constructive solution — even making conservatives, to whom the Soviet philosophy is anathema, consider

what there is of value in the "five year plan" — will it cause the motion picture producers to overhaul the structure of their business? For therein, apparently, lies the chief source of their troubles. It is one of the commonplaces of manufacturing concerns that changing times necessitate radical adaptations, both in product and in methods of distribution. Mr. Ford had to give us different types of cars. The railways are having to modify their business to include aerial and bus transportation. The urban public is getting tired of half ripe fruit, hence the produce industry is having to devise methods of supplying us with fully ripened fruit. The radio is one of the most successful industries in serving the needs of different groups and classes of people. If you don't like what's coming over the wire, you can switch the dial and turn on a lecture, a talk on health or housekeeping. If you don't like the jazz, you may turn on a symphony concert. And if your mood is distinctly "pop," why, there's the diversion of the millions, "Amos an' Andy."

THE motion picture producers, however, have held on too long to their original set-up, to the policy of trying to make plays that every one will like, and that can be distributed around the world. That's the way their machinery is geared, so in spite of the changing times, our growing and diversified tastes, they have continued to try to force their product on us and make us like it. And there are increasing millions of us who don't like so much standardized drama. There are millions who never did, and together we are causing a shrinkage in theatres' receipts quite aside from that due to hard times. (Producer publicity has told us that 115,000,000 tickets are sold weekly. However, Silas Bent in his recent survey writes that his painstaking investigation shows that less than 35,000,000 attend the pictures weekly.) Another way of stating the producers' problem in standardizing this product is that it bears too close a relation to art to lend itself beyond certain limits to mass production.

THE producers point out with much feeling the great number of films they have made from novels and plays the public loves. Yes, but what did they do to most of these famous plots? In Hollywood parlance, they "dumbed them up" for the mob. Writers who were invited to come by plane to Hollywood to supervise the making of their films and had their arrival hailed with great publicity have been left to sit on the beach and tear their hair while directors turned out their films in a form that reminded the outraged authors of the current radio illustration, two pictures of some person, the first true in its proportions, the other sickeningly distorted. They feel that the policy of the industry is equally unbalanced; and its receipts will probably show that it is.

Some of these films prove a big success, but many of them are a little above the crowd and below the standards of the discriminating. The producers call on high heaven to witness either their losses, or their slow receipts, when they really do their utmost to please with extraordinarily good productions like *Chang*, *Rango*, *Disraeli*, and *Old English*. But that

doesn't prove there isn't a profitable demand for such plays, if they would develop a national circuit of small houses to show this kind of product. There are millions of us who would patronize them. Several such independent houses in New York are doing a very profitable business when they can get the right films. The history of some of them has been a heartbreaking struggle against the industry's custom of requiring exhibitors to book in blocks or buy single plays on a highly costly percentage basis. One interesting result has been the showing of an increasing number of foreign plays, and not all gloomy ones either. Some of them fill the house for weeks.

PREDICTION of the added profits that could be made by the producers from such a policy now comes from an authoritative source within the industry. Arthur E. Krows, Director of the Electrical Research Products Corporation of the Western Electric Company — which, together with the Radio Corporation of America, perfects and supplies the leading sound machines of our movie industry — voices this conviction in no uncertain terms. At the recent convention of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures he presented impressive figures showing the enormous waste of money incurred in making a large number of duplicate films of special interest and then putting them through the present distribution mill. He gave as an illustration the distribution costs on an excellent film made by some dairymen and then turned over to one of the big distributors. It was the kind of picture that would be of the keenest interest in dairy districts like New York and Wisconsin and correspondingly less elsewhere. But once put in the hands of the distributor it had to cover the rest of the territory. Its distribution cost $225,000, leaving a net of only about $7 a week to the producers for the two years it was in circulation. He maintained that good films created for special groups or classes could and would make money when this waste was eliminated.

CREIGHTON PEET, one of our keenest movie critics, has also pointed out with humor that this division of product will be a relief to all patrons, that those who like run-of-the-mill movies will patronize them with a greater sense of security if they feel sure "they won't have their evening spoiled by one of those terrible 'high brow' films," and that discriminating people will go twice as often if they are sure of not being bored or offended. Of course now and then comes a play done in terms of such power that it has a universal appeal—like *All Quiet on the Western Front*, but to appreciate how difficult it is to achieve any movie that grips us all, we have only to remember how few novelists, or playwrights who create for the legitimate stage, ever achieve such greatness. In short, genius is scarce. For the many who can hold special audiences there are only a few who can plumb the emotional depths that underlie in all of us our differences of background and education.

Meanwhile those of the intelligent middle class public that want to go to the movies and refuse to take a chance have a great time hunting

their kind of product. They can't trust the blurbs, with every play described in superlatives, and wholesome plays concealed by suggestive advertisements. (A mild ad of recent date tells how "she" taught Abraham Lincoln to love and like it.) And local newspapers who get paid for advertising attractions do not always feel free to give their readers candid reviews. At least a dozen national clubs and organizations have taken to sending their members reviews of the movies to guide them in selecting the good from the "hokum."

I have heard that the producers are not too pleased with Mr. Krows' prophecy that their profits must eventually come from specializing film products although the event will probably prove that his judgment was sound. How they have received and responded to exhibitor criticism on the folly of trying to get patrons to come to plays unsuited to the community is fast becoming a matter of history.

EVEN though one, quite properly, attributes much of the present reduction in receipts to business depression, there are other unmistakable indications of growing dissatisfaction with their policies. Let us review them.

Notwithstanding exhibitor protest about losses from unsuitable plays and loss of public good-will from the same cause, the producers did their best to plug "the square peg in the round hole." Though they were competitors they combined for full line forcing of their product and required the exhibitor to contract for the entire annual output of each producer with whom he did business. This "block booking" he did under the terms of a "standard contract," usually before the plays were made. The producers explained that without this security they could not take the great risks involved, especially the plays that required vast outlay. Then, all too often the exhibitor found the big hits withdrawn from his supply for roadshowing or sale on a percentage basis and something else substituted, so that he was in a position of taking the risks without the special benefits. Why, he asked indignantly, did he and his public have to assume the producers' risks? But he was dealing with rich and arrogant corporations whose attitude about what they chose to give the exhibitor and his patrons seemed to be, "Take it and like it."

THE exhibitor's natural tendency to break contracts under such conditions was met by a clever political coup that resulted in a Board of Arbitration to enforce the clauses of this "standard contract." True, the exhibitor could by its terms throw out a few plays on the grounds of racial or religious prejudice, and ten per cent of the product if his idealism was so strong as to make him pay half price rather than run it. But suppose he refused to pay for a film he knew his patrons wouldn't like, the Board could then withhold all film service until he put up security of not to exceed $500 with each producer with whom he had contractual relations. If he still held out he could be crushed to earth by having all of his big producer contracts cancelled. He was then free to rise and start life over again as best he could.

Meanwhile the rich producers, de-

sirous of getting rich still faster, decided to go into competition with their retailers and began to develop chain picture houses. Mr. Krows in his incisive, dryly humorous and highly informative volume, *The Talkies*, recently off the press, states that the chains have put 2,000 independent houses out of business. Some of them, ill-kempt and poorly run, we know deserved to die, but in general the more successful and independent the exhibitor the more succulent a meal he made for the Chain Dragon which wound its way from town to town selecting the fattest and the best, saying to each victim in effect, "You may as well suubmit gracefully for I shall swallow you anyway. Head first please." Most of these, Mr. Krows maintains, were "community houses" that, the future will show painfully, should have been nursed carefully for the good of the industry as a whole. Wall Street men point to more than one business combination grown so big it developed what they term "weak legs." And experience seems to be proving that a good local owner can get more business from a community than can a chain theatre run at long range from New York.

APPARENTLY the industry is discovering where the "margin of profit" lies, for chain houses that did not pay have come back on the market. They need not have been quite so oppressive. From various causes, among them overbuilding, competitive practices, the advent of sound, and business depression, there are at this writing, according to official estimate, nearly *800 closed sound* and *over 3,800 closed silent houses*.

I have no doubt that producers can cite instances of fair purchase, but the records of the exhibitors are replete with cases in which the tactics recall the ruthlessness of the old Standard Oil Company and other big combinations.

Quite aside from the special compulsions used to acquire these businesses, once launched into competition with their retailers the producers favored their chain houses by giving each other what they denied the rest of the exhibitors, selection of product best suited to their respective houses, and by building up an elaborate system of "protection" which prevented competing houses within the territory of a chain house from showing any film run by it until after a certain amount of time had elapsed.

INEVITABLY the exhibitors began to organize in protest. They went yelping with pain to the Federal Trade Commission, and to the Senate. Hearings were held. They appealed to the Department of Justice to bring suit against the producers and make clear the illegality of this ruthless enforcing weapon, the Board of Arbitration. In 1929 Judge Thacher of the Federal District Court of New York tried the case and eventually rendered against the producers one of the most drastic decrees that has ever been entered against a trust. It was promptly appealed by the producers. Last fall the Supreme Court — without a single dissenting opinion — upheld the decision.

It does not do away with block booking, but it does strip the producers of their power to combine and destroy the rebellious exhibitor. Block booking in one form and

another, and with various modifications, continues, according to the exhibitors, to be pushed to their disadvantage by the big producing concerns separately. At the last convention of the Allied States Association of Motion Picture Exhibitors there were passed resolutions protesting at the size and unwieldiness of the blocks; at the unusually large number of poor quality pictures, the forced showing of which injures their business; the number of pictures unfit for neighborhood and small town theatres; and to get after the Federal Trade Commission to speed up all pending actions for declaring block booking illegal.

Harrison's Reports, weekly trade organ of the exhibitors, announces that a court decision, made by Judge Cosgrave in California, at last furnishes a precedent for winning decisions against block booking.

THE Brookhart Bill to outlaw block booking and unfair "protection" is still pending.

Senator Clarence C. Dill has introduced in the Senate a bill calling for another investigation of the industry particularly the activities of Mr. Hays as liaison officer of the big producers.

In North Carolina a bill to outlaw protection recently passed the house and lacked only five votes of passing the Senate. This, while not important in itself, may be a straw that indicates which way the wind is going to blow.

Still another grievance the exhibitor has, one that is like a toothache to him. The New Jersey association of exhibitors maintains that the independent has to pay a higher percentage of his gross for film than does the chain house, and proposes bringing action against the producers. For the millions of us who patronize these houses it probably means we must share his economies in quality of product. Why should our exhibitor not have the same choice of film for us that the chain houses have? Why shouldn't the product circulate on its merit just as in any other business? Why should protection hold up films until they are relatively stale before we can see them in our little house? Why should producers charge our exhibitor more of his gross proportionately than they do the chain house? We don't read much about these fierce internal struggles, but when we do, being good Americans, we're on the little fellow's side, especially when it affects our pleasure. With a hundred million a year being spent on advertising the films and another million spent on publicity, it isn't strange that the press, much as it loves to champion the people, does little fulminating on the subject. Much the same conditions hold for many of the national magazines. With some 250 articles on the movies listed in last year's *Reader's Guide* I found only a few — in the so-called high-brow magazines — that gave the public any real explanation of the economic set-up of the industry and how it affected us.

THERE is a new policy on the part of two large film manufacturing concerns about carrying advertisements that is, however, likely to draw fire from certain editors. Their publications' life blood is advertising, and now to have the producers competing with them to advertise manufacturers' products on the

screen is — if the policy succeeds — a menace that some of them will fight as you or I would pernicious anaemia. Where advertising has been shown in the body of the picture both exhibitors and their patrons resented it. Neither cares to buy something that has already been paid for. Printed advertising or radio advertising you can ignore if you're not interested, but in the movie you can't escape it. The advertising short — if the picture itself is good and the advertising appears only at the beginning or the end, as "sponsored by the S—— Razor Blade Company," or whatever, may be accepted. It is too soon to tell.

In a campaign against this policy, which has had wide newspaper response, *Harrison's Reports* prophesies that its continuation will ruin the business. Mr. Harrison now has statements from nearly all the producers that they will not carry advertising in their films. It probably represents an experiment to see whether their public will accept it as they do radio advertising; also it represents an attempt to swell lowered receipts during the business depression. In the last analysis public opinion will settle the matter.

To an impartial observer it would seem that the matters reviewed, together with the greatly reduced gross receipts of the industry, indicate three things, that the producers will have to cater — as do the magazines, the book publishers and the newspapers — to different types of audiences; and reorganize their distribution system accordingly. It would also seem that it has been a mistake to enter into competition with their retailers. True they have got the lion's share of the marquee receipts, but in order to do this they have had to saddle themselves with a vast amount of real estate. It is understood that they now have more invested in a highly specialized form of real estate than they have in production itself. Mr. Krows warns them in his closing chapter that they are "rocking the foundations of their own temple." He believes that in ten years "a healthful readjustment will have been completed." But he warns the producers: "Let this final fact be whispered — the men and women now in the business will not be there unless they have changed their tactics with the changing tide."

However warped their vision may be about present problems, they watch clear-sightedly, and with increasing apprehension, the efforts of the research men to project movies through space — already this has been achieved on a ten-foot screen. Within the portals of the not too happy producers one hears the prophecy that ten years hence this new achievement will bring the movies to the fireside. Bill and his girl may still go to the picture house, but the millions of hardworking people who are going to enjoy the show in house-jacket and easy-chair will mean thousands of empty theatres for the producers, millions upon millions of their capital tied up in useless buildings. The ruthlessness with which the producers have cornered ninety per cent of the retail gross bids fair to become an avenging Nemesis.

The Gentleman from Maryland

By Henry Carter

Continuing the examination of Governor Ritchie in his qualifications for the job of President

Part II

In a previous article some attempt was made to analyze and illustrate certain factors underlying the unique success attained by Albert Ritchie as Governor of Maryland. Reference was made to the single-minded and "professional" attitude which he had brought to his duties, and to the thoroughgoing diligence and intelligence which he had applied to his "profession" of being Governor. The essential element to which his success is attributable was described as being the application to public affairs of an intelligent, informed common sense coupled with a firm conviction, based on experience, that good government is to be attained through a careful limitation of the functions of government to the fields in which it can be truly effective, and by the maintenance of a vigorous and healthy local self-government as against the extension of a Federal bureaucracy. Examples were given of his applications of these simple and lucid common sense principles to the management of State affairs, in his reorganization and administration of State Government, in his practical and sensible handling of the water power question in Maryland, and perhaps most important, in the courageous and effective stand he has taken in refusing to permit good government in Maryland to be broken down by attempting to enforce an undesired and unneeded régime of National Prohibition. It is this stand which has made of Governor Ritchie a national figure, and it will be the purpose of this article to discuss his position on this and other matters of national import.

He has never wavered in his view that National Prohibition has no place in the Constitution and that the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed outright, in spite of the persuasive arguments of political expediency advanced in favor of a revision that would still leave the possibility of control of the liquor problem by a Federal bureaucracy. Liquor control he holds to be a purely local question, to be settled

by each State in accordance with its best traditions and interests, while the rôle of the Federal Government should be confined to assisting "dry" States to remain dry in fact through its control over inter-state commerce. This is the sum and substance of his much cited doctrine of States Rights, and in his contention that law enforcement in the realm of liquor control is only to be attained by restoring full rights and full responsibilities to the States there would appear to be an unescapable logic of experience and common sense, and one which would seem to be confirmed by findings of such bodies as the Wickersham Commission.

National Prohibition as typified by Volsteadism Governor Ritchie expects to be an issue in 1932 and in succeeding elections until it is driven out of the Constitution and until the liquor question is restored to its proper place as a matter for local determination. The tendency of National Prohibition to destroy local self-government and so to undermine the essential basis for all law and order he regards as disturbing and dangerous and as such to be vigorously and continuously combatted. Nor is he in sympathy with those who would soft pedal Prohibition agitation until the present economic crisis is solved, supremely important as that is. Issues, he says, can not be chosen at will; they arise of their own accord and at their own good time; in facing one problem one can not safely ignore the requirements of another; the economic problem is serious, but so is the question of Prohibition, nor is it one that can be safely or successfully shelved or postponed; until it is honestly and resolutely faced it will continue to distort our public life and to hamper our national progress.

The same sense of practicality informs the Governor's views on other national problems. He holds fast to the traditional Democratic doctrine that the foundation of good government is the self-reliance of the individual and his ability to manage his local affairs, and on this he formulates his views toward the present disturbing economic depression with its corollary problem of widespread unemployment and the need for relief measures in certain localities. He does not believe that the Government, that any government, can by fiat or otherwise restore prosperity. Prosperity or its absence is governed largely by economic and social forces beyond the realm in which political action can hope to be effective, forces against which government is in itself powerless. Ultimate recovery must depend upon the inherent strength of the individual cells making up the economic organism, and only in encouraging these to act and resist can the Government perform a useful service. Any tendency which would encourage the individual to look to the Government for a radical cure of his troubles must, by undermining his self-reliance and sense of responsibility, weaken the essential source of strength upon which eventual recovery is predicated. To hold forth the hope that the Government can restore prosperity, end unemployment, or take care of all the difficulties and sufferings that may arise, he considers not only false and

misleading but definitely dangerous to economic health.

This, however, is not to say that he considers the Government to have no responsibility or that there are not ways in which it can act to ease the impact of maladjusted economic conditions. On the contrary, it can and should act, if only in the negative sense, by avoiding action which would interfere with a normal recovery, and by effecting adjustments wherever practicable and affording facilities to encourage a freer functioning of the economic processes of the nation.

For one thing he believes that the Government should not seek to avoid admitting the seriousness of the situation and recognizing the very grave conditions obtaining in various parts of the country. Ritchie has little patience with a policy of falsely optimistic statements or attempts to minimize the hardships the country will have to face in the slow and painful road to economic readjustment and recovery. Until the facts are faced there can be little hope of real improvement. If, however, they are recognized, including a realization of the powerlessness of Government to provide positive remedies, Governor Ritchie believes that the essential energy of the individual and of the local units and their interests will find a way through. That has been the way of the country in times of depression and that has been the experience in Maryland, even after its sufferings from the drought of 1930. At one time it appeared that general State relief to the stricken counties was inevitable, but the people of Maryland, trained in a tradition of self-reliance and self-assistance, have worked their way through without resorting to direct Government or State aid. This is of course the hard and the unpopular way of doing things, but there are few to deny that it is the sound way.

On the positive side Governor Ritchie feels that certain types of legislation can be distinctly helpful in meeting the times of depression. Long range planning of public works and accumulation of funds for that purpose to be used in times of economic slackness can have a definitely ameliorative effect, although, as he points out, such planning is a simpler matter for the Federal Government than it is for a State such as Maryland with a limited public works programme and restricted financial resources. The erection of machinery for obtaining statistical information on unemployment and for providing a comprehensive system of labor exchanges such as proposed by Senator Wagner impress him as being useful and appropriate means of Governmental assistance in the unemployment problem. What the Government can properly do in such matters he feels it should do, and in this connection he finds it difficult to understand President Hoover's recent veto of the Wagner labor exchange bill.

He likewise believes that a lower and more reasonable tariff would materially assist in speeding the end of the depression. Retaliation abroad and inflated costs of production at home have been the inevitable result of a prohibitively high tariff policy, which has seriously damaged both foreign and domestic markets.

In this he follows the orthodox Democratic doctrine in connection with which he cites with satisfaction the stand taken by the thousand economists and other leaders of American industry and finance who urged President Hoover not to sign the Smoot-Hawley bill. The economic interdependence of the various parts of the world he points out is of such a character that mutual trade is a necessity if general prosperity is to be obtained, and in such a scheme of things a prohibitive tariff is not only an anachronism but a positive stumbling block. If we do not buy, neither can we sell abroad; reduce the tariff and all will benefit through the revival of commerce and trade. Particularly is this true of agriculture. The farmer's grain must be sold at world prices and the tariff will not help him to get a better price, whereas when he buys the Republican tariff must inevitably tend to impoverish him.

THE hardships of American agriculture Governor Ritchie attributes in large measure to the high tariff, and the inequalities between industry and agriculture call in his opinion not only for a lowering of tariff walls but also for other means of readjustment until a more even balance is struck. If the employment of some modified form of the export debenture plan would achieve this result, Governor Ritchie would favor it nor would he be greatly concerned by the ultraconservative moans of the Republican National Committee. Stabilization as practised by the present Farm Board he believes, with the rest of the country, to have been a costly and foredoomed failure; crop reduction may or may not be practicable. He offers no quick or sure solution. Both tariff reduction and a fresh approach to the farm problem he believes would be beneficial, not only to agriculture, but to the general problem of ending the depression and the unemployment situation, but, as he is prompt to point out, they are to be regarded as assisting rather than curative measures.

IT MAY be said at once that there is nothing new in these views on the economic depression and the steps which should be taken to meet it; indeed Governor Ritchie would be the first to admit it. He would likewise admit the inadequacy of the measures he proposes of themselves to solve conclusively the present difficulties of the country. But, he feels — and many feel with him — they represent the means at the disposal of the Government, probably the principal ones beyond which Government action becomes ineffective. Incidentally, they have not been employed — instead we have a Smoot-Hawley tariff, a discredited Farm Board policy, the veto of an important unemployment measure, and an intellectually bankrupt Republican Party which can only refer vaguely to "world depression" and the "Soviet menace." There may not be much that is novel or sensational in the Ritchie programme or viewpoint, but there is a fund of practical coördinated common sense.

An important factor in the so-called world depression and one to which Governor Ritchie drew attention in his inaugural address of last January is the situation created by

the uncertain status and dislocating effect of the complicated and involved problem of war debts and reparations. No sentimentalist or cancellationist, he does not, however, believe that general prosperity, and hence American prosperity, can be obtained with half the civilized world impoverished by war debt and reparations payments. Believing that a conciliatory view on our part toward a reasonable revision of the postwar financial settlement would lead to a better and sounder international economic balance, he considers that our best interests would be served by the adoption of such an attitude, not only for the sake of the general peace of the world, but also for our own economic well-being. He does not favor collection to the last dollar if it means demanding a European pound of flesh. A reasonable arrangement, he feels, will bring us more in indirect returns through the stimulation of international trade than a rigid insistence that the matter is a closed question. This is fairly typical of Governor Ritchie's attitude toward affairs of state, whether they deal with foreign policy or domestic questions, and it would appear to carry an assurance that foreign policy in his hands would follow a level-headed, sensible and forward-looking course worthy of the best traditions of the nation.

In emphasizing Governor Ritchie's gift of intelligent common sense as a principal ingredient in his success as Governor and in his qualifications for the Presidential office, sight must not be lost of his possession of another quality which should rank high among the political virtues, and which has largely made possible his successful exercise of the former. For want of a better word it may be loosely defined as tolerance. More specifically it implies the ability to get along with others and in political life the ability to get along with politicians, an art in itself and one which must be cultivated if political ideas, no matter how sound, are to be translated into realities.

Governor Ritchie has been quick to recognize the validity of the viewpoint of others even when he has not been able to agree with it, and to recognize sincerity of motive even in his political adversaries. Speaking of his relations with the Maryland Legislature he observes: "It is a mistake for any one to think that the average legislator taken by and large is actuated by motives any less worthy or sincere than the Executive. The average legislator really wants to do the right thing and the best thing, and for any one to think otherwise is to invite trouble. Of course he may seem to be going about it in the wrong way or he may be bound in a specific matter by the wishes of his constituents, and quite naturally he wants to get what political credit he can, but fundamentally his motives are sincere and if you deal with him on that basis you can usually work something out." The reward of this policy has been the establishment of a markedly harmonious relationship between Governor and Legislature in Maryland, which has permitted and facilitated the development of a sound and intelligently directed State Government.

Perhaps this is only another way

of saying that Governor Ritchie has carried over into public life the manners and the point of view of a gentleman. He possesses above all else that indefinable but unmistakable quality which commands immediate recognition in any sphere, whether it be that of the Maryland Club, a country farm, a factory, or a filling station. He was born and brought up in a tradition and code of honor as definite as ever adorned the Eighteenth Century and he did not check it outside when he entered politics. His word is good and when given is not withdrawn.

A man of personal charm and distinguished appearance he is one of the most persuasive and effective speakers in public life today. This is perhaps due to the fact that he possesses the ability of knowing what he intends to say, of saying it clearly and unequivocally, and most important of meaning what he says. At a time when vague periphrases, masterly straddles, and "unofficial explanations" seem much in vogue, his lucid, unmisunderstandable, and effective speeches and State papers strike a rare and refreshing note in public life. One does not have to speculate where he stands, nor have to wonder whether he will stand by what he says. Frank Kent once said that if Ritchie ever got to the White House he would look more as if he belonged in it than any President we have had in a considerable time. One might go further and opine that he would act as though he belonged there.

One thing certain is that he would enjoy it. He derives a healthy human satisfaction and pleasure from the activities and responsibilities of public life. Neither grim fanatic nor calculating opportunist, he has a zest for political life and for his work which has not been seen in Washington since the days of Roosevelt and the first Wilson administration. His political courage and intellectual integrity have already carried him to a high place in American public life; perhaps that is what the country may find that it wants in the highest place of all.

Reality and Labor

By Julian Gerhard Wick

The working man's view on prosperity and depression

The working man's point of view in this present period of depression has not, perhaps, been given clearly enough to indicate his position. Being inarticulate he is rather bewildered, afraid, and very mistrustful of endeavors to help him. He is in the position of a person on the edge of a crumbling cliff who is promised aid if he can hold out, but who feels that, as past efforts to aid him have proved futile, so also will future efforts. He is like a toad on a dissecting table.

The powers above speak in terms of Utopias, high standards of living, the vast wealth of America, the future of the machine, the solution of the unemployment question — in fact, the laboring man thinks, they speak of everything but the reality. To him every year is a period of depression. When it becomes intensified it is, of course, a trifle harder, but in times of seeming prosperity he has realized the difficulty of getting a new job or of keeping his old one. He understands that the machine is a capricious mistress, shunting him about as though he were so much horseflesh. The workingman is interested only in the reality.

His reality is not only the lack of bread and a place to sleep, it is his inability to exercise human faculties, to ride in an automobile if he wishes, to breed children, to impress his wife, to laugh sometimes, to speak of himself in relation to Henry Ford. His reality, even if he has a job — which is becoming increasingly more rare — is the insecurity of his position at the bottom of the ladder, his need of toadying to innumerable — in many instances — inferior superiors, the wearing monotony of specialized work or the gruelling demands of unspecialized work.

From many points of view the worker's condition during the present crisis is more than deplorable. He is a living indictment of that supposed boon to mankind, the machine. He understands that the machine is necessary but he can not understand why he is required to be so efficient when the machine itself is inefficient. On every hand he sees examples of inefficiency which can not be traced to his own wavering from standard. His faith is gone. He can not understand why he must starve when there is an overproduction of foodstuffs. He can not understand that he must sell his automobile to pro-

vide food for himself when it is the only release he has from soul-destroying days of mechanized labor, which latter may be so easily terminated by the will of little men above him. He is left to work out his own destiny in a world which he does not understand — which responds to no rules which hold good for longer than a very brief period. He has even begun to suspect that business clubs organized for "the betterment of humanity" really are organizations of little boys who labor like mountains to produce mice.

"Ah well," says the laborer, "they have taken much from me, but in spite of what I may do to the great god industry by 'Blue Mondays' I shall get good and drunk on this sulphuric acid purveyed by the corner speakeasy."

YOUR more intelligent laborer — factory worker, industrial spinning top — does not doubt the truth of the pictures painted of contemporary life by such writers as Upton Sinclair, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, or Sherwood Anderson — he is not of the middle class. He believes that the Bolsheviks garrote people without the slightest cause, that there is a hell, that there is an after life, that a man is a success if he makes a million dollars even though he can not read or write, he attributes marvelous powers to a Steinmetz or an Edison and believes sincerely that because a man can manufacture a cheap motor car he should know the secrets of philosophy — but he does not overrate his environment! He knows just where he is. He may spend an hour or two a year thinking about virtue and the triumph of right over wrong but he does not believe in them. It is pretty hard to fool him when he can look at an object with open eyes.

The sticky philosophy of goodfellowship and service — exemplified in the Boy Scoutish attitude of middle class business men — he feels can be epitomized in one word — boloney! He is probably, in one sense, more sane than he is given credit for being.

He accepts the blandishments of idealism as he accepts the employer's dictum that the laborer is more or less of an unfeeling animal to be driven until he drops. He expresses his philosophy tersely:

"You gotta be quiet and put up with it!"

HE CONDONES sabotage in large industrial plants as he condones the criminal who preys upon organized industry. He deplores sabotage in smaller, more independent plants and on farms. He regards the police system with hatred and fear and would rather call a gangster his friend than a policeman.

It was no wish of mine that made me a foreman in an industrial plant. Economic laws had much to do with it. I was slowly starving to death in a Middle Western city as a book clerk, purveying the classical literature of reprints to old ladies who wanted a book for a Methodist uncle who did not like even a suggestion of sex, or a book for a young man who liked lots of action and plenty of sex. I usually sold the books on which we were overstocked or the one with the prettiest cover anyway, so it did not matter. Once I nearly lost my job because I flippantly recommended *Three Weeks* and *A Plea for Monog-*

amy as good books for a clergyman. The clergyman did not think so. I finally lost my job, partly because I spoke aloud when I should have been silent. I said — it was Christmas Eve and the owner of the department store was shaking hands with his employes as we filed out of the store —

"Personally I do not believe I know the gentleman!"

"Radical!" said my department head, who had suspicions of my affiliations with the Third Internationale.

I SPENT two miserable months looking for work before I landed a job as packer in a wholesale grocery house. I tramped the streets from office to office, from industrial plant to department store, where the treatment accorded me, as well as the thousands in similar straits, was, to say the least, debasing and humiliating, more reminiscent of the procedure of police courts or the Inquisition than of dealings between human beings. Innumerable girl employment secretaries, as efficient and as seemingly soulless as machines, impersonally weeded out the gold from the dross, choosing — this is rather an arbitrary statement, wholly a product of my personal observations — the most complacent and moronic in preference to the intelligent.

At last, after three or four interviews with the grocery house manager, I received the illuminating information that they were letting out a man for being a bad influence on the workers because of his radicalism. I was to take his job provided I could meet the exacting demands of personal honesty, integrity, whole-souled coöperation, loyalty to the firm and sobriety — to name only a few. The manager even felt of my muscles to see if I was physically fit. Finally I was given the job, the manager acting as though he had given me the key to the riddle of existence.

I worked a year as a packer, and, after mechanizing the packing plant and incidentally saving the company something like three thousand a year, I was promoted to the rank of foreman at an increase of fifteen dollars a month. I displaced a big fellow, something of an atavism, who liked his beer and a fight now and then. He was the soul of kindness, by far the best worker in the plant, but the manager had a neurotic fear that the company was being systematically robbed. It would have been impossible for any one to take more than a hundred dollars' worth of merchandise a year out of the plant, but he seemed to have a mania on the subject. He suspected himself of dishonesty, I am quite sure.

THERE were seven men in the warehouse over whom I had direct supervision. The other gangs, comprising about one hundred men all told, were scattered about in loading and unloading crews on the different floors. The hours of work were from seven in the morning until five-thirty at night and the wages averaged one hundred dollars a month. I held this job for one year.

As I had no intention of staying there for any length of time if I could help it, I employed my time — what little time I could find — in a study of the conditions under which the men worked, their reactions to life, their wishes and desires, the

extent of their dominance by the machine, what they talked about and why, and their hopes for the future. My experience was broad enough to see that these men were not particular types, nor unusual in any way — they merely represented a large portion of our population. Their prototypes can be found in any town or city. They exist wherever the pressure of the machine exists — in other words, widely disseminated throughout these United States.

FIRST, I believe, I would say that fear had a great influence on their ways of living. They feared anybody and anything. They feared me, because I represented an unknown quantity. I was linked with power, with swift and terrible justice. If I so willed I could tell any one of them to go to the office and get his check. I could destroy their homes, I could invoke the spectre of starvation and cold by the mere waving of my hand. The manager inspired worse fear than I. Whenever he made a tour of the warehouse, men scurried to their work as though they had been loafing, which they simply were not able to do, even had they so wished. There was an unwritten law, often emphasized by the manager, that all the work must be done before quitting time, even though there was a possibility of the next day being slack. Before I became foreman the men averaged from eight to ten hours of extra work a week. I abolished that by driving them during the day. I thought swift agony was better than lingering and useless pain.

My reason for leaving had to do with conflicting opinions on the value of shorter hours. One day I complained to the manager that a truck driver was not strong enough for his job. I told him that if he was to have any sort of equalization he had to give me a man who could handle the output of the floor men. I told him I could use the truck driver in the warehouse and use one of the floor men on the truck.

"No," said the manager, "the truck man is honest!"

It was a typical day, no worse than average. The men of my crew had begun at seven at top speed, working like madmen through the day. We had already put up sixty tons of outgoing freight, handling each piece three times; we had unloaded a carload of six hundred bales of sugar, and were now engaged in unloading a carload of canned fruit — twelve hundred cases — trucking it to different parts of the building, stacking and restacking it, making room by repiling a half carload of canned vegetables. The men had discarded their shirts and were working only in their dungarees and shoes. One man had fainted three times during the day, another had had vomiting spells, and the rest were working with the desperation of exhaustion. I was only taking time off to talk to the manager.

I ASKED for more men and told him of my plan to cut out the long hours. I told him that I thought the men were much better off to work harder during the day than to continue on in the tiring practice of working endless hours without extra pay, that it was criminal to ask a man to kill himself merely to keep alive. He looked at me quizzically.

"So you think you are better off to work shorter hours?" he asked.

"Of course," I answered, "the men admit it."

"It doesn't hurt them to work overtime," he said, "they used to work fifteen hours a day in the 'old days.' "

"I think it does hurt them," I said. "In fact I know it does. Every hour they have for themselves means a lot to them." I told him that men in the "old days" did not do so much work as they now do.

"It doesn't hurt them," he said, "work never killed anybody."

I lost my temper.

"What in hell do you think these men are?" I asked. "Are they horses, cattle, or human beings?"

He retreated to the office and I began thinking of my next job.

He took a certain sadistic delight in telling the men that he would have to cut down the number of workers. He probably thought it would make the men more careful in their behavior. He had no need of instilling greater fear into them, however. If he had told them that he was going to guarantee them work as long as they lived, or that they could take it easy for one hour, they would not have believed him. They knew him far better than he knew them. His type was quite familiar.

THE men looked upon me as a human being, having found that I meant to play square with them, and so they talked. The following observations are the result of daily intercourse with all of the men of the plant, and, in the evenings, with their families:

Education, to the worker, represents an almost impossible goal which would mean salvation for him if he could reach it. It is not, however, an end in itself; he thinks that education can be translated into money. As can be seen, this idea he holds in common with the middle classes. It means independence, the chance to ride in a "swell" automobile and drink "real" Scotch. If he had an education he could swagger like the salesmen, although he would not work with such "pep" to make so many gold stars a month. He thinks that is childish. He can not understand why men must go to pep meetings just to do ordinary work. Oh no, the worker is not quite as dumb as he looks.

HE TALKS about revolution. He speaks of communism but thinks that as it is an idea of "Rooshians" it could never be made to work in America — where men are free. He speaks with pride of the prosperity of America, its vast wealth, its enormous resources, and votes for Hoover. He thinks, in common with the middle class, that the Pope is only waiting to lead an army for the destruction of freedom in America. All this he thinks — but he does not believe it! He is simply talking, for the most part, so that he may come into sympathetic contact with other human beings. He likes to feel their warmth, to know that they are as human as he is himself. He likes to talk about women, about prize-fighting. When he talks of the relative merits of "Kid Bloop" or "K.O. Bootle" he thinks in terms of days of vanished glory, when men were men. Even if he is only in the twenties he

looks back into the past. All his life he will look back into the past. The present is too real.

His sense of limitation is acute. He knows where he belongs and that he will, in all likelihood, stay there. Now and then he answers an advertisement of a company which promises him that he can obtain a complete education by reading fifteen minutes a day, or that he will become the star salesman if he studies the new "Practical Psychology." It is not laziness which keeps him from going through with the course, it is his knowledge of his limitations. He knows that it is impossible for him to combine the right amount of honesty and dishonesty, cleverness and stupidity, to make a success in business. The pattern of days in which he is molded, which has far more significance than psychologists agree, has endowed the average worker with a finely developed inferiority complex. There are, of course, vast numbers who are not troubled with this environmental disease, but these are generally the most ignorant and — shall we say, balanced?

In short, the worker is what he is, no more. "Opportunity," as glorified by the American business man, has passed him by. He has been reduced successively from the rank of a freeman to that of a slave, but he actually cringes when one tries to push him further down. He impregnates his children with his inferiority complex, teaching them to fear everything that lies outside the boundaries of the life that he has found gives him the greatest security. Sometimes he gets desperate, at that; sometimes there are wild lights in his eyes; sometimes he would run amok — but the invisible hand of power hovers like a dark shadow above him. But let a war begin and see how he flies from his pseudo-security, see how he gladly dies to achieve one moment of security, one moment in which he can call his soul his own.

The workers at the plant were hardened. If I spoke of injustice they looked at me with puzzled eyes. This is not injustice, they seemed to say, this is life! This is Alpha and Omega. Man was born in sin. . . .

They spoke of the terrible times in generations past.

"They had slaves in those days," one of the men said.

"I'd 'a' killed off some of them Counts and Princes!" said another.

A Greek came into the warehouse from the office. He owned a confectionery store a block from the plant and bought his candy and cigarettes from our company. He liked to feel in the swim with "big business," so he often made tours of inspection of the plant.

"W'y you no vote for Smeet?" he asked the checker, a heavy set moron who breathed like a butcher.

"Aw, I ain't votin' for no Pope!" said the checker. "I told you dat last night!"

The Greek became angry. He was a big fellow.

"Jeez Crize!" he exclaimed. "You got beeg fat face joost like Hoover!"

He hit the checker. I parted the two before the checker could hit back. The next morning the checker received his check.

"Naw," said an old man the next day, "they sure musta been tough

in the old days. A man was no better than a slave!"

The worker has a viewpoint. He often talks about Evolution, about God. Rarely do you find that he is much of a churchgoer, but many are agreed that if there is no after life, life has played them a ghastly joke. Often you hear truck-drivers or taxi-men arguing about the merits of sterilization, or the segregation of the unfit of our population. It is only the most ignorant who do not understand the principles of birth control.

The workers do not like charity drives and Community Chests. If they were honest with themselves, they would refuse to contribute. Managers and general managers have ways and means of persuasion, however. The worker would gladly give his money to a needy fellow worker but he resents the outward semblance of charity. He feels that he is, in reality, as human as the sweet lady or moralistic man who condemns his morals and grudgingly gives him an inadequate meal or a lousy bed, or acts as though she had made her peace with God in even talking to him.

THE foreign worker has some recreation. He can buy wine or he can dance and sing, and he knows what to expect of life, but the American worker has to depend upon rotten liquor and tenth-rate motion pictures for his relaxation. His circle of experience is very narrow in comparison with other strata of our social life. That is why he submits so meekly to the bread line, why he has so few powers of rehabilitation. He has no point towards which to work in the first place — why worry about the degree of his pain? At one time, he thinks in bewilderment, he actually had the freedom to assert likes and dislikes! But that was, of course, before he was "grown-up."

THIS is no plea for children. The above statements are not made with the intention of positing a solution in the form of a Rousseauistic rebirth of the natural man. It is a résumé of conditions as they are — independent of prosperity or non-prosperity. It is an indication of the low state of a class of Americans who at least have the vitality to keep the machine running, but who have gone past the point where they could be wheedled by business men into the belief that the machine means the eventual salvation of the human race. The very "prosperity" that enabled them to raise their standard of living has shown them the possibility of expansion and has shown them how men unite in oppressing them. In reality, however, the workers no longer care about Utopia! They no longer believe very widely in the theory of workers' education as a class. Of course they have no idea of culture! Culture needs leisure for its expression, it must be a thing somewhat removed from the struggle for bread, and the worker sleeps most of the time when he is not working. If he does not sleep he races around in a car to increase the number of his objective impressions. The subjective, to the laborer, is a trifle too painful for study. He simply tries to forget himself as much as possible. His world is a world of values.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

A GOOD many hundreds of miles of landscape, seascape and airscape have flowed past the eyes of the Landscaper since he last sat down to turn out his monthly installment of literary observations, listening for the final whistle of the *S. S. Von Steuben* as he risked a hot-box on his faithful typewriter. First of all, almost four thousand miles of calm, summery sea, with only one day when the dining salon was not filled to capacity . . . and then the journey by train from Bremen to Southern Germany, and another journey by air from Frankfort-am-Main to London; a London at its best, warm and sunny, and as deeply peaceful as ever, the only large city the Landscaper has ever been in where it is possible to have as fine a rest cure as in the heart of the country — finer, one might say, especially one who had been kept awake for three consecutive mornings from 3 A.M. on in a little German town by the singing of hundreds of birds.

A part of the restfulness of London lies in its relative changelessness. Of course, it does change, and even old and treasured landmarks go down before the march of progress. But when this observer, taking his first walk down Piccadilly from his haven in Half Moon Street, saw a panhandler, who for five years at least has made a good living by appealing to fellow-Americans and with a beat as definitely marked as any policeman's, there came over him a feeling of great peace. No doubt the panhandler's business has suffered during the past year or two, because the tourists have been fewer and poorer, but he looked well enough fed and reasonably happy. He once worked the Haymarket, especially in the vicinity of the American Express Company's office, but of late has clung to Piccadilly. His judgment of nationality is accurate enough in most cases, but his memory for faces is not perfect, as he has braced the Landscaper several years in succession, without any luck, as after the first time, he never varies his story.

An Unbookish Voyage

THERE was little enough material for literary observation on the *Von Steuben*. One might have expected that a leisurely voyage of almost ten days would have led people to read rather than merely to carry books about with them, as in most

ships, but while literature found its followers, most of the passengers favored music and dancing, and eating. There were a few copies of Remarque's *The Road Back;* otherwise the assortment was too miscellaneous to mention, and the liner's bookstall had to depend upon the sale of stamps for letters to be mailed at Southampton to cover its overhead. The Landscaper, with a genius for arriving in strange lands on holidays, reached Bremen on the Saturday before Whitsuntide, and so there were no opportunities to discuss with booksellers the state of their trade, but window-shopping disclosed the presence of a number of copies of the works of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, including *Unser Herr Wrenn*, looking a little odd with its German title, and, lying peacefully enough by *Babbitt*, was Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*. Ernest Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms*, whose title in German eludes the tricky memory of the Landscaper, was also present.

A Neglected Masterpiece

THAT sadly neglected masterpiece of Franz Werfel's — neglected, that is, in England and America — *Verdi, the Romance of the Opera*, has sold some 250,000 copies in its German edition and is still widely displayed, although it was published some years ago. It is not unlikely that Simon and Schuster, its publishers, still have a few copies available, in case any one should be willing to take the Landscaper's word for its qualities. . . . Other older books still find their way into windows in Germany, *Jean Christophe*, for example, and Gerhart Hauptmann's *The Island of the Great Mother*, and Ernst Gleeser's excellent war novel, *Class of 1902*, an interesting contrast to American methods, where most books more than a month old are not even stocked, and have no chance at all to return to windows until they become antiques.

A Tourists' Paradise

HAVING heard innumerable reports during the last two or three years of Germany's kindness to tourists, and having experienced more than once the reverse of this attitude, especially among our friends the French in Paris, the Landscaper gave some of his time to looking into the matter, and is able to report that Germany is at present by far the most comfortable country in Europe for Americans, not the cheapest, but the cleanest and the friendliest, with almost no language difficulties, and eager to do everything possible for the happiness of its visitors. This is good business, to be sure, but one senses more than a mere desire to get the tourists' money. And how pleasant it is to be thanked for reasonable tips, to have one's struggles with a strange tongue received with sympathy and humor, and to know that every bill of any kind will be correct! It is amusing to find a people who seem to think they should speak English and who are embarrased when they do not; contrast this with the attitude of the French, for example. All this is set down in simple honesty — the Landscaper took no prejudices into Germany, or very few. He, as the faithful readers of this department know, saves his prejudices for Spain. . . . And Germany lacks the drama of the Iberian peninsula, to be sure, a drama which

is not for every one. But it offers in return much quiet beauty and, if one may mention such matters, there is very little wrong with the wines of the country, and nothing at all wrong with its beer.

The "Set" English

EVEN to a person who has a great affection for the English, and who loves London even at its coldest and greyest, there comes the necessity to say that the Germans are far more agreeable to Americans than our closer kin. No more polite, certainly, for courtesy is to be found everywhere in England, but more willing to accommodate themselves to our requirements. Travelers will appreciate this illustration: The Landscaper and his traveling companion went in to dinner at a Bremen hotel rather late. The companion, tired from the train trip and the heat, wanted nothing except porridge and cream. The headwaiter was summoned and the situation explained; he clicked his heels and without a trace of surprise, took the order, and returned not long after with exactly what had been requested. English hotels, outside the international caravanseries of London, would have been upset by such an order; people are not supposed to eat porridge at nine in the evening and what people are not supposed to do they should not want to do — not in this tight little island, anyway.

Bremen a Model City

ONE hears too little of the charms of the old Hansa town of Bremen, a free state for long, long generations. Aside from the interest of its architecture, especially in such delightful examples as the Essighaus, the Seventeenth Century Baroque residence of a rich burgher who carried on the business of living under the same elegantly ornamented roof as sheltered his office and warehouse, the parks — not only the charming Meierei, which looks as if it had been done from designs by Corot in his later and more romantic period, but the open spaces within the city itself are beautiful and restful. Indeed, those American mayors who have been touring France might do worse than to take a run up to Bremen and see how a city should look where people really enjoy living; where there are both beauty and comfort for all classes. And the streets are so clean that the conscientious visitor is hard put to it to know what to do with a cigarette stub. In New York he would not even have to wonder what to do with the refuse from a large tobacco factory, and if at all worried, he could dump it in the East or North Rivers.

To London by Air

THE Deutsche Luft Hansa, the subsidized commercial aviation company of Germany, is one of the best organized in the world, and maintains well regulated services all over the country. The Landscaper, in a sharp hurry to get on to London for business reasons, decided to take to the air. A few moments' consultation with the travel agency in a small spa arranged everything; a seat was reserved from Frankfort to London. Exactly at one o'clock — everything moves by seconds in Germany — the trimotored Fokker, the motors being Wright Whirlwinds, jolted across the

Frankfort flying field, and soon soared aloft with its nose pointed toward Cologne. In a little more than an hour, we were flying over Cologne, the twin spires of the great cathedral a thousand feet below. We changed planes in a few minutes, and the Landscaper was the solitary passenger from Cologne to Duesseldorf, where another change was made for Antwerp. There we changed again for the last leg over the Channel, and at a little after seven o'clock, the journey was ended at Croydon, all so utterly simple and commonplace, except for a few moments of exquisite beauty when we were sailing along over Southern England, warmed and lit by the slanting rays of the late afternoon sun, that it seems hardly worth writing about. It probably is not worth writing about for those travelers who have already tried the air service in Europe, but for those who have not, it may be mildly interesting. It is not at all expensive, the whole journey from Frankfort to London costing only thirty-eight dollars. And what a contrast in flying the Channel to crossing it in those miserable little steamers, the only place this oberver has ever been seasick!

A War Next Year?

One of the first books that fell under the Landscaper's eyes after he had settled down in London was about the next European war, which was so much to the fore during his visit to these shores last autumn. General Ludendorff is the newest prophet; his *The Coming War*, published here by Faber and Faber, is a queer volume, and not very convincing to this observer. The General's mind is filled with thoughts of a strange conspiracy, in which the Jesuits, the Freemasons, and the Jews, combine to bring utter ruin to unarmed Germany, and eventually to Europe. He predicts the outbreak of this struggle in May, 1932; it seems that the number fifteen has a peculiar charm for the Freemasons, and 1932 adds up to fifteen. France and Italy are the principal combatants, with England on the side of Germany, and most of the rest of Europe allied with the French. Most of the fighting takes place on German territory and is marked by all the atrocities with which the Germans were accused during 1914–1918. Of course, General Ludendorff denies that any of these charges were true, and certainly most of them have been proved to be pure propaganda. Since this is the case, it is a little hard to see why he should repeat them against other nations, unless he is trying to beat them to the punch. A psychologist would, it seems to the Landscaper, quickly decide that Ludendorff's nightmare came from his emotion over the present defenseless state of his country; surely no stranger conspiracy has ever been imagined than his. Politics never made bedfellows quite so odd as these before. The book is likely to find its way to America sooner or later. It will prove a very curious document.

Novels of the Moment

What other books is England reading and discussing? Among novels, V. Sackville-West's *All Passion Spent*, which the critics unite in thinking the best she has yet done; D. L. Murray's *Star Dust*, a story of the circus, which, if it proves

a better circus story than Lady Eleanor Smith's *Red Wagon*, deserves to become a classic; Elizabeth Bowen's *Friends and Relations*, a sharply satirical comedy of which Sylvia Lynd has written, "Miss Bowen has stopped just short of writing a masterpiece"; *One Night in Santa Anna* by Thomas Washington-Metcalfe, a well-written and exciting adventure story; *Three Pairs of Silk Stockings* by Pantaleimon Romanoff, already published in America by Scribner's, and a fine novel of Russian contemporary life; *The Solange Stories* by F. Tennyson Jesse, certain to be worth reading when it reaches the United States; *The Grasshoppers Come* by David Garnett, a slightly different novel from the more fantastic pieces of this author, which is winning high praise; and the current choice of the Book Society, *Hatter's Castle*, by A. J. Cronin, a new writer, who has done a long, long novel, which J. C. Squire admits has plenty of faults, but which he found fascinating.

The Cronin novel, which will inevitably find its way to our side, is the story of a tradesman and his family in a small Scottish town, and Mr. Squire goes on to say of it in *The Observer:* "Had I been told before that I should thus be fascinated by a melodramatic, sombre, in places dreadful, book, and its characters, as Mr. Synge would say, speaking the dialect — I should have refused to believe it. Nevertheless, it was so: from the start the Young Mariner held me with his glittering eye, and once I had been arrested, I had to hear the story out." This is high praise from such a source; we shall see what we shall see when the book comes under the scrutiny of the critics on the other side of the Atlantic. It certainly is made to sound interesting, and doubly so because it seems to be another important step in the return to the three decker of Victorian days, although we manage such things better now, and put a thousand pages of thin paper between two covers without any trouble.

Some Other Fiction

THIS is not quite all the novels that are attracting attention in England, but it covers the high spots in the more recent lists. Gustav Frennsen's *The Pastor of Poggsee*, a tale out of Holstein, told during the time of the War, has been widely praised; Violet Quirk's fantasy, *The Skirts of the Forest*, is already sure of a success of esteem, and Helen Simpson's oddly miscellaneous *'Vantage Striker* is said to contain much that is delightful. The Landscaper has the impression that Naomi Mitchison's *The Corn King and the Spring Queen*, a story of the Scythian town of Marob and of its king-gods and their female partners, has already been published in America; if not, he passes along the information that the book has had unanimous praise in the English press, and that knowing the work of Miss Mitchison, his guess would be that the book should be read at all odds, at least by those who like archæology and anthropology made to come to life. Nowhere among the current offerings has the Landscaper found a book that had so strong a lure for him as Miss Mitchison's. Harcourt, Brace are her American publishers.

A Biography of Stresemann

OF NON-FICTION, Antonia Vallentin's *Stresemann*, with an introduction by Einstein, appears to be the outstanding biography at the moment. Harold Nicholson considers it very nearly a masterpiece, and it has many other cheer-leaders. The author knew the German statesman intimately for a long term of years, and is said to have presented his oddly contradictory character in a most interesting manner. The *Manchester Guardian* says of the volume: "The intercourse between Brian and Stresemann is a curious idyll . . . That idyll Frau Vallentin tells extremely well. She understands its European significance; she links it skilfully with European politics; the most appealing part of her work is the moving story of how a dying man strove to keep the spirit of the idyll intact . . . told with an enthusiasm that makes it extraordinarily attractive . . . An excellent account of a man who was one of the extremely few great men of our age." The *Times* has high praise for the life story of a worthy of whom few people have ever heard, *Jean Cavalier: Baker's Boy and British General*, by Arthur Page Grubb. Cavalier, it appears, was a leader of the Camisards in the Cevennes, a Protestant sect which carried on guerilla warfare with the powers of the Church of Rome for years under the daring leadership of our hero. Cavalier appears in *Travels with a Donkey*, and Mr. Grubb admits that Stevenson's reference to him there set him on the trail; at the end of his stormy career he was British Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey.

Hunting Sunken Treasure

A BOOK of sea adventure has also caught the public fancy, and will surely find its way to America. This is *Seventy Fathoms Deep with the Divers of the Salvage Ship "Artiglio,"* by David Scott. Mr. Scott is a journalist who followed the fortunes of the *Artiglio* and her daring crew through two remarkable hunts for treasure at the bottom of the ocean, the second of which was entirely successful. The boat was sunk with all but seven of her men as they were engaged in blowing up a wreck, and while a new *Artiglio* is already at work, the old one left a brave bit of history behind her. Mr. Scott explains clearly and simply the present diving apparatus which allows men to go to depths of 400 feet or lower in comfort and safety; he also introduces us to three of these divers, and to Commendatore Quaglia, an heroic quartet. There is a world of drama in this volume, and the writing is excellent. The reader is strangely moved by the tragedy of the *Artiglio* because of the skill with which Mr. Scott has given appeal to the men about whom he writes, and whom he admired and understood.

Business Somewhat Better

BETWEEN times of reading books and book reviews, the Landscaper has talked with a good many publishers and literary agents about the state of the book business in England, and the general impression seems to be that it is better now than it was late last year, although the improvement is slight enough at best. Lists have not been much reduced, and as many books as ever seem to

be advertised; also one hears of no slackening in authors' output. Actually, the book business is permanently bad from the point of view of every one who has not just written or published a best-seller, and yet one hears of relatively few deaths by starvation among publishers or authors — perhaps more of the latter than among publishers — and it would be a brash person to try to persuade either to quit and go into some other business.

By the time this article reaches print, the Landscaper expects to have toured the London docks under the guidance of Alan J. Villiers, the author of *By Way of Cape Horn*, *Vanished Fleets*, *etc.*, whose first book for boys will be published this autumn in England and America under the title of *Sea Dogs of Today*. The *Archibald Marshall*, one of the old-time windjammers is in port, so perhaps the next Landscape will be written while rounding the Horn . . . Mr. Villiers expects to return to America this autumn to continue the lecture tour he began with such conspicuous success this spring.

To end these rambling comments, it may be well to mention two new collections of ghost stories, both of which have been published in America, according to the Landscaper's memory; and both of which all lovers of the eerie and weird ought to know about. These are *Collected Ghost Stories* by M. R. James, Mr. James being the Provost at Eton, and *They Walk Again*, an anthology of ghost stories compiled by Colin de la Mare, the son of Walter de la Mare. One of Walter de la Mare's own excellent tales of this sort, *All Hallows*, is included.

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North American Review

September

A "Strictly Business" Moratorium
By Phelps Haviland Adams

Our Still Dubious Foreign Policy . . . . . Lewis Einstein
The Fire Body (*Story*) . . . . . Algernon Blackwood
A Game for Twosomes . . . . . Susan Lee
Synthetic Gold . . . . . Glowacki R. Parker
Metropolis of the West . . . . . Joseph Lilly
White Mice and Perfume (*Story*) . . . . . Benjamin Appel
A Morgue of Mortgages . . . . . Gerhard Hirschfeld
Aviation Chases Its Tail . . . . . Donald Rose
A Laborer's Leisure . . . . . Ralph Aiken
What's Wrong with the Women? . . . Louise Maunsell Field
Hope for Ireland . . . . . Walter B. Mahony

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Hope for Ireland

Excerpts from a radio address

By Walter B. Mahony

There is no journey which would better repay the traveler, particularly the American, than to seek a glimpse of the Emerald Isle. After two visits to Ireland, following the troublous days of 1921 and 1922, my accounts of its beauties were of such enthusiastic tone that an intimate friend insisted on giving the precious final week of a brief trip abroad to a motor tour through the southern counties. As we sat down at a table in Kenmare, the announcement was made that we now were in the Kingdom of Kerry, to which the reply came that to hear me discourse upon its charm, one might be inclined to think it the Kingdom of Heaven. As one writer puts it, "Ireland has a combination of tenderness and wildness, appealing to the eye and touching the spirit."

Before presuming to speak upon the economic outlook for the Irish Free State, let me offer as the only excuse the five pilgrimages made to Erin within the past eight years, the final one being completed within a month, with the inevitable result of arousing a deep interest in its future.

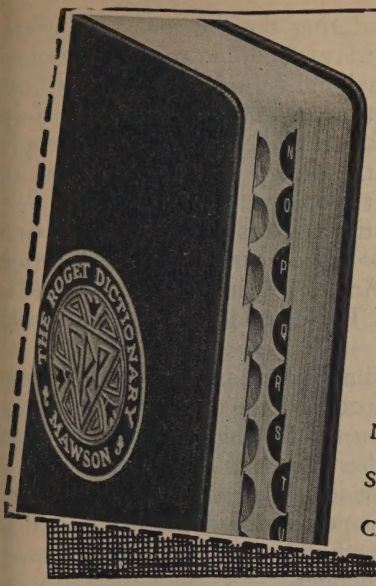
The statement has been made on sound authority that over forty million of the population of the United States have a share of Irish blood from one parent or the other. It is well known that New York is the largest Irish city of the world. Professor Lecky, the learned member of Parliament for Trinity College, Dublin, in his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* wrote that even as far back as 1775 "the many disastrous circumstances of Irish history had driven great bodies of Irishmen to seek a home in America" and the tide has flowed ever since.

The internationally famed George Russell, better known perhaps as A. E., recently a visitor to America, speaks of the "literature in Gaelic as so ancient that its Sagas go back to a period comparable with the Homeric stories in the character of the civilization they reveal." We remember the stir created by the astonishing revelation of the breadth of reading indicated in the history of the Irish Sagas, as told by the late Theodore Roosevelt, and now Lady Gregory is keeping alive these bards of antiquity in her translations of these ancient stories.

A. E. confidently refers to the present day rebirth of Irish literature and, modestly omitting himself, points to Yeats and Synge, to James Stephens and Dunsany, to Bernard Shaw and George Moore and with proper pride asserts that "No country in the world is producing literature of finer quality than our own."

Education comes ahead of economic development and what greater stimulus could there be than the knowledge that there was a day when "Ireland was regarded by all Europe as the principle center of learning" and when "Armagh University was the metropolis of civilization?" Twenty per cent of the total national revenue is devoted to education, which has deservedly received paramount attention by the State. Within the past few years two hundred new schools have been built and over fifteen hundred existing schools have been enlarged and remodeled. In no country in the world does the expenditure on education absorb so large a proportion of the revenue.

The first movement toward economic improvement within the present century should rightly be credited to Sir Horace Plunkett, who organized his dairy and agricultural societies to bring the small farmers together for purchase, manufacture, credit and marketing. His tireless efforts, ably assisted by associates of standing and repute, resulted in the creation of more than a thousand such coöperative groups. This movement has



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of SYNONYMS and ANTONYMS

received the endorsement and support of the State, and in the Minister for Agriculture has found a powerful and able ally.

Before economic progress can be advanced, there must, of course, be stability and security. To effect this, the Government has directed its efforts with such a degree of success that notwithstanding the anarchy into which the country had fallen in 1922, there is today no other country more peaceful and free from crime. Fortunate it was that a few men of rare ability were available when the first Government was formed. They have attacked the problems and difficulties with which their country was beset and are surely gaining the victory.

In this brief recital it is possible only to touch upon the high spots of economic improvement. There is, of course, the vast plan nearing completion for the development of the hydro-electric power along the Shannon River with a present capacity of ninety thousand horsepower. This has involved the expenditure to date of over thirty-five million dollars, and will make possible the delivery of cheap light and power to every district and reduce the burden of coal imports. Already there is scarcely a village of over five hundred population without electricity. The agricultural and dairy industries have largely benefited and the more important industrial enterprises are now using the electric current for motive power.

The competing railways were, by legislation, amalgamated into one company, producing improved service at lessened cost. Highways and bridges have been rebuilt, making travel by motor safe and agreeable. Over one hundred new industrial plants have been built, including the largest beet sugar factory in Europe. Extensive sanitation and drainage schemes are adding to the health and productive capacity of the country.

Total trade now exceeds five hundred million dollars and is gradually working towards a favorable balance. Bank deposits have increased and assets now amount to over one billion dollars. Despite the world-wide depression, the Irish Bank showed better results in 1930 than in 1929 and there has been a notable absence of failures. More houses have been built during the last five years than during the previous fifty years. Savings certificates limited to not more than $2,500 to each individual, were issued to the extent of $2,200,000 in 1924 and had grown to $37,360,000 by the end of 1930, amply disproving the theory that the Irish are an improvident people.

Three national loans to a total of around $104,000,000 have been issued, the portion placed in America being $15,000,000 at a price of 95. These bonds have recently sold above 107.

The standing army has been reduced from 50,000 to 5,000. More people returned to the Free State in the first half of this year than came from her shores to America.

The national debt of the Irish Free State is the lowest per capita in the world, and it possesses — what is unique in these days — a balanced budget.

To run over this list fails to catch the imagination, but to one who has just returned from a delightful holiday, the impression gained is one of amazement at the improvement shown in the space of a few years and warrants the hope of a fruitful future. There is evidence on every hand of a changed spirit; the atmosphere of pessimism and discouragement is absent. The naturally buoyant Irish character is in the ascendent. The devoted sons and daughters of Erin are returning and bringing with them fresh and progressive ideas and improved standards of living. Recently the New York *Times* carried an editorial under the caption "Come Back To Erin" and if this siren song came over the radio from the throat of the beloved John McCormack, the soft voice of Ireland would have an irresistible appeal from across the seas.

To speak the names of such villages as Glengariff, Parknasilla and Killarney — the Bays of Bantry and Kenmare — the Castles of Dromore, Dunloe and Coulmain with their towers must appeal to one's sentiment. The drive coasting the South shore of Ireland is the equal of any — whether it be the Corniche in the South of France, the Sorrento-Amalfi below Naples, the Nikko-Chuzenzi in Japan, or even that of Darjeeling — beneath Kinchinjunga in Northern India. Awaiting you is the warmth of hospitality found in every true Irish heart.

The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

Foreign Affairs

The European situation is constantly changing. Overnight new elements of the utmost significance, unsuspected before, arise. Since this column, for obvious technical reasons, is being written more than twenty-four hours before it will appear in print, nothing written here, and now, regarding the European situation could be of any value to you when you read it. If the Gordian knot which is strangling Europe is cut by a war (some of the most astute observers of European affairs believe that no other knife can cut it), no financial or economic forecast penned before that event occurs can have any significance whatever. I offer it as my personal opinion, however, that a European war is unthinkable and impossible at this time. The weapons and munitions would have to be supplied by this country as they were in the last war. We thought we were growing rich because we sold billions of dollars' worth of supplies to Europe, but we also loaned her the money with which to pay for these supplies. As in all wars, everybody lost. Europe received the supplies, which she used for the destruction of her property: we received promises — and experience. The American people would not finance another European war. Furthermore, the efforts of the American Government to maintain peace may yet prove successful. I have unhesitatingly criticized Mr. Hoover's economy when I believed it to be unsound; now I should like to add my voice to the shouts of praise which he has deservedly received for his prompt action in the present emergency and his continuing efforts to avert another European catastrophe. The United States can no longer remain aloof from world affairs, not so much for her own sake as for that of her neighbors. What follows is based on the assumption that there will not be war at this time.

A New Moses

Our foreign trade is still rapidly receding and, it is apparent, little improvement can be expected as long as our European, South American and Asiatic markets are in chaotic upheaval. Does it follow that American business will remain in a state of deep depression until foreign political problems have been solved — by war, revolution or intrigue? It does not. Improvement will have to begin somewhere, and it might just as well begin here as anywhere else. When things look as though they couldn't get any worse, they have a curious way of getting better, often for a reason which apparently nobody expected. The other day I ran across an advertisement which so struck my fancy that I saved it, and quote it here, in part:

> A new Moses appears, to lead us out of the economic wilderness. It is the market for domestic electric appliances, said to be twenty-four billion dollars, comparable in size to the automobile market in 1920 — the year that embarked that industry on its greatest decade of expansion.

This little ad, printed by the General Utilities Securities Company, Inc., of New York, made a deep impression on me. I have given it a good deal of thought and believe that it contains more than a germ of truth. I have begun to search the bulrushes.

Electric Power Production

Turning to my chart of electric power production, I find that in the week of July eleventh power production in the United States passed the figure for the corresponding week of last year and was only seven per cent behind the similar week of 1929. Now the greater part of the electricity produced in this country is used by factories as power for the production of goods. But any index of industrial activity shows that it has decreased steadily during the last year and is only a fraction of what it was in the sum-

mer of 1929. Either the weekly figures of carloadings or the *Annalist's* index of business activity will prove this point.

Electric production and electric consumption, remember, are synonymous. Electricity can not be stored in tanks, or laid up in barns, along with the Farm Board's wheat. There is never an oversupply, and as long as there are waterfalls and tides as well as coal fields and oil wells, it will never be exhausted. It is produced as demanded and flows directly into factories, public lighting and traction systems, electrified railroads, hotels, offices and private homes. If the same amount of electricity is being consumed as a year ago, although the demand from two of the principal consumers — factories and railroads — has materially fallen off, the remaining consumers must be using much larger quantities than formerly. The public lighting and traction systems of the country, however, have expanded but little during the past year. The great expansion in the use of electricity, has been in the homes and offices, public and private, of the American people. If, when they are hard up, they can buy more electricity for their private use as well as appliances to use it with, than they did when they were last prosperous, what will they do when they are prosperous again? The stock market, that wisest of prophets, foresees the possibilities. That is why, in the April-June break, the utility or electric stocks were the only ones which did not, as a group, penetrate their December lows, and why these stocks sell, and will continue to do so, on a higher relation to earnings and yield than the other groups — because they have the best prospects.

In this connection let me point out that many people still state that the stock market crash caused the depression. On the contrary, the worst panic the country has ever seen was merely the stock market's way of predicting the worst depression the country has ever seen. And, as usual, the market was right.

Stocks

With similar reasoning, many people believe that the stocks which have the highest yields are the cheapest. As a rule, they are the most expensive. Stocks sell on a high yield basis because the yield is in danger, and on a low yield basis because the prospects are good and the dividend likely to be raised. The stock market can look back on many years of experience, and sometimes it looks years ahead. It sees, I believe correctly, a very bright future for the electric business in this country.

The market appears to have a way of finding reasons, or excuses, for doing what it wants to do. Actually, of course, the market saw the reasons which you and I missed. As much can be told about the future of business by studying the history of the stock market as from any other statistics or records of the past. The market, like all the other phenomena with which we are familiar, has a way of repeating, going through the same old antics time and again. One of its habits has been that in each of the depressions which have succeeded one another at varying intervals during the economic history of this country, it has made a low somewhat above the low of the preceding depression, followed by a high above the old high. It is the market's way of telling the story of the upward trend of the standard of living in this country.

Now the June lows in the market averages were only a few points above the lows of 1921. If this level is penetrated, the market will be clearly predicting that the country's peak has been reached and passed. I am optimistic enough to believe that this is not the case, and that therefore the market will not reach the 1921 level. Just when it looked as though it were going to, the market turned and shortly afterwards made the announcement of Mr. Hoover's moratorium plan the excuse for a brisk rally. Perhaps the wise old market foresaw the inevitability of such a move, just as it foresaw in April, and spent the spring discounting, the European crisis of June. After much hesitation as well as several false starts and setbacks, the market will appear to find an excuse — a Moses in the bulrushes — for continuing the uptrend established in June.

Construction

After the spring recession, the volume of contracts for new construction enterprises turned up in June, and it appeared that the hoped for secondary peak was about

to be materialized. In July, however, activity slipped off again. It is still too early to tell whether the chart is going to follow the pattern of 1921, the recovery year, or that of 1930. If the latter occurs, it can only be interpreted bearishly. Materially lower costs will inevitably stimulate activity sooner or later, but they have not begun to do so as yet. I am still confident, however, that the fall will see a sizable increase in building activity.

Commodities

Most commodity price charts show a double bottom — a phenomenon always considered by chart students significant of probable improvement. Many goods are selling below the cost of production now. A slight stiffening of prices is not improbable but a strong upward movement is not anticipated during the near term. Sentiment will be greatly stimulated once it is generally believed that the precipitate decline in the price scale has been halted. There is almost no limit to the measures of economy which can be taken, profits can be adjusted to almost any price level. But it is obviously impossible to hope to manufacture and market goods successfully when there is no telling what level the selling price may have reached by the time production is completed.

Credit

The Federal Reserve's Board's policy at present appears to be to make short term investments so unprofitable that surplus funds will be forced to seek employment in longer term bonds. Moral pressure is being exerted on banks to reduce interest rates on savings and other time deposits. This policy is unquestionably sensible: a strong bond market would stimulate business sentiment generally. But the public is a good deal of a horse when it comes to being led to water. Until it believes that there are to be no more major business failures and no real estate panic, it is going to keep some of its shekels in its stocking.

Agriculture

Several times in the history of this country a prolonged period of depression has ended in the summer when followed by an abundant harvest. It is still too early to predict the autumn harvests accurately, but the winter wheat crop, particularly in the Southwestern region, is of bumper proportions. As Thomas Gibson points out, while it is true that the price level is low, it also must be borne in mind that this volume of wheat is produced from a smaller acreage at less expense than former crops and that the net returns therefore will be substantially higher than might appear if only the current price level were taken into consideration. It may be that Moses is hiding in the cornstalks.

Railroads

You and I are not the only ones who are scrutinizing the crop reports of the Department of Agriculture. The Interstate Com-

(*Continued on page XV*)

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By Way of Introduction

Phelps Haviland Adams (*Strictly Business*) is a Washington correspondent for the *New York Sun*. He has written before for this magazine.

Lewis Einstein (*Our Still Dubious Foreign Policy*) has been secretary of American embassies in many European countries and China. He is author of books and articles on literature, history and art.

Algernon Blackwood (*The Fire Body*), the well known short story writer, is outstanding in his power to handle supernatural and fantastic subjects. Earlier in his career he was on the staff of the *New York Sun* and *New York Times;* he now lives in England.

Susan Lee (*A Game for Twosomes*) is the pseudonym of a woman who contributes to newspapers and magazines. She was brought up on a Missouri farm and later moved to the city, where she taught school and did office work.

Joseph Lilly (*Metropolis of the West*), a native of Ohio, has been Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and for ten years did reportorial work in New York City. He has written before for this magazine.

Benjamin Appel (*White Mice and Perfume*), who graduated two years ago from Lafayette College, has already had published several short stories and a book of verse.

Glowacki R. Parker (*Synthetic Gold*) is an engineer and banker. He has served as President of the American Exporters' and Importers' Association, National Councillor of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Trade Adviser of the National Foreign Trade Council, and member of many other committees of commercial organizations.

Gerhard Hirschfeld (*A Morgue of Mortgages*) is the American correspondent for a number of European publications and a contributor to many magazines in this country. Besides his study of economic and political developments, he has made a study nearly as intense of the piano, including both the productive and the reproductive sides.

Donald Rose (*Aviation Chases Its Tail*), who formerly was an Associate Editor of, and wrote a department, Stuff and Nonsense, for The North American Review, is an editorial writer on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and contributor to many magazines.

Ralph Aiken (*A Laborer's Leisure*) is a special-article writer. He contributed *More Machines* to the May issue of this magazine.

Louise Maunsell Field (*What's Wrong with the Women?*), who has written frequently for The North American Review, has been a dramatic critic, regular contributor to the outstanding literary reviews, and is the author of novels.

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Happily for globe-trotters the world is blessed with seasons, else they might all be making for the same side of the world at the same time, and that would be upsetting. As it is, one half may be abroad reveling in its favorite haunts, while the other half cools its heels, counts costs, and plans its next adventurous journey. Perhaps that is why, if you could look in on any number of people staying quietly in or near their own bailiwicks just now, you would find them at their leisure pouring over sheaves of enchantingly designed booklets, each bearing that legend as potent as any talisman of old — "Around the World Cruise."

A World Cruise This Year!

Across their covers in gay procession march caparisoned elephants and their wise mahouts, temple dancers in jeweled head-dresses, giddy rickshaw boys, frivolous *geishas* bedecked like butterflies, stately camels, turbaned Sikhs, and stodgy old water buffaloes. Who could escape being tempted to look inside where itineraries are outlined in detail, and following the urge to travel inherent in every one of us. Then there are maps. Maps of the world with long swinging lines curving across blue oceans. Intimate friendly little maps that convince you that you will know your way about when you arrive. And tucked away in the back of the booklets are diagrams of the ships, so that you may ponder the pros and cons of deck and stateroom, of design and plan, of port and starboard. In some instances these also record costs, and this allows a satisfying opportunity to balance one thing against the other when it comes to making your choice. Ships must be considered and speed; rates balanced against itineraries; seasons decided upon, and last, but by no means least, the management of the cruise must be appraised. We all have our rathers and sometimes decision rests on small things. Thus far this season, three world cruises have been scheduled, that under the management of the Cunard Line and Thos. Cook & Son with 180 years of combined experience as their background; the Hamburg American Line, whose cruise ship was built specially for both temperate and tropical zone voyaging; and the Canadian Pacific offering the novelty of a brand-new ship. The Dollar Line sending ships round the world every fortnight we feel we have always with us, as it were.

Phineas Fogg's Ideas and Yours

These world cruises allow about the same amount of time for their voyages, but how long and leisurely they seem, now that Post and Gatty have shown us that we can make a world tour well inside the usual two weeks vacation time, and still have opportunity for a few side trips on the way. But crossing all the 360 meridians in less than nine days, though it may have charms, still seems a little hurried, and most of us are inclined to agree that Phineas Fogg had to hurry unduly to make it in eighty days. In fact after we have been around the world once, we are quite content to concede that Magellan's three-year voyage was just about the proper speed for circling the globe — and are ready for another trip. For after all, there is an awful lot to this old world and we do not want to miss anything if we can help it.

Dallying Through India

Perhaps the Far East holds the greatest enchantment for you, and you will approach it through India, first setting foot in Bombay, where the streets run riot with color and types of humanity such as you can hardly have imagined, for here you rub shoulders with Afghans, Arabs, Sikhs from Northern India, Rajputs, and even Tibetans. You will learn to enjoy the luxury of *chota hazri* (your tea and toast) in the early morning, and the freshness of the day in its

youngish hours, for this is the time for your sight-seeing ventures. You will spend one morning on the top deck of a queer, turtle-like boat, being poled by gleaming native boys along the velvet waters of the holy Ganges at Benares, watching pilgrims from the farthest parts of India pour down the broad damp steps to the river's edge. They come to the tune of ten thousand a month. The scene presents an impression of great intensity, of attainment after faithful striving, but it is softened by the gay movement of color, as the Indian sun turns the great parasols that shelter groups here and there into giant toadstools of gold, molten gold, green gold and red. You will be apt to step aside for some sacred bull in the streets where these holy creatures have things their own way, and perchance come upon a slim, fantastic fakir who will trick you into believing you have seen a mango tree sprout and grow large under your very eyes, and you will wander on down to the bazaars with something more to think about in this strange Eastern land. But when you have lingered in the perfumed shadow of these same bazaars and appraised the precious treasure spread before you for your delectation — when you have felt the softness of old jade, let a handful of pigeon-blood rubies filter through your fingers, caught the glint of star sapphires in the dim light, the words of the Indian Love song echo again in memory, this time with poignant meaning:

"If in the great bazaars
They sold the golden stars,
Beloved, there should be
A necklace wrought for thee
More marvelous than that faint film
That hangs above the sea."

You will travel to Delhi and live in a fashionable hotel, and walk softly through palaces whose windows are screened with lace-like marble; you will enter the blue silence of the Jami Masjid, India's largest mosque, built by Shah Jehan, and perhaps climb the high Kutb Minar, the tower of victory built by a slave who became a king in India — but you will find the spirit of India today looking from the questioning eyes of some patient-faced mother nursing her child in the shade of an unobtrusive doorway.

Love Gardens by Baber

At Agra the incomparable Taj awaits, that tomb whose beauty seems to typify all India. And from its terrace, across the river, you will glimpse the ruins of the once blossoming love gardens of Baber, that Persian conqueror from whom descend the great Moguls, who found himself an exile in Agra, longing for his Persian gardens with their faintly musical streams and great overhanging chinars. So dear to this fighting king were his flowers and his gardens, that in his memoirs which his grandson Akbar caused to be so charmingly illustrated, he is pictured entirely absorbed in measuring the symmetry of a garden plot, while splendid embassies stand awaiting his pleasure outside the gate, unheeded.

Isles of the Eastern Seas

Leaving India, you will discover just how endearing tropic islands can be — those unspoiled little bits of land where the world wakes up with the sunrise. Ceylon, Bali, Penang on Prince of Wales Island, Java, Hongkong, Mindanao, Luzon, the islands of Japan and Hawaii. How incredibly many there are. In Ceylon, which was one of the first of the great tropical oriental islands to be colonized by Europeans, who occupied it more than 350 years ago, you may come upon one of the oldest and largest botanical gardens in the world — the Royal Botanic Gardens of Peradeniya, near the mountain town of Kandy. Here you may learn to eat the most delectable curries. The Javanese are vegetarians, and in the markets, strewn about the ground or placed in generous bamboo baskets, you will find many varieties of the vegetables and spices which go to make up the famous Javanese curries. Here, too, you will doubtless begin sampling all kinds of fruits that are new to you: jack-fruit with its rich, sweet flavor, whose large seeds when roasted are as tasty as chestnuts; bael-fruit and jaggery, the latter a sugar made from the sago-palm and quite as delicious in its way as our own maple syrup; mangosteens, that "queen" of tropical fruits, pomegranates from Persian gardens, large juicy Chinese persimmons and pumeloes that are like our grapefruit without its bitterness.

Surely tropic islands are a bonanza for the fruit-lover.

A Peep at Penang

At Penang, where through the palm-lined streets go creaking two-wheeled carts of crude rubber drawn by patient water-buffaloes, you may experience a good many cold shivers running up and down your spine when you brave the Snake Temple, but you will go nevertheless, because your curiosity will not be satisfied until you have seen if the snakes really do twine themselves round the various idols, braziers, and gongs, and hang in a tracery of green from the rafters of the ceilings. It is comforting to learn, however, that the fragrance of burning incense keeps them pleasantly dormant, so that they are not very active. If you've time to stay a bit in these parts, there is great hunting in the jungles round about.

When Pierre Loti Went to Angkor

Sometimes Penang is made the starting point for a side trip to Angkor in Cambodia, and other times these ancient ruins are reached from the French colony at Saigon in Indo-China, but it makes little difference from which angle you approach this ruined city of the Khmers, just so you make the memorable experience your own. When Pierre Loti, thirty years ago, realized the ambition of his childhood and found himself within sight of Bayon, the most ancient of the sanctuaries of Angkor, he traveled under the greatest difficulties which he describes thus: "Through an inextricable tangle of dripping branches and creepers, we have to beat our way with sticks in order to reach the temple. The forest entwines it strictly on every side, chokes it, crushes it. . . . Here are the doors; roots, like aged beards, drape them with a thousand fringes. . . . My Cambodian guide is insistent that we should depart. We have no lanterns, he tells us, on our carts, and it behooves us to return before the hour of the tiger. Before I leave, however, I raise my eyes to look at the towers which overhang me, drowned in verdure, and I shudder suddenly with an undefinable fear as I perceive, falling upon me from above,

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a huge fixed smile; and then another smile again, beyond, on another stretch of wall, and then three, and then five and then ten. They appear everywhere and I realize that I have been overlooked from all sides by the faces of the quadruple-visage towers. . . . They are likenesses of the gods worshipped in times obliterated, by men whose history is now unknown; likenesses from which, in the lapse of centuries, neither the slow travail of the forest, nor the heavy dissolving rains have been able to remove the expression. . ."

You will want to visit Angkor if only to echo with Loti, the magical phrase of his childhood: "In the depths of the forests of Siam, I have seen the star of evening rise over the ruins of Angkor." It is all so simple of performance now — the getting to these vast ruins. Over smooth automobile roads you may speed through aisles of chastened jungle by motor, either from Penang (returning via Bangkok to Pak Nam) or Saigon, unless you give the excursion more time and travel the twisting yellow waters of the Mekong by boat, and so come to the comfortable pavilion which the French Government has so thoughtfully provided for visitors.

Beauty of Balinese Temples

One of the innovations in world cruises of late has been the inclusion of the charming little island of Bali — a garden spot where time has seemed to stand still and where life glides peacefully along at the same tempo as it did when Akbar's engineers and skilled architects laid out Fatehpur-Sikri centuries ago. It is an island of softly appealing beauty — of thousands of temples, many of them dating from comparatively recent times though bearing in their profuse carvings designs conceived in antiquity. Occasionally you are startled to find what you believe to be an ancient temple carved in modern bas-reliefs dealing with such super-modern subjects as a hold-up man detaining an archaic-looking motor car whose occupant is properly registering fear, or a gentleman in modern garb peddling a bicycle. Doubtless the gentleman with the revolver was inspired by the latest gang-movie from Chicago, as they are sometimes shown at Singaraja. Balinese temples are not covered structures, such as we are prone to visualize, but a series of three walled-in courts, containing several open sheds, so their construction is not a very serious undertaking. But the carving on these temples is another matter. Time and time again the villagers leave their rice paddies to carve temples to their gods, and when you see a procession of stately Balinese women on fête days mounting the steps of these ornate arches, bearing on their heads all manner of gifts, the temples somehow take on a new meaning. Religious dances performed with an easy grace are made more memorable by the exquisite setting these temples afford. They are always willingly given for visitors, and are really a sight not to be overlooked in Bali.

Hongkong — "More British than the British"

Suppose we choose Hongkong as our next port of call, for there are so many of them on a world cruise that we may only select a few at random to write about in these sketchy notes. Hongkong has long been termed more British than the British themselves, but beneath all its formality you may find a genuine welcome, even though you may be received at Government House with as much ceremony as though you were having an audience at Buckingham Palace. But with the proper introductions, you may enjoy the hospitality of any one of half a dozen palatial clubs which will be crowded every night from six to eight o'clock, or you may go in for those which sponsor cricket, golf, tennis, polo, hockey, yachting, swimming or what not in the line of sports. There are many charming walks in Hongkong on which some one is sure to invite you, but you will appreciate them more after you have grown accustomed to hills, for Hongkong is really just one series of hills. When you want to reach the top, or the Peak, as it is called, you will gratefully enlist the friendly services of the little tram which journeys up and down so faithfully many times a day. Cream-colored banks and business houses line the shore near the landing stage, for your ship will anchor out in the harbor, and then farther on up the hill you

will glimpse some of the loveliest villas you are likely to find anywhere. Shops under their broad arcades are crowded with treasures from all parts of the world, and with a little persuasive bargaining, offer opportunity to corral many of those priceless things that are often only procurable farther afield. This great outpost of Britain lives in its own way on the island of Victoria, but across the water on the mainland at Kowloon, China is crowding down to the very water's edge, and here over a cave where in 1287 the Emperor Sung sought refuge from the hordes of Kublai Khan, you may read the ancient carved inscription, "The Pavilion of the Emperor of the Sungs."

That Portuguese Monte Carlo—Macao

It is quite easy, while your steamer swings at anchor at Hongkong, to take the few hours' trip up the Pearl River to Macao, that five square miles of Portuguese land known as "the Monte Carlo of the East." In its early days Macao was famous as a slave market, but now its population is largely slave to "dream grains" or opium, which is manufactured there in large quantities. It is a city where gambling and vice in all its forms are openly indulged, and the Portuguese authorities who govern its destinies waive all customs and immigration examinations in their eagerness to welcome whatever has the appearance of ready cash. Hidden away from all this garishness is one quiet garden vastly lovely to look upon, where Camoens, Portugal's exiled poet and adventurer, completed his great epic, *The Lusiads*.

Drifting in the Mediterranean

Most round-the-world cruises, as well as specially designated Mediterranean cruises, begin to unfold their enchantments when the blue shadow of Gibraltar has been passed and the ships nose their way past its stern visage to enter the storied waters of the Mediterranean. You may picture this "Sea of the Ancients" swarming with Algerian or Moorish pirates, storm-driven galleys, Roman triremes, or those countless harmless fishing

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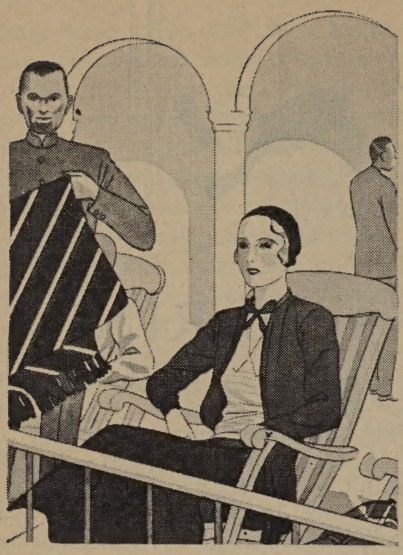
SHREVEPORT, LA.	The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT.	The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.	The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT.	The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.	The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS



September Sea-scape

LET Chalfonte-Haddon Hall be the setting for an ocean-voyage-on-land. Come now, while the shore is at its best. Lie on the ocean deck and savor the salty tang of a sea warmed by the summer sun. Here is an informal atmosphere, inspired cuisine, unobtrusive service . . . things that make a stay here something to anticipate — and remember.

There are all sorts of recreation facilities. Squash courts, a well-equipped gym, game-rooms. Riding on the beach, and a golf course a few minutes by motor. Play. Bask in the sun. Read . . . happy in the cheerful hospitality of Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. Write for information.

American and European Plans

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

Leeds and Lippincott Company

boats with their red and yellow lateen sails which still venture into its far reaches, but whatever ships you set a-sailing on its blue depths in imagination, you will be glad that you are sailing it yourself.

It is no task at all to give yourself up to the utter fascination of the countries that edge its shores, each so different in their concepts of life, and it is next to impossible to resist its islands. Mallorca, of the Balearic Isles, with its lazy port of Palma, and its countless new moon beaches sparkling in the sunshine, is one of the most appealing. Here its gentle people still cling to many of the manners and customs of the Middle Ages, and prices, while not exactly mediæval, come nearer in scale to that age than our own.

How Ulysses Withstood the Sirens

WHEN we come to Capri, we do not take the precautions that Ulysses did when he sailed along its shores, perhaps because we are more accustomed to the Mediterranean's sirens and like them better. You may or may not remember how he had himself lashed to the mast of his galley, and ordered his crew to fill their ears with wax so that they might all safely escape the lure of the beautiful maidens whose sole delight in life seemed to be to steal hardy mariners from the straight and narrow path of duty and what not. Today, we yield gracefully to any siren that may be about, paying particular heed to any that may remain round about Capri. F. L. Minnegerode has substantiated the claims made by Edwin Cerio, a writer and engineer who has done much research in Capri, that in one of the island's great caves they found unmistakable evidence that it had been occupied by women who seemed to have been most skilful in the gentle art of making themselves beautiful, for all kinds of artificial aids to beauty were found there. So picturesque is this "Sirens' Isle" in our eyes, however, that we scarcely trouble to be on the lookout for sirens. Instead, we glide securely over the silvery waters of the Blue Grotto, where Hans Christian Andersen tells us, "the drops of spray tossed up by the movement of the oars, fell red like fresh rose leaves" — and feel repaid.

Latchstrings Along the Mediterranean

PORTS of call for Mediterranean cruises are like so many magic doors, each opening when you lift the latch, on some adventure quite unlike any you have ever known. Sometimes you linger in the ports, and again you push on farther inland, perhaps to follow the trail of the Crusaders to the Holy Land, or the soft flowing Nile to Cairo and even to the farthest cataract; again, it may be the desert that calls more persistently than you know how to resist, and when you reach Tunis, you yield to the temptation to ride away into the yellow sands on a fleet-limbed camel, or mayhap in a modern motor.

Up and down the Adriatic to Corfu, and Cattaro, to Venice, whose gilded palaces still evoke memories of the grandeur of the Doges, to Malta, the Valhalla of the Knights of St. John. Catania and Messina will just serve as reminders that some day you are coming back to Sicily when you can stay and stay, and never give a thought to such things as trunks or travel, while Naples, with its calm blue bay, has given such a pleasant impression of Italy, that you never want to leave that country until you have traveled its entire length. Ville Franche, on the French Riviera, is merely a stopping place on the way to Monte Carlo, Nice, Antibes, and the entire host of smart French watering places that cluster along the French coast as thick as gulls on their favorite rocks. While Algiers, with its veiled women, plashing fountains, fragrant gardens and fine French hotels, seems almost to lead a double life, when you chance suddenly upon its weird native quarter where on the side of a yellow hill human lives are dragged out in what look like so many caves with front doors, dug in the side of the hill.

There is an age-old fascination about these ancient Mediterranean strongholds, as there is about almost any port which you may include in your itinerary on a Mediterranean cruise, and as the years leave your voyage behind in the dim crannies of memory, the histories of these cities go endlessly on, enriching oncoming generations with their romance and beauty even as they have your own.

(*Continued from page VII*)

merce Commission is doing the same thing. Consideration of the railroads' plea for a rate rise seems to have been postponed until the middle of October or the first of November. The Commission apparently hopes that crops will be good and that the railroads will make some money in the harvest season so that a rate rise will become unnecessary.

Beer

THERE have been persistent rumors in Wall Street that Mr. Hoover, when he had finished cleaning up the European situation, would do something about beer. Obviously, if beer could be legalized, the Farm Board could dispose of its huge holdings of wheat and employment would be enormously increased. However, the fact is that the President has no power to legalize beer containing more than ½ of 1% of alcohol. This is a matter solely for Congress. And the make-up of the Congress which will meet next December is such that an overwhelming majority is "dry."

Conclusion

THE *Christian Science Monitor*, a notably conservative organ, recently made a survey of the leading investment and economic services, and published an editorial discussing the results of its findings. The bulk of them, the editorial reads, are in agreement that the bear market is practically over and are frank to say with more or less definiteness that the stage has been reached at which people with funds are justified in making long term commitments in selected bonds, preferred and common stocks.

Seven important factors are listed as furnishing a foundation for a period of prosperity. They are the tremendous deflation in values, increased efficiency in practically every industry, the widespread withholding of purchasing on the part of the public, making for a pent-up demand, the apparent stabilization in commodity prices, the current cheapness of money or credit, the probability of Federal action on freight rates favorable to the railroads, and the international debt moratorium. The gist of the best advice obtainable is that this is a good time to invest money, unhurriedly, discriminatingly.

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By B. S. STANOYEVICH

OUR TIMES

Men and Forces of Our Time. By *Valeriu Marcu*. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

Mostly made up of sketches of the prominent men on the contemporary scene, this book also analyzes their leanings.

Essays in Contemporary Civilization. Edited by *C. W. Thomas*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Through the personalities of certain outstanding individuals are evaluated the machine age, modern morals, industrial problems, etc.

Looking Backward. By *Edward Bellamy*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00.

Herewith is re-issued a book which, written in 1887, contained prophecies which are now coming true with the performance of the Russian Five-Year Plan.

Our National Ballads. By *C. A. Browne*. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. $2.50.

The story of how patriotic as well as sentimental American songs were written is set down here.

The Federal Trust Policy. By *John D. Clark*. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.75.

Written because the anti-trust laws are becoming a subject of popular interest.

FICTION

And No Birds Sing. By *Pauline Leader*. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

A moving autobiography of one who, deaf from the age of twelve, overcame her life of hardships.

Silver Trumpets Calling. By *Lucille Borden*. New York: Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Dramatic events in the lives of a Russian princess and a prince, separated on the eve of their marriage by the War.

The Pastor of Poggsee. By *Gustave Frenssen*. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

The War and German Revolution break into the happiness and change the convictions of a straightforward, intelligent minister of Holstein.

The Hex Woman. By *Raube Walters*. New York: Macaulay. $2.00.

How three sisters of an excellent family in a Pennsylvania Dutch community are compelled to practise witchcraft.

CULTURE

The Art of Learning. By *Walter B. Pitkin*. New York: Whittlesey House. $2.50.

As is usual with this author, he makes plain and practical those things which pertain to necessary mental processes in everyday life.

Adventures in Genius. By *Will Durant*. New York: Simon and Schuster. $4.00.

Starting by listing the ten greatest thinkers and poets, Dr. Durant goes on to discuss adventures in literature, travel and controversy.

A Guide to Historical Literature. Edited by *William Henry Allison* and Others. New York: The Macmillan Company. $10.50.

The scope of this Guide includes all parts of the globe in all ages. Attention is centered on the great cultural nations in the periods of their greatest importance.

Did Homer Live? By *Victor Berard*. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00.

One of France's leading scholars summarizes his twenty previous volumes on Homer, proving that the poet lived, and inherited an old Semitic culture.

INTERNATIONAL DOCUMENTS

The Classics of International Law. Edited by *John Brown Scott*. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. $10.00 each volume.

Four volumes are issued herewith, two in Latin and two as translations, relating to concepts of international law.

International Adjudications. Edited by *John Bassett Moore*. New York: The Oxford University Press. $2.50.

This volume of the series contains "Pre-war Debts: Arbitration under Jay Treaty (1794)."

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance. By *Chung-fu Chang*. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.75.

A good bibliography adds to the value of this well handled book.

Schemes for the Federation of the British Empire. By *Seymour Ching-Yuan Cheng*. New York: Columbia University Press. $5.25.

It deals with the historical background and brings one up to the present time in current thinking on this problem.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Blood on Her Mouth

THERE are, I suppose, enough mystery stories written each month to make mine entirely superfluous, but what I consider its whimsical aspects, anyhow, are a provocation, and provocations are too infrequent these days to ignore out of hand.

For instance, although from the start, more or less, the newspapers were full of this crime (if, as the story-writers add, it *was* a crime), they all overlooked that most startling of all startling facts: that there was no sign of a *corpus delicti*. Not that there were no murders; there were eventually, plenty of them. But at the outset there was no *corpus delicti*. None at all.

What happened? Well, the thing has never been wholly cleared up, but this is my idea: One morning in the lower, grimier, busier reaches of Manhattan Island, a group of business men found on the steps of a building they worked in an infant carefully swaddled in plain garments and maintaining a grim silence. It was hardly a normal discovery, but none of the men was exactly put out by it — then, at least. One picked up the infant and made some of those meaningless gestures about its face which often appear necessary to fathers. It still made no sound.

The man holding it grew slightly restless. "Fred," he said, "what do you do with them? — Police station?" And Fred supposed so, adding that it might be well for all of them to go. When they turned to do so, the infant made a sound which persuaded them to stop. The sound was a long, low whistle.

To the best of my knowledge there is no justification for a baby not more than three weeks old uttering long, low whistles. This is also what Fred thought, and his companions. In fact, they were startled. Making surprised ejaculations, they peered into the little red face, which, for a moment, remained impassive under their scrutiny. Then it broke without warning into the evilest wink these men had ever seen.

Still, this was not enough. Policemen are a notoriously skeptical lot and they took the infant without comment, expecting little. But that afternoon they discovered that she

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(they discovered this too) had teeth. She bit a dog.

It made news, of course, but there is not much to tell about it. Simply, one of the policemen had a mild-mannered dog which tried to make friends with the infant. The result is known.

Now a great number of people were puzzled by this story. Medical men were called in and conducted examinations with the severest gravity, secretly just as puzzled as the newspaper readers. Two things happened: they concurred in naming the infant Liza Jane — for no reason very apparent — and Liza Jane was removed to a hospital, for further observation and to await events. The next day three elderly gentlemen in the hospital were found dead, and Liza Jane had blood on her mouth.

But very little was printed about this affair: its implications were held too queer for general reading. Neither was anything done, for obvious reasons.

Liza Jane grew with a rapidity as strange as anything else in the case. Within six or seven weeks it was dangerous for a nurse alone to feed her, and it became a custom for two men attendants to be in her room at the feeding hours. She had little fondness for the milk they gave her, seeming to take it, and not much of it, more for the sake of peace than sustenance. It was said by patients leaving the hospital during these weeks that almost every night they heard screams, and some were mothers who told bitter tales of mysterious illnesses which carried off their children. They were not even allowed to see the bodies.

Yet there was always a guard outside Liza Jane's door.

The thing went on, gathering momentum. Inexplicable deaths in the press each morning gave pause to readers, filled them with uneasiness. The deaths were no longer confined to the hospital, but in common talk they still were linked with the name of Liza Jane. A mediæval kind of fear enveloped the city.

Then, suddenly, the authorities felt impelled to do something. They came together, argued and decided on the fundamentally sound plan of denying everything. Almost in unison, the head of the hospital, the commissioner of police and the mayor gave forth statements denying the existence of any one like "Bloody Liza," as she was called, or of any particularly mysterious circumstances in the deaths that continued to happen. They were the only ones at all pleased by their statements.

I went one day to the hospital, thinking to see for myself this strange being, and through a friend on the staff was able to do so. Liza Jane was inert in her crib, only her eyes moving. These followed me with an unremitting hostility. She was somewhere between two and three months old, according to the most careful estimate, yet already she was as large as a normal three-year-old. I had one impulse to which I succumbed, with distinct trepidation. This was to tickle her foot, to see whether her reaction would be that of an ordinary baby: a curling of toes around my finger. It was, but with this difference, that her toes had the vigor of a strong man's handclasp. To extricate my finger I needed all my strength, and the sweat was

standing out on my forehead before I succeeded. She smiled wickedly, but made no sound.

It was a curious fact that the deaths were progressive not only in number, but also in station. At first the infirm, aged and poor only were victims, but as time went on, strong men and women, of position, were included in the mounting list. There must have been others beside myself who were appalled at the thought of Liza Jane's growing up. Though to most, of course, the whole idea was incredible.

I have already said that there was no *corpus delicti*. Clearly, the crime lay in the birth of Liza Jane. And, naturally, much of the effort expended on the case by numerous official and unofficial investigators was in the direction of finding her parents. But there was little to work on and the parents evidently enough had reason not to come forward. Or they may have had some strange reason. At any rate, even now there are men and women poking about in odd places vainly seeking a clue.

Nearly eighteen months after her discovery, Liza Jane walked out of the hospital — or climbed out, or flew out. No one knows quite how. She disappeared. A great hue and cry was raised and rumors cropped up that she had been seen here and there all over the land. Everywhere little children were looked on with dire suspicion. But none of the rumors was fully confirmed and the impression in informed circles was that they were simply the usual hysteria. However, the deaths became immediately still more numerous, and the mystery surrounding them deeper than ever. Police were helpless, knowing nothing for certain. The tenuous menace struck in the same night at places so far apart that the imagination balked at conceiving its methods. Nevertheless, the police did finally hit on a scheme which, in its own way, had admirable success.

Each case that came up, having the look of what some of us still call Liza Jane's work, was treated to so thorough a circummuring with obscurities that it was impossible for the reading public to decipher. Details were glossed over, hints made at unconfirmable motives, red herrings laid across the trails. Most important, the name of Liza Jane was avoided as the plague. The newspapers fell in with the scheme, of course, or it would not have been possible.

Its effect was the same as of an execution, except on the victims, who could hardly make any objection, anyway.

This is all, and a peculiar ending for a mystery story, I must admit, but allegories are out of fashion. And, too, I might have trouble justifying the feminine gender, though Liza's lack of logic and her complete unwillingness to submit to male reason seem sufficient to me.

W. A. D.

Strictly Business

By Phelps Haviland Adams

The Hoover moratorium: where it really stands in the history of these War debts

For more than a decade, America's policy on foreign debts has been purely a matter of morals and law. The simple creed which has guided this Government in the solution of all problems arising out of these debts has been founded solely upon the moral obligation of European nations to pay and the legal right of America to demand payment. From the start it has been a strictly business proposition.

That venerable policy exists no longer. To say that it had been ruthlessly discarded during the past three months would not be exactly accurate, for its soul and its essence remain and America will continue to deal with her debtors on a strictly business basis. Its substance, however, is gone, for today America stands ready to ignore such things as moral obligations and to forego the law which governs in a court of equity.

Her new creed is the law of economics; her policy, to judge all problems wisely and in strict accordance with sound business principles.

Such a policy is flexible. It establishes no bulwark against revision of the debt settlements at some future time; it does not even draw the line at cancelation; yet it stands as no menace to the taxpayer. It simply means that if America's neighbors must be prosperous in order that America can thrive, and if, to insure that prosperity, some liberalization of the terms of the debt settlement must be arranged, the interests of the taxpayer demand that such a liberalization be arranged. It is purely a matter of dollars and sense.

It does not differ in its object in any respect from the outworn precedent which it replaces. It provides simply a new means of attaining that object. Nevertheless, it will be regarded with intense suspicion in many parts of the country, and it is destined to become the subject of bitter debate when Congress reconvenes in December to bring the Hoover plan for a one-year moratorium of inter-ally debt and reparations payments into legal existence.

Already it is charged that the President's proposal, which marks the birth of this new policy, is merely a conspiracy on the part of internationalists to burden the American taxpayer with the cost of the

war; yet, in reality, the change from the old order to the new is not a recent and sudden development. It has been brought about by a subtle succession of steps. The Hoover plan did not affect that change — it simply called attention to it.

THE circumstances which have led to the formulation of the new American policy date back to that dramatic day in April, 1917, when Congress passed the First Liberty Loan Act. War had only recently been declared. Men were being mobilized. Europe needed munitions and food. America needed guns, ships, and the whole specialized mass of machinery which a nation at war must use. The primary need of both the Allies and America, however, was money. President Wilson had called upon Congress to provide it, and Congress was preparing to do so.

Opinion in Congress was sharply divided as to whether the advances to France should take the form of a loan or of an outright gift.

There was of course at that time a widespread and deep feeling of sympathy for France. Moreover, it was recalled that during the Revolutionary War France had made gifts to the Colonies amounting to some two million dollars. It was also argued that France had lent the Colonies some six million dollars on which she asked no interest, and on which no interest was paid. This last statement was not true, for with the exception of certain remissions of interest included in the two million dollar gift, the loans were fully and finally repaid in 1815 with interest calculated at four and five per cent.

Prepared to bolster their cause with these arguments, however, the philanthropists in Congress were on the point of introducing a resolution under which all necessary funds were to be given to France outright. The move was spiked by the French Premier himself, M. Ribot, who, hearing of the contemplated resolution, called upon the American Ambassador and pointed out that such a move would be extremely embarrassing to France "however much his countrymen might appreciate the sentiment of good-will which would prompt it."

That ended all talk of a gift, and the resolution was not introduced. Congress turned its attention to the work of drafting the terms upon which loans to the Allied Governments might be made, and the first Liberty Loan Act was the result. That Act provided that the United States Government should sell five billion dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds to the public, and with three billions of the money thus raised buy the bonds of the Allied Governments.

THE principle underlying the whole transaction was that the loans to Europe were to be self-supporting, and should never be a burden upon the American taxpayer. To this end the Act itself provided that any foreign bonds bought by the Government with the money raised under the Liberty Loan Act were to bear the same rate of interest as the Liberty Bonds themselves and that the foreign bonds should mature at the same time the Liberty Bonds were due to be retired. In this way, the interest collected from the Allied Nations on the three billions loaned to them would exactly meet the interest

payments on three billion dollars' worth of the Liberty Bonds, and when the principal was finally paid, it would serve exactly to retire these Liberty Bonds.

THIS was the form in which the Act was passed — although some of the members of Congress who voted for it had great misgivings as to the wisdom of such a policy. One of these men, the late Senator Cummings of Iowa, in the course of the debate in the Senate demonstrated an amazing gift for prophecy when he said:

"I am perfectly willing to give to any of the Allied Nations the money which they need to carry on our war, for it is now ours. I would give to them just as freely as I would vote to keep an Army or to maintain a Navy of our own, but I should shrink from the consequences that will in all human probability follow from the course which is suggested in this bill. I should like to give the Allied Nations three billion dollars, if they need the contribution, with never a thought of its repayment at any time under any circumstances. I should like to give that or whatever sum may be needed as our donation to one phase of our own war, but I fear that in the years to come the fact that the United States has in its possession bonds of these great countries which, when they emerge from the War, will all be bankrupt, will create an embarrassment from which the men of these days will find it difficult to escape.

"I think it will cost us more to take those bonds and hold them against these Governments than it would cost us to give the money with a generous and patriotic spirit to do something which for the time being — for the moment — we are unable to do with our own Army and Navy."

In spite of such doubts as these, the First Liberty Loan Act was passed, quickly followed by the second, third and fourth, and the American Government was set up in the money-lending business.

Loans were made to the Allied Nations solely for the purpose of financing their expenditures within the United States. Thus, instead of transferring any actual sums of money to the foreign Governments, the United States Treasury simply established credits against which the foreign Governments could draw.

In this way, if Great Britain needed munitions, she could order them from American manufacturers, and the United States Treasury paid for them. If France needed food and supplies for its civilian population, she ordered them from American producers, and the American Treasury again footed the bill.

EACH country was held strictly accountable for the supplies she actually used, and if Great Britain bought munitions on credit here, and later transferred them to the French, the cost of those munitions was charged against the French Government and became a part of the French debt instead of the British.

In none of these transactions did the United States ever deal with the Allied Nations collectively. Each loan was an individual matter between the United States and the particular foreign nation involved, and each foreign nation signed de-

mand notes for the amounts representing the actual cost to the United States Treasury of the goods and services it had purchased on credit in the United States.

It was calculated that on an average the interest which the United States was paying at the time, coupled with the cost of handling the loans, amounted to about five per cent. Therefore the demand notes signed by the foreign Governments provided for the payment of five per cent interest.

In all, the Treasury lent, in this manner, nearly eleven billion dollars to the Allied Nations. Not all of this, however, went for munitions and food supplies. Some of it was used to pay the interest on loans which the Allied Nations had obtained from private banking agencies in this country. Hundreds of millions of dollars of it were used to "peg" the British and French exchange at artificial levels. In these times it was essential that the British and the French should be able to buy as much as possible with the money they had at hand, and the stabilization of the pound sterling and of the French franc was thought absolutely necessary even though it cost the United States Government — and American importers — additional hundreds of millions when they came to purchase francs and pounds with which to pay for the goods and services they bought abroad during this period.

DURING the balance of the entire War period the notes signed by the debtor governments were forgotten. No interest was paid on them, and the American Treasury did not press for any payment of that interest. It was assumed on all sides, that when the War was over arrangements for paying them off would be speedily made.

Not until the representatives of the nations involved in the War met at Versailles to negotiate a treaty of peace did the embarrassing circumstances foreseen by Senator Cummings actually materialize.

IT WAS at Versailles that the British and French Governments first proposed the calling of a general conference of the Allied Nations and the United States to discuss the whole intricate maze of the inter-ally debt structure, with a view to the possible pooling of all debts, and in the hope of effecting either complete cancelation, or of substituting Germany as the debtor nation in each of the existing debt agreements.

President Wilson immediately and emphatically refused to agree to this proposal, and in refusing he reduced to exact terms the broad general debt policy established by Congress at the time the Liberty Loan Acts were passed.

In the first place, he refused to consider participation in any general conference on the subject of debt. The debts, he pointed out, were contracted separately and individually by each of the Allied Nations and the terms governing their payment should be reached in the same separate and individual manner.

The idea of substituting Germany as the debtor nation in each case, he vetoed equally promptly. He insisted that the United States was not an Ally but an Associated Power. The difference between these terms may seem vague in fact, but in law

it is extremely clear. America alone, he pointed out, had neither asked nor received any benefit from the War. It had not sought nor obtained any reparations from Germany. It had not desired any additional territory, nor had it acquired such territory. The debts contracted by the Allies, he insisted therefore, were obligations resting squarely upon the Allies themselves and had no relation whatever to the matter of reparations.

LASTLY he made it unmistakably clear that the United States would not entertain any suggestion of canceling the obligations. In this connection it was pointed out that America was the only nation to emerge from the War without having contracted debts abroad. While other nations had made purchases on credit, the United States had spent billions of dollars in cash for goods and services which it purchased abroad during the War. It had spent two billions in France alone. Experts, computing the cost of the War reached the conclusion that during the short time America was at war, she had paid (in terms of the pre-war purchasing power of the dollar) nearly twice as much as France. Like the Allied Nations, she had borrowed the money she spent, but whereas the Allies had borrowed the money abroad, America had borrowed it from her own people.

Cancelation, under these circumstances, would simply mean that the Allies would be relieved of a major part of their debt burden. America would be relieved of none, for she would still be required to pay off the Liberty Bond holders in full. To be more exact, the Liberty Bond holders themselves, as taxpayers, would be forced to pay into the Treasury the sum necessary to redeem the bonds as they matured.

Completely fair, and entirely just as this statement of policy was, it was neither understood nor appreciated abroad. The well-known caricature of Uncle Sam immediately acquired a hooked nose and a derby hat and became Uncle Shylock. The American slogan, as it appeared to the foreign nations, was: "Pay America first!"

Nothing of course could have been more unfair and more unjustifiable than the charge that America was demanding her pound of flesh. The money was lent to the Allies at rates of interest lower than any which could have been obtained in other quarters. America asked not one cent of profit on these loans, and desired only that she be not called upon to stand a loss. She had provided the money at cost at a time when the Allied Nations could not have raised such staggering amounts from their own impoverished people, and the billions of dollars which she mobilized within two weeks after war was declared saved the lives of thousands of the Allied soldiers in the front line trenches.

FACED with the necessity of repaying these loans, however, the Allied Nations found themselves, as had been predicted, almost bankrupt. Europe's budgets were not balanced. Some of the countries had no way of knowing how much — if any — money would be in their treasuries a month hence, and none of the countries were able to plan their finances

far enough in the future to be able to fix any set scale in accordance with which their debts to America might be discharged.

To add to their difficulties, their exchange was falling rapidly. The pound sterling had sunk to two-thirds its former value when calculated on a dollar basis. The French franc had tumbled to unprecedented depths, but was destined to go still lower. The German mark fell to the point where it was worth more as scrap paper than as money, and in other European countries the situation was much the same.

In Hungary at that time, the krone — once worth twenty cents — was selling at the rate of 70,000 to the dollar. An American entering a bank there to change a twenty-dollar bill into the coin of the realm, emerged a millionaire. If, elated by this new experience, he dropped casually into a moderately good restaurant and ordered a dinner accompanied by suitable libations, the check, when he got it, looked something like the daily balance sheet of the United States Treasury. If, furthermore, he departed leaving behind him only a quarter-million kronen in payment, he certainly could not have done right by the waiter.

UNDER such circumstances no government could keep an effective budget, let alone plan a definite scale of payments on its foreign debts. So the debts were forgotten, while Europe attempted to set its house in order.

Before this could be done, two things were necessary. First, to stabilize the exchange by restoring it to a gold basis, and, second, to fix a scale of reparations payments so that each of the Allied Nations might plan on receiving a stated amount each year from Germany.

In spite of the fact that President Wilson had denied that America was concerned in any way with these problems, the United States moved through unofficial and non-governmental channels to aid in the work of restoration. It not only aided in the restoration of the gold standard abroad, but through the Dawes Commission helped to establish a definite scale for reparations payments, which in turn made possible the balancing of European budgets.

IN 1922 the British Government, anxious to stand again on a gold basis, took its first step towards settling its debt with the United States. In the famous "Balfour Note," the wording of which aroused such antagonism in this country, Great Britain reiterated her willingness to forego all reparations payments from Germany and all claims to repayment by the Allies, provided such concessions on her part were included in a general cancelation scheme. She added, in effect, that since it was obvious that the United States would not consent to such a proposal, Great Britain was prepared to repay her debt to America, but in order to do so would be forced to demand payment from her own debtors.

"In no circumstances," said one paragraph of the note, "do we propose to ask more from our debtors than is necessary to pay to our creditors. And, while we do not ask for more, all will admit that we can hardly be content with less. . . ."

Early in the course of that same year Congress, at the request of President Harding, had created the World War Foreign Debt Commission, which was empowered within the limits of the original American debt policy to negotiate settlements.

The following year a British mission came to Washington to negotiate with the American Foreign Debt Commission the terms of an agreement under which Great Britain could begin funding her obligations to America.

THAT agreement marked America's first departure from the original policy established by Congress. Briefly, the terms of the settlement were as follows: Great Britain was to repay in full the amount lent to her by the United States, plus the interest which was due and unpaid at that time. This interest was calculated at 4¼ per cent, instead of at 5 per cent as stated in the demand notes which the British Government had signed. The total amount due the United States was thus found to be $4,600,000,000. This amount was to be paid off over a period of sixty-two years in annual instalments ranging from a minimum of $23,000,000 the first year to a maximum of $175,000,000 in the sixty-second year.

In addition to these payments, the British Government was to pay interest in semi-annual instalments on this total of $4,600,000,000, at the rate of 3 per cent annually for the first ten years and 3½ per cent thereafter.

These rates were agreed upon as representing "the approximate normal rates of interest payable by strong governments over long terms of years."

This agreement with Great Britain, however, lay outside the authority of the Foreign Debt Commission to execute, and Congress was called upon to give its special approval to the arrangement. The terms of the settlement did not fall within the settled policy of Congress in the matter, in that they did not call for complete repayment of principal prior to the date of maturity of the Liberty Bonds outstanding, nor did they call for the payment of a rate of interest as high as that carried by the Liberty Bonds.

Nevertheless, Congress approved the terms of the settlement, and thereby took its first step towards liberalizing the policy of the United States in the matter.

Similar agreements in approximately the same terms were then reached between the United States and Czechoslovakia, Esthonia, Finland, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Rumania, and Jugoslavia respectively.

NEGOTIATIONS with Belgium, France and Italy were retarded by special circumstances involved — circumstances which required a further liberalization of American debt policy. America finally began to exert pressure upon these three countries to force a settlement, and eventually, agreements patterned after the British-American settlement, but much more liberal in their terms, were reached.

Even today there are thousands of Americans who pride themselves on the "generosity" which the United States displayed towards these three

countries in effecting a settlement, but it is difficult to see any evidence of generosity on either side anywhere in the negotiations.

In fact, America has at no time been generous in the slightest degree with any of the Allied debtors, and any belief which patriots may harbor to the contrary is just as unfounded as is the belief of her debtors that she has been avaricious.

In every instance, America's debtors — including even Belgium — have been required to pay, and are now paying, the full amount originally lent to them. The only concessions which the United States has granted have been in the matter of interest, and these concessions have been based strictly upon the debtor nation's "capacity to pay."

In other words, when it was discovered that these three countries could not pay the full amount of their debts with interest, the United States examined their financial condition, decided what they could pay, and fixed the interest rate accordingly.

THE Debt Funding Commission itself explained this standard of "capacity to pay" as follows:

"While the integrity of international obligations must be maintained, it is axiomatic that no nation can be required to pay to another government, sums in excess of its capacity to pay. The Commission in its settlement with Great Britain, made on June 19, 1923, and in subsequent negotiations or settlements has adhered to the principle that the adjustments made with each Government must be measured by the ability of the particular Government to put aside and transfer to United States the payments called for under the funding agreement.

"Nor does the principle of capacity to pay require the foreign debtor to pay to the full limit of his present or future capacity. It must be permitted to preserve and improve its economic position, to bring its budget into balance and to place its finances and currency on a sound basis, and to maintain, and if possible to improve the standard of living of its citizens. No settlement which is oppressive and retards the recovery and development of the foreign debtor is to the best interest of the United States or of Europe."

IN OTHER words, the principle underlying the American standard for measuring the "capacity to pay" was much the same as the general principle which prevails in any bankruptcy proceeding, and there was no essential difference in principle between the treatment accorded these three debtor nations by American Government and the treatment which any other insolvent debtor would receive at the hands of an American court of law.

In spite of the application of the standard of "capacity to pay" however, the Debt Funding Commission came to the conclusion that all three of these countries were able to repay the principal amount of their loans in full, and payment in full was accordingly demanded over a period of sixty-two years.

Considerable reductions were allowed, however, in the rates of interest to be paid by the debtor nations over this period.

In the case of Belgium, the loan

was divided into two parts — one comprising as much of the debt as had been incurred prior to the Armistice, and the other consisting of the loans made after the Armistice for reconstruction and relief purposes. No interest whatever was charged on the pre-armistice debt, amounting to about two-fifths of Belgium's entire obligation of $417,780,000. On the post-armistice debt, however, interest was charged at the same rates paid by Great Britain.

Italy secured much better terms, but her debt was much larger, amounting to more than $2,000,000,000. On the entire amount over all the sixty-two years she will pay an average of .4 per cent as contrasted to Belgium's average of 1.8 per cent.

France, whose debt is twice as large as Italy's, pays no interest during the first five years, after which an interest charge beginning at 1 per cent and rising gradually to 3½ per cent in the fortieth year is levied against her.

In negotiating the agreement with the French the United States, let it be noted, continued to refuse to see any connection between debt payments and reparations, and declined flatly to include in the terms of the settlement the proviso which France wished to insert and which would have made payments to America directly contingent upon the receipt of payments from Germany.

THUS the American debt policy voiced by Woodrow Wilson held up fairly well throughout the negotiations. America had staunchly refused to participate in any general conference on the subject of debts, she had treated each debtor separately and individually, and she had steadfastly maintained her attitude of indifference towards the question of reparations. On one point only had she yielded: by admitting into the structure of her policy the standard of "capacity to pay," she had permitted what might be considered as a partial cancelation of the debt.

In spite of the remissions of interest which she allowed, however, she had made settlements under which the Allied Nations, who had borrowed $11,000,000,000 during the war, were to repay a total of $22,000,000,000.

THERE were, it is true, slight indications that she was beginning to consider the economic factors of the situation in a vague and general way, for when Secretary Mellon appeared before a Congressional committee in defense of the terms of the Italian debt settlement he said:

"The settlements are made in the real interests of those American producers who must have a foreign market able to buy. The American producer needs these debt settlements. The entire foreign debt is not worth as much to the American people in dollars and cents as a prosperous Europe as a customer."

Those few words from Secretary Mellon summed up exactly the whole basis upon which America's new policy is being built today, yet the old Wilsonian policy might have continued in force indefinitely had it not been for the fact that America's European debtors, determined to substitute Germany as a debtor nation, turned to that defeated nation immediately to supply in the form of reparations the sums necessary to meet the instalments due America.

Back in Washington the officials of the Government began to realize that in spite of their well-founded theory to the contrary, a very real connection between debts and reparations existed in fact. Privately they watched the negotiations leading to the Young Plan, like hawks, through the medium of "unofficial observers." Publicly they disdained to become a party to the agreement, and America has never signed it. In the light of recent events it appears that it might have been better had America taken an active part in the drafting of that plan. The hands of her officials were bound tightly however by the dictates of political expediency, for public opinion in America stood ready to deal relentlessly with any of its servants who took a single step which might involve this nation in entangling alliances abroad.

So long as the commission of experts was headed by American Business in the person of Owen D. Young, however, it struggled along admirably without the benefit of the official participation of the American Government.

Its task, from the beginning, was a difficult one. The Dawes Plan had been a temporary, makeshift thing designed in haste to meet an emergency. It had therefore avoided most of the highly controversial points in the reparations question.

The Dawes Committee had made no attempt to fix the total amount of the reparations which Germany must pay, nor did it establish any limited number of years over which payments should be made. It had simply attempted to determine the maximum amount which Germany, under normal conditions would be able to pay each year for an indefinite number of years, and to exact from Germany precisely that amount.

To the Young Commission fell the difficult and unpleasant task of fixing a total of the amount to be collected, and of placing a definite limit upon the number of years over which this total was to be paid by Germany. The result was disappointing to France for France had expected more, and it was disheartening to Germany for Germany had hoped for less.

In the end, the figure, as fixed, represented not so much what Germany was able to pay, as what the Allied Nations needed to repay their loans to America and to reconstruct their devastated areas.

In this connection it is interesting to note that Germany's reparations payments, under the Young scheme, cease coincidentally with the cessation of payments on the Allied debts, and that, under the terms of a separate memorandum executed at the same time the Young Plan was signed, the Allied Nations agreed that should the inter-ally debt ever be scaled down, two-thirds of the reductions thus allowed would be passed along to Germany in the form of remissions of reparations. It should also be noted that of the total of $26,000,000,000 which Germany must pay to the Allied Nations, $20,000,000,000 will come to the United States in satisfaction of the Allied debt.

Here, then, lay the vulnerable spot in the American foreign debt policy. America had carefully considered the capacity of each of the individual

debtor nations to pay, but now it developed that it was not the debtor nations who were going to do the paying. Germany was selected to discharge the Allied debt, and America had never considered Germany's capacity to pay. To make matters worse, Germany, the keystone of the whole debt structure, was not faring so well.

So intricate and complex were the problems before the Young Commission, so great was the difference in the points of view of the nations represented there, so intense were the disagreements which occurred, at times, between the representatives of these nations, and so uncertain was the business world at large as to what the outcome of the conference might be, that German credit abroad was seriously impaired and German finances, as well as German industries, began to suffer greatly.

In spite of the fact that the rest of the world was enjoying the unprecedented prosperity which had followed the settlements of the interally debt, and the balancing of European budgets, Germany fell into a period of intense depression. Whether she pulled the rest of the world down into the quagmire with her, it is impossible to say. The fact remains, however, that the business of the rest of the world began to fall into a rapid decline within the next few months.

The words of Secretary Mellon about a prosperous Europe as a customer began to take on a new significance; Treasury officials began to realize that an American debt policy which did not take the laws of economics into account was hopelessly insufficient; and the officials of the Department of Commerce began to delve avidly into the subject of international trade balances.

To trace the slow and inevitable steps by which Germany was brought to the verge of complete collapse, or to point to the terrific political and economic unrest which threatened to lead either to another war or to absolute bankruptcy for all the European nations would be futile. These facts have been blazoned on the front pages of the metropolitan press for months.

Suffice it to say that President Hoover — whose long association with the whole debt-settlement problem had made him an undisputed authority on the subject — was brought to the realization that immediate action was necessary.

At the same time an entirely new and hitherto undreamed-of factor was puzzling officials of the Treasury Department and was demanding place in the fixed policy of America on the debt question. That factor was America's "capacity to receive."

For the first time the Treasury discovered that there were very definite limits to the capacity of the United States to receive the money which poured in from abroad semi-annually. Uncle Sam found himself in much the same predicament which confronted King Midas when his most cherished desire, the golden touch, was conferred upon him.

Billions of dollars' worth of the precious metal was lying in dark vaults, guarded at heavy expense, and serving no useful purpose. Had the occasion arisen, the Treasury

could have redeemed in gold every piece of currency outstanding in the United States, and there would still have been gold left in the vaults. Such was not the case in Europe, however.

The accretion of gold in the United States had drained Europe of the substance upon which its financial stability thrived. The nations who had struggled so persistently after the War to regain the gold standard no longer had sufficient gold to back their currency. The value of their money rested entirely upon confidence in the government, and confidence, the world over, was at a low ebb.

EFFORTS were made to get some of this gold back into Europe. As an inducement, the Federal Reserve Board lowered the rediscount rate to 1½ per cent, but in spite of everything that could be done, the month of June saw $150,000,000 worth of gold pass from Europe into the United States Treasury. That was nearly 240 tons of gold, and American officials felt the weight of every ton directly on their shoulders. The world-wide depression itself prevented America from getting this gold back into Europe.

In the years immediately following the debt settlement agreements things had been different, and the money which Europe had paid went back to Europe again. American tourists alone spent in their travels three times the amount of the total Allied debt annuities. America imported large quantities of raw materials and manufactured goods, and the money she paid for these replenished Europe's coffers. Immigrants flocked to New York in vast numbers, found jobs, and sent millions of dollars to the folks back home in the Old Country. Foreign ships carried goods and passengers from America to all parts of the world, and the money America paid for these services also went to swell the finances of Europe.

The coming of depression changed all this. The number of American tourists dropped to a scattered few, who spent their money cautiously. Congress enacted a new tariff law vastly increasing the rates of duty, and closing American ports to many things which Europe once sold here. Immigrants were shut out by impregnable walls, and many of those who had succeeded in gaining entrance found themselves without jobs or in such impoverished circumstances that they were unable to send money back home. American exports fell off sharply and the service of foreign ships was no longer in great demand.

To make matters worse, the vast American investments abroad continued to earn interest and dividends, thereby proving a further drain on Europe's financial resources. Money poured out of Europe and into America at a tremendous rate. Inflation of European currency with a resultant collapse as catastrophic as that which had followed the War seemed inevitable.

PRESIDENT HOOVER found himself faced with two problems: first the economic salvation of Germany — and, through Germany, of Europe — and second the prevention of further accretion of gold in the United States.

There may be a number of ade-

quate solutions to these problems, but there is only one which is immediately apparent, and that is the scaling down of the debts to a point consistent with trade balances, so that the dollars which America sends to Europe in payment for goods and services, can be returned by Europe in satisfaction of the debt. Eliminating the monetary factor from this equation, it will be seen that Europe would then be paying her debt to America in goods and services. It is difficult to see how Europe, without money, could pay her debt in any other way.

As an alternative to this proposition, the only solution would be for America to increase the European end of the trade balance to a point sufficient to enable Europe to meet the present scale of debt payments. To do this, however, would mean to lower or abolish the protective tariff, thereby jeopardizing American industry, to open the doors again to the immigrant, thereby destroying the standard of living of the American workman, to subsidize foreign shipping to the detriment of American capital invested on the seas, or to banish large numbers of American citizens for long periods of time in order to force them to spend money abroad.

Under the circumstances it is not surprising that President Hoover should turn first to the idea of a reexamination of the capacity of the European nations to pay, with a resultant scaling down of the debt. This plan had only one fault. It was politically impossible, for it seemed that American public opinion would never tolerate such a move.

President Hoover therefore decided to do the next best thing, namely, to postpone all debt payments for one year. For a year at least this would amount to complete cancelation and would give all the material benefit which might be derived from such cancelation. It lacked psychological force because it only worked to increase the burden which Europe must bear in future years, and gave no promise of a permanent solution.

Of primary importance, however, was the fact that it gave Europe *hope*.

The expression of that hope took various forms. In England it meant hope of ultimate cancelation, and the Hoover plan was at once hailed by Lloyd George and others as the first step in that direction. In Germany it meant the hope of finding a way out of the darkness and the courage to go on. In America it raised the hope of enticing a banished prosperity to return, though in many quarters it aroused fear that the nose of the cancelation camel had been allowed to enter the tent.

The most amazing result of the plan, however, was the widespread expression of approval which it drew from the American public and press at large. The launching of that plan had been, without doubt, the most courageous act of the President's entire career, for he had risked open repudiation by the American public. Yet — to his own surprise — his act instead of bringing forth condemnation, elicited warm praise.

The public opinion of America had changed. The man in the street had begun to understand the hitherto

hidden factors in the debt situation.

The Hoover plan may fail of its immediate purpose. The world may not respond by leaping to sudden affluence. Yet it has definitely cleared the path to a permanent settlement of the debt problem along reasonable and logical lines such as those which first presented themselves to the mind of the President.

The plan has broken down two of the basic tenets of the old Wilsonian policy, for immediately after it was launched America engaged in official diplomatic discussions of the reparations question with members of the French cabinet. Later she participated in a general conference to consider the subject of debt postponement. It will therefore be difficult for any American Administration in the future to continue to insist that the subject of the inter-ally debts is not one in which all the Allied Nations have a mutual and collective interest, or that it is not a matter intricately tied up with the whole question of reparations.

So the old order has passed, and a new one is in the process of establishment. In view of the new factors which demand consideration, it is doubtful if America can escape the day when her representatives will sit at a general conference of all the countries involved, and discuss with them the possibility of scaling down these debts in accordance with the capacity of Germany and the Allied Nations to pay, and in proportion to America's capacity to receive. If at that conference it is discovered that American industry and business will be benefited financially from a partial reduction of the debts, it is impossible to conceive an American policy which would prohibit a downward debt revision to be carried to the exact point at which American business through the economic rehabilitation of Europe would be most benefited.

When that day comes, fools may say, "America is generous," and politicians will cry out against this "violent change in policy which undermines established precedent." Yet other men will know that the Great American Doctrine of "Strictly Business" has prevailed and that no policy which violates that doctrine ever can survive in these United States.

Such a doctrine leaves no room for generosity — but it *is* extremely practical!

Our Still Dubious Foreign Policy

By Lewis Einstein

While our Government's views on debts become apparent, other vital matters still are in the dark

In his address on Armistice Day last year, President Hoover declared that "the outlook for peace is happier than for half a century." Six and a half million Hitlerites in Germany had just voted for a programme bred by misery and which, if carried out, can only end in war; and four million German Communists had voted for upheaval. Mussolini had repeated his speech of last spring: "Words are beautiful, rifles and cannon are still better," and openly professed his belief in war within the next few years. Soviet Russia remained an outlaw State, planning to bring about World Revolution. Austria was overawed by armed bands and Hungary continued truculent and revengeful. Spain was in the throes of a dangerous crisis; France, Poland and the Little Entente were arming, not without cause, suspicious of their neighbors. Outside Europe, South America had been swept by a wave of revolution, India stirred by dangerous unrest, and in China civil war continued!

It has been said that the only lesson of history is that no nation will profit by it. Today the world is out of joint. If the events which led up to August, 1914, should tomorrow be repeated, as many now believe, we would be found quite as unprepared as we were then. Until Mr. Hoover's proposal of June 20th it could be said that the greatest nation in the world continues in a self-centred isolation blind in vision, shortsighted in purpose and choked in expression. Those who see beyond the immediate needs of the moment can not view the future without grave concern.

Lean years have come suddenly upon the American people. We have hardly begun to associate these with universal depression, connect ultimate recovery with that of other nations, or realize that there can be no permanent line of prosperity separating the United States from the rest of the world. Foreign trade may be only one-tenth of the volume of our commerce but the last tenth is also the most important. Even from a selfish point of view we can not remain indifferent to the growing deterioration of conditions in Europe. Economic causes press on political, and unrest saps confidence and stops enterprise. The militant

nationalism wracking the defeated states of Europe has not yet reached its head. Its strength is derived by the irresponsible promise of being able to relieve present burdens even by future conflict.

THE average American reads news from abroad without associating this with himself. He is unaware that the question whether Europe is to have peace or war may be decided by our action or inaction during the next few years and that we may pay dearly for our want of foresight. We are building a merchant marine, trying to increase our exports and foreign investments, and remaining blind to the consequences of economic expansion. If American business interests in Europe are unfairly treated, the Administration is expected to defend them. If war breaks out this protection will call for more than words. Even without war we may find that the future basis of European unity will be reached by a common front erected against us.

The problem lies in searching for a policy which, while acceptable to the American people, will allow us to exercise an effective influence for peace, and a means of coöperation with other nations, though we have made this more difficult than it need have been by our careless neglect of advantages enjoyed.

When some future Gibbon writes the recent history of the United States he will hardly know whether to be more amazed by the magnitude of American effort in the Great War or the wastage of benefits which victory lavished so bountifully in our favor. An inability to understand our interests beyond their immediate horizon, a timorousness of responsibility, a neglect of diplomacy and an absence of leadership, had caused us to fritter away in recent years the unparalleled ascendancy America had until then enjoyed in Europe.

In spite of some vague occasional pronouncements, we demonstrated that our principal foreign policy was that we had none. Before the Hoover Plan brought a new hope to the world, we offered the paradox of a people advancing and a government simultaneously receding in international esteem. The reason for both impressions has been the same. At a time of achievement by the American people our foreign policy sank undistinguished into negativeness and offered little beyond a doubtful gesture and the pressure to secure, save from Great Britain, more the semblance than the reality of debt recovery.

A QUALIFIED belief in disarmament subject to reservations, a qualified belief in arbitration, subject to further reservations, and a qualified desire to adhere to the World Court offers a meagre programme of international expression for the United States. Beyond current platitudes of peace and good-will, beyond a predilection for forms of legal remedy which we are only ready to accept for questions of secondary interest, beyond pushing our dwindling exports on an impoverished Europe, what more has been our recent foreign policy?

This negativeness of attitude has led to an odd divergence between our official and non-official conduct. Not a few American citizens have lent their aid to carry out important duties in which as a nation, since the

Dawes Commission met, we disclaimed taking any interest. European powers on several occasions have invited our nationals to participate in affairs which properly belonged to the United States but which the Administration had become too timorous to assume. Officially we took no effective part in conferences like that of the Hague and remained content to send there merely an observer. But Elihu Root, Parker Gilbert and Owen Young, Jeremiah Smith in Hungary and Charles Dewey in Poland have performed tasks of which every American should be proud. The success achieved by our citizens in matters of international importance has not always been viewed at Washington with the favor deserved. Yet if the Administration fears risk in the assumption of duties abroad, these will be performed by private American citizens with fewer disadvantages to the work than to our governmental prestige.

THE dread of criticism and the unwillingness to assume any avoidable risk tend to narrow the expression of our foreign policy either to a strict minimum in situations and emergencies which can not be avoided, or to handling only those from which political benefit may be anticipated. Questions arising have been restrained within the narrowest limits and generally reduced to reactions or precautions taken in view of different forms of domestic pressure.

A process of undue restriction unconsciously takes place in an Administration's survey of foreign intercourse. Problems which may not seem of immediate importance are usually left in neglect. Instance of this want of comprehension can be found in the blindness of Washington to the warnings of the Great War. Another Administration was then in power, but almost the only continuity in our policy has been in the similarity of its methods. The self-deception which allows us to justify our want of interest in Europe by our interest in the Western Hemisphere is a poor defense. The Monroe Doctrine which we continue to brandish from time to time is no more exposed to danger today than the multiplication table. Any pretense to the contrary is a mummery intended to catch the applause of the uninformed but which uselessly alarms our so-called sister republics and suggests arguments to foreign nations which can also be brought against us.

WHEN Secretary Stimson declared that our citizens were in Central America at their own risk, he saw only an effect and not the cause of unruly conditions in Nicaragua. His announcement well intentioned but shortsighted may expose the United States Government to the future charge of bad faith in case popular opinion again demands the protection of Americans endangered through no fault of their own. It offers ground for reflection on our statesmanship that so little effort has been made to develop a policy which requires neither the rifles of our marines nor the abandonment of our nationals to violence. The remedy is as little in force as in passive acquiescence but lies in trying to improve the living conditions of our backward neighbors which leave them a prey to revolution.

The cost of organizing a proper extension of civilizing influences is trifling compared to military occupation. Greater solicitude in raising the economic load of the Nicaraguans and less in organizing the farce of so-called free elections by illiterate Indians would be mutually beneficial in its result.

In his recent address before the Bar Association of New York, John Bassett Moore, former Judge of the World Court, described our policy toward Latin America as one which "provokes resentment and risks disaster" by its meddlesomeness. He characterized as a violation of the laws of neutrality and of international law Secretary Stimson's placing an embargo on munitions to the Brazilian revolutionists only to find these victorious forty-eight hours later. The same eminent jurist on this occasion described our contradictory relations with the Soviet as approaching "the limit of human incoherence." We invited Russia to sign a pact for the renunciation of war while refusing her recognition.

Since Mr. Hughes left the State Department it is difficult to point to any important achievement in our international relations. Mr. Kellogg's Peace Treaty flashed like a meteor across the sky, seen by all, praised by many, believed in by few and almost forgotten as soon as discussions over naval limitation began. As a Pact it is subordinated to reservations which deprive it of most of its value except as a gesture. Its warmest supporters have recognized the desirability of implementing a treaty officially proclaimed as forming part of our foreign policy. President Hoover on Armistice Day intimated that eventually there may be "the mobilization of world opinion against those who fail when the strain comes," but this suggestion did not meet with any warm response. The President had in mind a consultative pact but refrained from publicly announcing this. That such a pact would really be advantageous is doubtful. Before the Balkan Wars the Concert of the Great Powers in the Near East, which was much the same thing under another name, had become a byword for inaction. Consultation between governments is always feasible, but to stipulate its binding nature beforehand without being able to assure agreement, is to focus attention on dissensions and emphasize every point of discord. A pact of this nature would provide a target to shoot at and guarantee nothing except talk.

At the time of writing it would be premature to judge the effects of the President's plan as the policy which remains to be developed from this is still undivulged. President Hoover, without real risk, could take a step for world peace, the benefits of which would be felt politically and economically and help us regain some of our lost prestige. The fear of war disturbs capital and arrests new undertakings. If this fear can be allayed and we can convince Europe that our wish for peace means something more than words, the first great step will have been taken toward restoring confidence which is at the basis of prosperity.

The President could announce that he would recommend to the Senate holding strictly to account

any country which, after signing a solemn Pact for the Renunciation of War, refused to live up to its agreement. We may have no direct interest in the affairs of the Old World or in defending Peace Treaties which two million Americans crossed the ocean to secure, but if revision takes place, this should not be brought about through another World War. The President could solemnly affirm that a heavy responsibility will rest on whoever henceforth disturbs the peace of nations and that we are prepared to decide for ourselves who is the aggressor. With the Senate's approval we should take our part in punishing an international crime and the violation of a treaty to which we are a party.

A declaration of this nature threatens no peaceful State and makes for no entanglement. It reaffirms our traditional independence of action and neither shuts the door on coöperation with other nations whose views are similar to ours, nor compels this. It would be a frank statement of policy which should commend itself to the American people, enhance our prestige and arouse a new interest in our international expression.

ON THE rare occasions when a problem of foreign policy excites public opinion the violence of discussion at home makes up for its frequently secondary importance. Its true significance is distorted while it is examined with a scrutiny which similar questions meet with in no other nation. Foreign countries have joined the International Court merely as a matter of routine; only in the United States has this threatened to become an issue of grave political consequence.

The feeling aroused can hardly be attributed to an excess of popular interest in foreign policy. Other nations are more dependent on the security of their international situation. Yet rarely does a European opposition seriously criticize the government with respect to foreign affairs. This immunity is not due to the negligible powers of other legislative bodies or to a lesser spirit of partisanship. It comes from greater continuity of policy removed from party strife, and from greater confidence entertained in the permanent officials who in Europe conduct diplomacy.

THE controversy which raged in the United States around questions like the Naval Treaty was due more to extraneous causes than to its merits. Outwardly one saw only a fundamentalist attitude of opposition based ostensibly on nationalism and suspicion. President Hoover was deservedly successful in beating down this obstruction and the Naval Treaty was paraded as the greatest success of his foreign policy. Mr. Macdonald in England signed the same treaty but claimed no such result and was frank enough to admit that its provisions did not come up to his expectations. Mr. Hoover's success was not over Great Britain, still less was it over Japan or France or Italy. It could therefore only be over certain United States Senators who had opposed the Treaty. The greatest victory in foreign policy claimed by an Administration has been one obtained over refractory members of a coördinate branch of the Government.

In a joint statement issued on October 9th, 1929, President Hoover and Mr. MacDonald had declared that "such material understandings will be reached as will make naval agreement next January possible and thus remove the serious obstacle to the progress of world disarmament." This "serious obstacle" could not be removed, owing to an even more serious difficulty between France and Italy which in spite of warnings received, had been minimized. The question of naval parity between the two Latin nations, at first more a symptom than a cause, was one of a series of difficulties which might have admitted of compromise. The United States as a nation was equally friendly to France and Italy, for America, unlike Great Britain, possessed neither African nor Mediterranean interests, which were the major points of dispute. Before the Conference met, skilful diplomatic action by a friendly broker could have accomplished a great deal to compose these differences. Mr. Hoover would have been entitled to the gratitude of the world if he had succeeded in bridging over the rift. Under circumstances of less direct interest to America, Roosevelt had brought Russia and Japan together at Portsmouth and persuaded France and Germany to compromise at Algeciras.

BEFORE the conference began negotiations took place between the United States, Great Britain and Japan as the major naval powers. France and Italy were invited to the Conference but not consulted beforehand. The entire procedure handled for America by able lawyers trained to look after vast financial interests, resembled a Wall Street agreement between majority stockholders more than a diplomatic negotiation. When the Conference met, the Franco-Italian controversy had already been brought into sharp relief. With the best intentions we accentuated the rift between two nations equally our friends, whom we first ignored and then embroiled.

The fault for this muddle lies in a system which is the result of politics, and in inexpert handling which is the consequence. The complex questions which form diplomacy are not always treated by us in a diplomatic way.

THE fact is that every administration assumes a personal rather than a continuous view of those questions of external policy which it chooses to elevate. The conduct of our foreign relations becomes in consequence almost artificially separated between the routine of departmental bureaus in which it remains hidden, and the questions which the President brings forward into prominence to become embellished or distorted from the standpoint of individual or partisan advantage.

As soon as opposition to these develops, it is customary for Administration sympathizers to lay the blame on malice, or the Senate's undue jealousy of its constitutional rights. A legislative body may be little adapted to assuming a dispassionate attitude toward foreign policy, but is not always impressed by the enlightened omniscience of an executive.

Constitutionally the President is able to develop his conduct of foreign affairs with the wildest latitude

until the doorway of the Senate is reached. It can hardly be maintained that some restraint is undesirable or that an uncontrolled executive will always use its powers wisely. President Wilson tried on his own initiative to saddle America with the Armenian Mandate and failed to grasp its terrifying consequences.

After opposition shows its head, strong Presidents like Roosevelt and Wilson have, at times, obtained enough popular approval behind them to carry out their purpose, but a struggle is always latent between the executive and the Senate in which the protagonists may overweight the issue.

The real losers in these fights are the American people. The spectacle of a nation divided over a question of foreign policy which in no other country could become a party issue, the bandying of invective and the atmosphere of hostility aroused, is little elevating either to our own opinion or in the picture we present to the world. Even materially the diminution in prestige reacts to our detriment abroad.

INSTANCES can be cited by which the executive may affect our foreign relations and imperil our friendships, without even the Senate's being able to interfere. Officers charged with the enforcement of Prohibition have, for instance, violated international law and shot Canadian citizens on their own soil. When the Prime Minister of Canada introduced a measure in Parliament to ban the export of liquor to the United States, he asserted that without this he could no longer assume responsibility over foreign affairs. With us one branch of the executive violates the rights of a most friendly neighbor and arouses justifiable indignation without the State Department's being able to prevent this. It could not even stop the Department of Labor from drastically enforcing provisions of the Immigration Law with a harshness certain to arouse feeling abroad.

AFTER complaint is made the State Department attempts to prevent other branches of the Government from committing breaches of international law or explains these away, apologizing when necessary. As an executive adjunct, the Department remains depressed below its proper level of authority, unduly negative under a President who seeks to utilize its higher offices for different purposes than the sole conduct of our foreign policy. For reasons easily understood by all who know the inner workings of its organization the Department enjoys a smaller consideration than the foreign offices abroad.

The State Department is not even in sole charge of our international relations. Lately a subordinate officer in the Treasury issued regulations affecting American trade with Russia. Measures of economic warfare are determined by minor officials in the Treasury or the Department of Agriculture who usurp the authority of the Secretary of State. Consuls, the Tariff Board and Treasury Agents, commercial and agricultural attachés, represent different Government departments abroad, all of whom are concerned with our trade relations in foreign countries, and whose duties inevitably overlap. Of these only Consuls are officers of the State Department. Is this the

scientific reorganization of the Government of which we have heard so much? Is it really desirable to transact our international affairs through a number of agents whose similar activities confuse foreigners and Americans alike?

THE explanation for this chaos lies in Congress's enacting at different times legislation which created new offices in an uncoördinated manner. Criticism can also be directed at the State Department for being unable to restrain such legislation. Congressmen elected by the people may not be familiar with the intricacies of our representation abroad, but what has the State Department, except when explaining its budgetary requirements, done to maintain with Congress that continuous contact which invites confidence.

This negativeness is also reflected in the character of the Departmental services. So long as the primary consideration governing the choice of our envoys takes more cognizance of their political uses than of their duties, the result opens to doubt the necessity of a diplomatic service and reduces its functions to their most rudimentary expression. Public indifference and general unfamiliarity with the standard or benefits to be expected from diplomacy is responsible for a practice which exists in no other civilized country, of treating diplomatic missions as a hidden subsidy to an Administration. The recent virtual disruption of the first trained service the United States has ever possessed in Europe, and which owed its origin to Roosevelt, was only possible because of this apathy. Mr. Hoover's return to earlier practises of patronage which it was supposed had been discontinued was in contrast to the restraint shown by the Labor Government in England which has filled British Foreign Missions without regard to partisan advantages or campaign contributions.

The indifference of the public to many public questions results in an executive's being restricted where he should be free, and free where he should be restricted. The President is obliged to fight for legislation on which depends his own political future. The cost of these measures and the price of delegates may be paid out of the great public services even when this means the wastage of experience which has taken years to be acquired. This unseemly barter in our human resources is paid for by the people in the frequent negativeness and crudities of our international expression. Its eventual cost must be judged by that of the action which begins when diplomacy ends.

THE undue concentration of powers in a President who can not be a world expert but who is a party chief, is likely to lead to a diplomacy at once amateurish, constipated and unreliable, whenever one Administration reverses what its predecessor has done. Perhaps no President will be ready to divest himself of his apparent responsibility or any shreds of his vast power in order to organize the conduct of foreign policy along more permanent non-partisan lines. At least it is conceivable that if this could be tried, the executive relations with the Senate might also become different. By a paradox, no

President will obtain full credit for his direction of our foreign relations until able to persuade the country that he seeks to obtain from these no personal advantage. The Senate may only cease to be obstructive when convinced at last that the Executive expects to derive no personal benefit from foreign policy. Possibly along these lines the real compromise of coöperation between President and Senate must be looked for which will restore the prestige of the American Government to its rightful place, and allow us to assert our proper influence for peace.

Dowrie Farms

By Whitelaw Saunders

I shall go back to Dowrie Farms some day;
walking the road where heather and the yellow broom
are one in blossom fire.
There shall I find the rose
still reaching for the thatch
and hear the tumbled chatter of the burn;
but on the hill I shall not see the two old men
who in a friendly muteness cut and laid the peat,
or the lad whose silence is a cry
from poppy fields of France.
In the dusk, when the cuckoo's call
is a lyric sorrow,
shadows will hover about the hearth
and in the turf-flame
new songs will rise while the wind
lifts the ashes of old dreams.

The Fire Body

By Algernon Blackwood

A Story

Are persons with a definite delusion more numerous, perhaps, than we suppose, persons sane and normal in their reactions to all the stimuli of daily life, yet entirely, even gravely, deluded on some one particular point?

It was my experience with the Fire Body that raised the question in my mind, and so persistently that I began a thorough and careful investigation of my own special field of weakness. Such a search, of course, however honestly undertaken, can only lead to one conclusion, namely, that any genuine delusion, no matter how gross and outstanding, could never seem a delusion to its possessor. To an outsider alone would it appear as such. Yet an outsider who dared point it out would appear to its possessor as himself deluded, speaking therefore without authority, his reward merely a pitying smile. A real cure can only come from the same source as the delusion — from within oneself.

The lady who introduced me to the Fire Body (my own) was as normal, wholesome, charming and cultured as any I have ever met. She discussed Greek sculpture, winter sports, horses, stock market speculation, music and literature as sensibly as she discussed this Fire Body. All these, I mean, lay in the same plane of reality and actuality as the Fire Body. She did not regard a Fire Body as an exceptional or abnormal object of perception, beyond that it was not, certainly, as commonly known as most things. Though difficult of access, it was not supernatural. It was, to her, as literally real as her gain or loss of one-eighth, or her hearing of Holst and Scriabin.

The esoterically learned will forgive a few words of preliminary explanation to clear the ground, so to speak, and make what follows intelligible. My explanation may not be strictly orthodox or accurate, for my acquaintance with this particular branch of lore is scanty. From desultory reading of various queer volumes, however, the vague imaginative surmise lay in me that the elements were once regarded as the field of activity, if not the actual clothing, of certain sub-human beings. The four elements of mediæval superstition seem a trifle out of date at a time when science admits to several score of them, yet some Rosicrucian glamor formerly shed its strange

haunting twilight upon the notion that Earth, Air, Fire and Water represented precisely such fields of activity, and that each was inhabited by its own special denizens. Gnomes, sylphs, undines and salamanders, to say nothing of "Elementals" in general were, if not actual entities, at least Powers of a sort to conjure with.

IN THESE sub-human regions, moreover, the Soul could likewise function and adventure, though not in its ordinary waking consciousness. It must use the appropriate vehicle of Body, of which vehicles or Bodies it possessed the requisite four. The Earth Body was the only one the majority knew about, but Air, Water and Fire Bodies were there for those whose special knowledge or training enabled them to function in them. Leaving their Earth Bodies in sleep or unconsciousness, these few, assuming one or other of the four vehicles according to desire, might adventure in strange airy, watery, or fiery heavens.

Some such imaginative faith apparently enriched the private mental life of the charming woman who introduced me to my own Fire Body; something of this kind of lore, at any rate, lay behind the little episode that follows.

There is no need to remind ourselves at this time of the portentous farce of Johanna Southcott and her ludicrous "Box," at the opening of which twenty-four bishops, according to the conditions laid down by the Seeress, were to be present. Its opening "when England was in peril," having been delayed for well over a hundred years, if I remember rightly, was to reveal the means for saving the old country; so when a friend mentioned, "I'm going to the Sesame Club, and you had better come with me," adding that the occasion was a meeting to consider the immediate opening of the famous Box, possibly its opening then and there, I accepted with all the curiosity of an old New York newspaper reporter. My friend, as a member, led me in; we were already late; the lecture room, where the ceremony was to take place, I found crowded to the ceiling — with women. Not a black coat or a tweed coat was to be seen. I recall standing a moment on the threshold with my hostess, glancing quickly round at the packed rows of women, and whispering, while I turned nervously to scuttle out, "This is no place for me — I'm off!" At which moment precisely I heard my name rather breathlessly spoken just behind me, and, turning, saw an acquaintance, Miss T., confronting me.

SHE was rather breathless with forcing her way down from an upper row.

"I'm so glad I just caught you!" she exclaimed, catching, metaphorically, at least, at my coat-tails. "There's a woman here who's dying to meet you. Says she simply *must*. A friend of mine. She was sitting next me when she saw you . . .!"

I edged towards the hall. "But — er — why exactly?"

"Most extraordinary thing," pursued Miss T., pursuing me at the same time into the Club vestibule, "but she's just seen you standing there with all your four Bodies, all in a row, side by side. She hasn't the

faintest notion of your name or who you are."

"Yes," I repeated. "My four Bodies, you said?"

"Your Earth Body she has never set eyes on. It's one of the others she suddenly recognized — your Fire Body. She's known it for ten years. Known it intimately, she says. She's dying to meet you. I gave her your name, but she'd never heard of it."

"How," I stammered, "where — when — has she met it — me?"

Miss T. looked earnestly at me. My escaping step hesitated. I was intrigued, to say the least.

"Oh, I know nothing of all that," she explained. "She was sitting next me, when you stepped inside the doorway and looked round the room. You were only there a minute, when she nudged me excitedly and whispered: 'There he is! My God!' and pointed. I looked in the direction of her finger and said 'But that's a man I know — a Mr. Blackwood.' Then she jumped up and cried: 'Oh, do introduce me. I know his Fire Body,' or 'I knew him *in* his Fire Body. I've been out with him for years, ten years at least, but I hadn't a notion who it was. He used to teach me things, all sorts of things, oh, such wonderful things. Oh, please, please introduce me to him before he goes. He's going already!' So, please," urged Miss T., "*do* stay a moment and I'll fetch her down!"

She disappeared, leaving me in the vestibule, feeling half intrigued, half foolish. Slightly bewildered, too, I felt. A strange atmosphere of expectancy had already been evoked by the mixed vision of England's peril, Johanna Southcott, the weird seeress of a century and a half ago, the fluttering lawn sleeves of twenty-four ghostly Bishops hovering in the background, and now, in addition to all this, the splendid dream that I possessed — visibly — three bodies in addition to my familiar physical one. And this in the Sesame Club in Dover Street, London, W. 1. in the Twentieth Century!

I remember looking round me for something to lean upon in more senses than one. People were still crowding in to hear about the Box; but my hostess, a cynical, matter-of-fact lady, was already in her seat, listening to the chairwoman, Mrs. Fox I think, who was now opening the proceedings. My eye rested with satisfaction, I remember, upon the portly hall porter, who was most certainly of this world — when Miss T.'s voice again startled me:

"Oh, I'm so glad you're still here," she was saying more breathlessly than before even, "for I've brought my friend down. She wants so much to meet you." And I was introduced forthwith to a charming, good-looking woman of perhaps thirty-three, who stared at me with keen interest and a distinctly scrutinizing and critical expression. Her calm appealed to me from the first; she was dignified, quiet, self-possessed. She said what she had to say once, not twice. After a brief apology for forcing an introduction in this way, and a word of thanks to me for waiting, she expressed her pleasure and her interest at meeting me — "at last."

"When I told Miss T.," she said, "I didn't know your name, I was mistaken. At first, in my excitement, I didn't connect you with the books

— I *have* read one of your books. But what interests me," she continued with a stark honesty I admired and appreciated, "was that I saw your figure standing in the porch with three other figures beside it, and that one of these figures I had known for years. I have felt, and still feel," she added quietly, "a deep, deep gratitude towards it. Until this minute I had no idea who it was."

In the slight pause that came I asked *what* the figure was, and *why* she felt this gratitude.

BEFORE answering me, she looked about for a seat. I reminded her that the meeting had begun, and that Johanna's Box might possibly be opened while we chatted in the vestibule.

"I'd rather talk with you," she replied, and led me to a sofa in the guests' waiting-room.

"The 'figure,'" she began, "was undoubtedly a Fire body — some one in his Fire Body. I know," she went on with quiet conviction, "because I myself am Fire."

I made no comment, and she continued in her even, gentle voice:

"You know," she explained, "for *of course* you do — that we all have the Four Elements in us, Earth, Air, Fire and Water. One of them, however, predominates. An individual is thus one of them — an Earth, Air, Fire or Water person. Your horoscope and the Zodiac easily determine this. A Fire person and a Water person never get on — they extinguish each other, while Air and Fire people, on the other hand, stimulate each other. A Fire person will never come to grief by fire, nor a Water person drown — their instinct preserves them. But, *of course*, you know all this, because you have written about it in your books —"

"So, you are Fire," I put in quickly.

"I am Fire, yes," she assured me, "and I know a Fire Body when I see one — naturally. I travel in my Fire Body every night in sleep. That's how I met yours. You, too, are Fire — though, I judge, Air and Fire too."

"And why," I asked, sticking to my original question, "does that make you feel grateful? For you mentioned gratitude just now."

She paused a minute or two before replying. "Because," she said at length gravely, "you — you in your Fire Body — have taught me such wonderful things."

I stared blankly at her.

"Amazing, marvelous things," she added quietly, yet with intense admiration. "I can never, *never*, be grateful enough for your guidance, help, instruction. On more than one occasion you have saved my life. The help you gave was above rubies."

I SAT there speechless — in the vestibule of the Sesame Club in Dover Street in the Twentieth Century; but a moment later, having recovered my self-possession, when I proceeded to inquire the nature of this help, how and where we met, what words I spoke, and a few other practical details I wanted to know about, she remarked quietly:

"If you will come to tea tomorrow I will try and tell you a little more about it, if you don't mind and will forgive — I find this atmosphere difficult to talk in — unsympathetic." She indicated the fact that

neighbors were listening to us. There was certainly a lack of privacy.

She rose, and I rose with her, naturally. I made many apologies for having detained her. I promised to come to tea — it was a flat in Albemarle Street next door, and on the top floor. I made a note of the number, and the following day I arrived punctually at the hour appointed.

We resumed our conversation practically where it had been interrupted.

The flat, I noticed, was cosy and delightful, the cakes and China tea were of the best. It was the flat of a cultured woman — lined bookshelves, pictures, sculpture, a piano smothered with music, the best weeklies lying about, serious books everywhere — a flat untidy, lived-in, human, and alert to all the movements of the day. Evidences of an up to date and wide intelligence were obvious enough. And they were natural. First-rate drawings of famous horses too, I noticed, with various splendid photographs of Greek sculpture, water colors of Paestum, Pompei Streets, and some lovely reproductions of Florentine masterpieces.

UNDER the broad mantelpiece I saw a few indifferent water-colors of Alpine scenery, samples of winter-sport adventure, skiing and the like, and among these one painting in particular that caught my eye. Why this particular painting attracted me I can not explain; the point is that it did so. I kept looking at it, looking back at it, while my hostess talked. It interested me, it *drew* my attention. For some reason, I wanted to know more about it. It would be only too easy to assert, in view of what was told me later, that it seemed familiar, dramatic too. Yet that would not be strictly true. The strict truth is stated when I say that it interested me — apart from any intrinsic merit. For it was merely a commonplace, distinctly amateur water-color of a youth with flaming red hair which stood up as though blown by a wind, the face and features ordinary enough, yet with something in the eyes, and in the eyes alone, that startled. Yet the idea rose in me that I had seen it somewhere before. It was in this vague notion of having "seen it before" that the sense of familiarity doubtless arose. I must add that no evidence can possibly support this notion. I had never seen it before, I have never seen anything like it since.

SUFFICIENT, then, for the moment, that I kept looking at it with particular interest; and I recall that I intended at the first opportunity to ask what, and whom, it represented.

My hostess, meanwhile, was chatting over the tea-cups.

"I was going to tell you about my Fire Body excursions," she resumed calmly our interrupted conversation. "It must be over ten years ago," she went on, "that I first became aware of having unusual dreams. Most of us dream, I know, and some of us" — she smiled understandingly — "think our dreams of importance. I never made that mistake. The first thing that made me take my dreams seriously was that I dreamed so coherently."

"Coherently?" I repeated.

"In the sense," she explained, "that each dream was a sequel to the last one. I met the same person I had

met the night before. The talk of the previous night was resumed where I had left it off on waking. Sometimes I woke on a question I had asked. The next night that question was answered at once — as though there had been no interruption."

"But the questions and the person?" I ventured: "Were they of interest?"

SHE stared at me a moment, though I got the impression she looked past me rather than at me. She was thinking. It was not I — as I sat there over my tea-cup who interested her.

"The questions," she replied gravely, "were of great interest to me, of supreme interest, I might say. The person was yourself."

"Myself!" I exclaimed, egotism fixing attention on the point of the person rather than on the nature of the questions.

"You," she stated emphatically and with intense conviction, "but you — not as I see you now. At this actual moment — drinking tea in my flat," she explained. "It was you in your Fire Body."

I stirred my tea. I thought hard a moment. My temperament and interests were not adverse, not hostile certainly, to any conceivable mental adventure. I had William James, Dr. Osty, Boris and Sidehart, so to speak, at my finger tips. The text books, from Charcot to Binet and Féret, to mention no others, poured their accumulated content into my mind. If not hostile, I was certainly advised, and therefore critical. Doubtless, in view of this packed reading and questioning, I was critical in a very real sense.

"In my Fire Body?" I repeated. "You mean, I suppose, that alleged body or vehicle in which our normal consciousness is said to manifest — er — otherwise?"

She gazed at me without comprehension.

"I suppose so," she answered, after a considerable pause. "All I know is that I met this figure night after night in my dreams, that it told me wonderful things, that it taught me splendid, amazing teachings, and that it was always the same figure — *you*, whom I saw yesterday afternoon for the first time in waking. I saw this figure standing close beside you at the Sesame Club. I saw you in your physical — or Earth — body. Beside you I saw three other figures I did not know or recognize. I recognized one only — the figure I had met so often in dream — your Fire Body. I was so excited I asked Miss T. who it was."

We both stared hard.

"May I ask," I ventured presently, "*where* we met — in your dream? And what the teaching was?" — for my tongue refused somehow to ask "what I taught you?" No recollection lay in me of having taught this lady anything, in dream or otherwise. "What kind of thing, for instance?"

OUR stare continued for some minutes. My impressions during the little interval were mixed, perhaps, yet one stands out clearly. If any woman told the truth, it was my hostess. She was telling quietly, with intense conviction, something she had indubitably experienced. It was as genuine as her gain or loss in the stock market, as her account of skiing down the Murren Race Track, as

her reactions at Paestum or Pompei. Of that I feel assured.

"*Where?*" she repeated my first question. "Well, it's always the same place. Up a mountain side. You take me up a mountain. It's very steep, painfully steep. No, you don't take my hand or help me. You pay little attention to me. You lead and I follow. At a certain spot, always the same spot, you just stop. You turn. You don't look at me. You just stand there, looking out and down. An immense landscape stretches below us. You gaze out over it. And — you talk. You tell me things. You answer my questions. You are kind, patient, but completely indifferent to me — as an individual. You just tell me things I want to know because you know them and I don't. You might be talking to a tree or sheep or stone, for all the interest you show in me myself."

"And — the things we talk about? The questions you ask and I answer?"

She paused again, and again her intense conviction and sincerity came over me. She drew a long breath.

"Marvelous," she whispered. "Perfectly marvelous — and yet so simple that it always mortifies me that I hadn't understood them without asking."

A WILD hope flashed through me that I might here find myself on the brink, the perilous, uncertain brink, of gathering at some unusual information snatched, stolen even, from the pregnant subconscious searching of what the text books term a "lucid somnambulist." I caught my breath a moment, probably.

"Tell me," I suggested, using all the combined command and sympathy of eye and voice at my disposal.

She gazed past me as before. She made an effort, a sincere effort, I am convinced. She was trying to think, trying to remember.

"I can't," she said presently with a sigh. "Try as I will, I can not remember. I only know that what you tell me, what you teach me, affects my whole life," she added. "I never can remember what we talk about — never. I only know it guides and helps, and even saves me. My life in the world would collapse but for that help. Yet I never can remember a single detail afterwards. Not one!"

I did not stir my tea, I drank it down.

"The gist of the teaching stays in you, though you recall nothing of the actual words?" I asked presently, putting it as simply as I could.

WAITING for some time before answering, she said it seemed to be something like that perhaps. During the affairs of the day, when she was perplexed, doubtful, uncertain how to act or what to think, an idea would suddenly flash into her. It seemed to come from nowhere, yet it solved her immediate little problem — marvelously. And each time this happened, there flashed with it a faint haunting memory of some marvelous strange figure belonging to a dream. Not only in daily acts did this occur, but also with her reading, thinking mental life. A puzzle was suddenly resolved, something that perplexed her simplified, a mental problem in some region of her inner life made clear — and always this same fleeting, vanishing picture of a figure who supplied the solution, then fled before memory could pos-

sibly seize or label it. Never could she honestly attribute this help to any other source except the figure of her dream, for she could recall only the figure, and never what the figure had told or taught her.

Certainly, I detected no attempt to elaborate or justify. She remembered the figure, yet never precisely what the figure said. She attributed the solution of a given problem, mental or otherwise, to the figure merely because each time the sudden guidance and solution came, this flashing memory of the figure darted across her mind.

It was an interesting story. I had to admit that I myself rarely, if ever, dreamed. My dream-content, possibly, she suggested, found vent in my books, and hence my sleep was blameless and uneventful. We talked, or rather I listened, for an hour or more, but my hostess committed herself to nothing I dared label as nonsense, foolish, or hysterical. There was no personal encounter of any sort, nor any hint of its possibility even. She was interested in my Fire Body, not in me. She made one or two more than thoughtful comments. "Things we have utterly forgotten and can not place," she mentioned once, "influence the more because we *have* forgotten them. Having utterly forgotten them," she explained, "the will and imagination do not oppose or criticize."

And before I left, on the point of saying good-bye in fact, my eye again caught the little water-color drawing that had *drawn* my attention so vividly earlier in the afternoon, and I asked what and who it was.

"Oh, that," she answered, turning to the picture as I pointed to it. "That," she explained apologetically, "is a little sketch, a clairvoyante friend of mine, a girl, did for me. She was here one day and said she saw a figure standing behind me always. I asked her to draw it. It's you," she said with a smile as I went out. "You in your Fire Body." She made me a present of it, and it hangs on my walls today in a neat black frame.

A Game for Twosomes

By Susan Lee

At the age of forty-six, I married. My bridegroom was not the dashing Lochinvar of my girlhood dreams nor even the distinguished cavalier for whom I had waited futilely through my twenties. He was a staid widower of fifty-seven, with grandchildren and with matter of fact ways. But he was also an intelligent, considerate gentleman to whom I could give permanent affection and deep respect. For this I give thanks to Fortuna. For had he been far less, I would yet have married him. Twenty years of vassalage under a social matriarchy would make any old maid desperate.

To marry at forty-six requires courage. One must brave a storm of comment from friends and acquaintances and a barrage of trite and often vulgar wit from that large part of the public which regards the mating instinct as a fundamental source of humor, particularly if manifested by persons past thirty. Then also one must combat active family opposition. In my case, the family resistance was threefold. First, my mother who, paradoxically, not only regarded me as her chum and colleague but also as her fresh, young, artless daughter, was loath to surrender me to any man of less degree than the Prince of Wales. Second, my married sisters and brothers, aside from disliking to see me "make a fool" of myself, hated having the family home disrupted and additional responsibility shifted to their shoulders. Third, my young nephews and nieces, who, with the arrogance of youth, assumed the exclusive rights to courtship and marriage, thought my November romance not only excruciatingly funny but also downright silly.

In spite of all this, I married. I would brave even greater opposition to do it again. I say that neither because of sentiment nor economics. Many women have been stampeded into hurried and indiscriminate marriages by spectres of age and loneliness, by fears of facing the future alone and by phantoms of poverty. I was not influenced by ghosts or bugbears or even by sentimentality. I was self-supporting and was assured an economic future equal to that which an average husband could provide. Nor was I deluded that marriage was any magic cure-all for loneliness or unhappiness. Any woman who has lived forty-six years has learned that a "Mrs." prefixed to a name will neither drive away the harpies nor insure the

presence of the bluebird. At sixteen we may think marriage a panacea for life's futilities, but not at forty-six.

The chief factors that made me seek marriage as openly and determinedly as was compatible with my spinster modesty might be regarded as trifles by many persons. But an aggregation of disquieting trifles eventually becomes a Niagara Falls of motive. And plenty of such trifles are bound to arise, like Pandora's pests, to plague the spinster who finds herself in a society organized on the theory of duality; who discovers herself playing a Run Sheep Run game of life without a partner.

I AM aware that it is a commonly accepted truism that the lean days of the spinster are past; that the self-sufficient, gloriously free bachelor girl has an ideal existence generations removed from that of her kitchen-slave maiden aunt. I will concede that the spinster has made tremendous progress in the last half century out of an intolerable and tragic position. She now is economically independent and that, as every woman knows, is the first step toward happiness and self-respect. Moreover, education and professional training have opened new worlds of self-expression to her, have given her inner resources with which to combat loneliness and morbidity. But in spite of all that, I maintain she is still far from social equality with her married sister. Even though she may have come into her birthright in the industrial world, yet in the social organization of life, she finds herself a fifth wheel, a black swan, an Ishmael.

Any one who has had the experience of being a sensitive child on a school playground will understand what I mean. Many games are played in two's. In such games, you wait to be chosen, and if you are left out, if you are the odd one, you bravely try to conceal your disappointment as you watch the others play. True, there are games you can play alone, and you may be moderately happy in them. But you always feel as though you had been cheated out of the greater fun.

THERE is no getting around the fact that the game of life, at least in its outward forms, is largely played in two's. Even though we die alone, cemetery lots are surveyed on the basis of even numbers, are laid out to provide burial for a certain number of couples. However, it is much easier to handle an odd woman in a cemetery than in a ball room. Any one of any social experience whatever knows what a problem the extra woman presents to a hostess. The problem is particularly baffling if the woman is past her first youth. The odd man, on the contrary, may be an asset. No matter how great his senility, if he wears a dinner jacket with aplomb, he may be paired with the youngest and giddiest feminine guest — at cards, at dinner, even on the dance floor. But certainly no hostess would have the courage to ask a sheikish college youth or a self-satisfied young bachelor to take out to dinner a woman past forty.

There are innumerable occasions in the social world where the single woman finds herself a misfit. If she belongs to a woman's club, she faces

the inevitable husbands' night or annual banquet when she is expected to appear with a masculine escort. If she is not able to inveigle a brother, cousin or family friend to take her, she must accompany some married friend and the married friend's husband. And during the evening she usually finds herself segregated with a little group of spinsters or elderly widows who stand or sit around self-consciously watching their mated associates play the social game.

As a result of this situation, the unmarried woman past thirty gradually gravitates into a social world of women. I doubt if it is generally realized today to what an extent the village of Cranford is duplicated in the social life of our cities and towns. In each of these there is a distinct world of spinster school-teachers, business women, artists, musicians and stay-at-homes who have about as little social contact with men as did the maiden ladies of Mrs. Gaskell's secluded village. I have lived in this feminine world and I know whereof I speak. When I was one of its stay-at-home members, I took my recreation by going to matinées or afternoon bridge parties and symphony concerts. When I became a worker, I joined other working spinsters at night events — theatres, musicales, dinners, bridge games and club meetings. My spinster colleagues and myself shopped together, took trips together, and dutifully exchanged picture post-cards, letters and Christmas presents. Although mature adults, we were continuing the social régime of a girls' boarding school.

Now I am not deriding friendships between women. There is a great deal of beauty, inspiration and joy in such associations. And the women who comprise this modern social Cranford, I believe, are less petty, less jealous, less trivial than the women of the mixed social world. But they are also, as a rule, more prudish, more narrow and more drab than they would be if they had the stimulation of social contact with men. For even though a woman may be past the stage of romance, she can not help but respond to the challenge a man's presence provokes and be led to put forward her best asset, whether it be a flair for dress, an exhilarating wit or an understanding sympathy.

If the middle aged spinster of leisure takes up politics, she again finds herself at a disadvantage. Men politicians particularly resent "old maid busybodies." They are also strongly suspicious of the spinster who would run for office, feeling that there must be something intrinsically wrong with her or she would have married. It is hazardous enough for a woman who is not a widow to seek political preferment, and for one who hasn't even a wedding ring, it is hopeless.

Moreover, the unmarried woman who undertakes any form of civic work likely to upset the established order of things will encounter more opposition than would a woman who has the background of a husband. And when it comes to civic honors, she is likely to lose out entirely. In that connection, I am reminded of a recent visit to our city of a distinguished guest to dedicate a

soldiers' memorial for which many women, including myself, had worked faithfully, even doing house to house canvassing for funds. But less than half a dozen of the women who had worked so untiringly were named on the reception committee or permitted to occupy seats on the platform. And those few who were so honored happened to have husbands who were Federal, State or city officials or members of the board of governors of the memorial. All of the honors accorded women were awarded on the basis of husbands.

That is one instance of the numerous discouragements that confront the spinster who seeks outlet for her energy in civic work or politics. Nincompoop wives may occupy box seats at civic affairs and at political conventions, while the spinster, no matter what her party or civic service may have been, usually has to fight for standing-room. In my own case, after many years of civic and political snubbings, I finally realized that the only way to beat the wifely protectorate was to join it.

EVEN in her own home, among those who love her most, the unmarried woman faces many difficulties. For one thing, in the eyes of the family, she never grows up. She is told how to dry the dishes, where to hang the dish towel, how long to wear her skirts, how early to be home from the picture show, and how to make up her mind on all the social and moral issues of the day. Unless she is unusually strong-minded and ruthless, her life is likely to be one continuous conformance to other persons' habits and opinions. Parents, sisters, brothers, aunts and cousins, all in the great wisdom born of marital experience, tell her what to do and how to do it. And no matter how free a hand she may be given in running the home, it is a second-hand thrill that she gets out of her authority. She can never be truly herself or express the essence of her personality in surroundings that have taken their material form from the dreams of others.

TOO often the spinster becomes the pack horse of family responsibilities. It is not alone in the care of her parents that she bears the brunt of the load. Her married sisters and sisters-in-law, and often hordes of nieces and nephews get in the way of expecting both things and service from "Aunty." In most cases, the giving is a joy. But often there are times when the giver wonders how she is going to meet her responsibilities. I remember one Christmas after a lean year, with expenses for illness, that I found myself faced with the problem of providing handsome Christmas presents for exactly fifteen children of relatives and friends. I could not disappoint them with nominal remembrances for I had too long been remembered as an unfailingly generous Santa Claus. And, as the children's parents so often had pointed out, I could be expected to make lavish gifts as I had no one but myself on whom to spend money.

But these annoyances within the realm of my family circle would not have been so difficult in themselves to bear. At least I was paid in love for what I suffered. However, the social briars that beset me in the outside world offered no healing

balm for their scratches. It was these continuous pricks of public opinion that helped most to goad me to the altar.

As all martyrs and near-martyrs know, any form of persecution is easier to stand than ridicule. And in no community have I found humor far enough advanced to discard the spinster joke. The mother-in-law and the two Irishmen have been consigned to the limbo of outgrown humor, but not the old maid. Up to the time I was married, I scarcely ever met a man acquaintance without having to listen to the smirking query, "Married yet?" I was never able to attend a family gathering without my spinsterhood serving as the backbone of the jesting. I was seldom able to go to a friend's house for dinner without having her husband enliven the courses with quips about my unmarried state.

IT WOULD not have been so bad if these humorists had confined themselves to jesting. But they would not stop there. They were bound to find me hypothetical mates. And such mates! Any unmarried woman will recognize the types — patriarchs of ninety-five who have buried or divorced half a dozen wives, half-wit village or town characters, hermit bachelors, and always, inevitably, the latest widower with from six to a dozen children. Such jokes may be funny the first time. But after being recited in connection with every rag-picker and junkman who comes to the door, they lose their freshness.

Another opprobrium that the spinster must suffer is that of belonging in a social group designated by a term of disrepute. What greater epithet of disrespect or ridicule can be conferred on an individual — man or woman — than to be termed an "old maid?" All fussy, irritating persons — including men — are "regular old maids" in popular parlance. And in that connection, I have long sought unsuccessfully to find a satisfactory definition of just what constitutes old-maidishness. If a single woman talks too much, she is a garrulous old maid. If, on the contrary, she is silent, she is a timid, suppressed old maid. If she wears feminine clothes, she is a vain, dressy old maid; if she adopts sports and tailored costumes, she is a mannish old maid. If she stays at home and embroiders, she is a helpless old maid; if she goes out in the business world, she is an aggressive old maid. If she keeps a cat or dog, or if she adopts a child, she is a starved old maid, and if she doesn't, she is a selfish old maid. If she is conservative in her dress and habits, she is a prudish old maid; if she is modern, she is a silly old maid trying to be young. She is constantly between Scylla and Charybdis; no matter what she does, it is always the typical act of an "old maid."

THIS sense of being set apart in a queer and inferior stratum of society is deepened in the spinster by the subtle air of patronage with which matrons regard her. What unmarried woman has not had the experience of being treated with condescension and open pity by some woman whose husband's hand she once refused? And no matter what the spinster's knowledge of the world or her experience with life has

been, it is always assumed that she can know nothing of the fundamentals of life, of the passions of lovers, of the foibles of men, or the hearts of children. This attitude is particularly annoying to the woman who, even though unmarried, has drunk deeply of the joys and sorrows of life and who has been an understanding and sympathetic spectator of the human drama.

This sense of being queer is also heightened in the spinster's mind by the masculine attitude toward her. There are few men who comprehend that many spinsters are such because of an idealism that would not permit of compromise. The average man assumes that a woman is an old maid merely because nobody would marry her, and try as he may he can not disguise that conviction. It shows in his manner even when he is trying to be the kindest and most tactful. And with the outside world — at least that large and important part of it that is composed of smug matrons and their husbands — adopting that attitude, the unmarried woman comes in time to adopt it herself, to wonder if maybe she isn't a little odd, a little off color, or surely she would have married somebody.

I have seen the most self-sufficient women weaken as this conviction was borne in upon them. Sophia, one of my college mates, was an example. She was a brilliant scientist who seemingly was absorbed in her career as a teacher. But after we had been out of school five years, I was surprised to hear her say that if she were taking a new position she would buy a wedding ring and pose as a widow.

"People then might stop asking why I didn't marry," she said, "and society would regard me with infinitely more respect."

Ten years later, Sophia, at the height of her success, announced her intention of marrying somebody — anybody, merely to escape from the women's line at the faculty receptions, she declared.

Many who read this may have a pitying smile for Sophia's weakness and for my own. I myself regret that I am not made of such stern stuff that I might snap my fingers at the jesting of crude men, the patronage of smug matrons, the scorn of the herd and the superficial rules of the social game. But the blood of a martyr is not in my veins. Besides, at forty-six, one is getting tired. The last home stretch is getting shorter. One does not want to spend it beating one's wings futilely against the bars of social customs that date back to the first ape. It is not the time for social pioneering. It is the time for rest — rest which is reached by traveling the road of conformity.

Synthetic Gold

By Glowacki R. Parker

Modern alchemy makes tariffs

What is the remedy for hard times? Is the world suffering from acute indigestion, brought on by an oversupply of its needs? Are our legislative bodies neglecting obvious means of relief, or are our troubles due to statutes already enacted?

We are daily treated to answers to these questions, and are offered a wide choice of cures for our ailments.

Not much more fantastic than some of the nostrums more seriously put forward is the proposal to restore prosperity by an extension of Prohibition. The plan has indeed all the elements of plausibility. Simply stated, it proposes that traffic in articles other than intoxicants be prohibited by law. A ban is to be placed on the sale and transportation of groceries and meats, clothing and hardware, mousetraps and pianos. It is expected to work out something like this:

The public will demand these articles, and will get them, as it does alcohol. But as business in them is prohibited, manufacture and marketing will be accomplished by bootleg methods. This will have a threefold effect in creating prosperity. First, the number of bootleggers engaged in the distribution of general merchandise will be enormous, and bootleggers are notoriously prosperous. Second, prices will be doubled and tripled, and it will not be necessary to supply first-class goods, so that profits will be tremendously increased, as has been the case with alcoholic beverages. Finally, whatever unemployed remain will be required, if not drafted, to serve in the vast army of enforcement officers, enjoying large incomes, including what they receive from the Government.

The plan seems flawless, and the theory on which it is based has been amply tried out in practice.

Scarcely less curious are the remedies proposed, and not infrequently enacted into law by the world's parliamentary bodies. Experience and common sense to the contrary notwithstanding, it is still believed that the old law of supply and demand can be made inoperative. And it can, in the same sense that water may be made to run uphill, with a force pump. But no one has yet found a way of thereby creating a waterfall, the power from which will run the pump. By and large, legis-

lative tinkering with the normal functioning of the economic machine either results in failure to accomplish its purpose, or in merely taking money out of one pocket and putting it in the other, that is, benefiting one group or class of people at the expense of another.

In isolated cases, this is permissible, on the theory that it is sometimes justifiable, to tax all of the people for the benefit of a few, as a temporary or emergency measure. But, as a matter of settled policy, or on the assumption that any permanent wealth is being created for all the people, it is wholly fallacious and unsound.

Thus a part of the people may produce more foodstuff than all of the people can conveniently eat. So All-of-the-people (through the Government) say to Part-of-the-people, "We will buy your foodstuff although we can not consume it; but by putting it in our storehouse it will no longer be for sale, that is, it will be off the market. And as we need more, we shall come to you and buy it, and if you have more than we can use, we shall put the excess in the storehouse too. This will permit you to sell all you produce, at a good price. It may even be an encouragement to you to produce more. Surely in this way we shall all prosper."

THIS is in essence what has been tried in this country and elsewhere. If we did not enjoy fooling ourselves, we might far more honestly go to the farmers and say: "You are a worthy class and need help. Also your votes in the next election are important. Therefore, for each bushel of wheat you sell at sixty cents, we will pay you fifteen cents out of the public treasury, to provide which sum the people will be taxed. The amount you will receive for your wheat will then be seventy-five cents."

The advocates of such measures will, of course, assert that their purpose is solely to coördinate supply and demand, that is, to distribute such goods evenly as required, and not permit the exigencies of producers to glut the market at one time. The theory is excellent, but in practice it rarely works out this way. The Government not only finds itself in business, but in a highly speculative business with the odds all in favor of the taxpayer being the loser.

OVER-PRODUCTION or under-consumption are identical terms, though the latter is usually the more accurate. There is no such thing as over-production, so long as unsatisfied wants exist. The world has not produced too much wheat or cotton, so long as millions of people are underfed and underclothed. The weakness and the trouble with the world's economic machinery is not in excessive output, but rather in faulty distribution. And the latter includes not only the physical transportation of products to the far corners of the earth, but the efficient utilization of the energies of the people resident therein. They must have something to trade for what they receive, that is, they must have purchasing power. Clearly, the way to an improvement in the world's economic ills lies not in interfering with the natural functioning of the machine, but rather in the adequate disposal of its output.

But instead of intelligent effort applied in this direction, we find on

all sides men and governments trying to put obstacles in the way of universal distribution. Thus with millions in India and China suffering from insufficient bodily covering, it is proposed to curtail the supply of cotton. With these and other millions throughout the world underfed, if not actually starving, we seem to think that conditions will be bettered by artificially making food more difficult to obtain. Apart from temporary and largely artificial benefits to a few, there is no precedent in all history for prosperity having been created by scarcity. And this is merely another way of saying that wealth, either individually or collectively, does not result from high prices. It was a reduction, not an increase, in the cost of oil and automobiles that produced the Rockefeller and Ford fortunes.

But obstacles to universal distribution are not confined to attempts to regulate prices at their source. The normal and free passage of merchandise from producer to consumer meets a constantly increasing number of barriers which either retard, divert, or completely bar its progress. Prohibitive regulations and embargoes, customs duties and subsidies, nearly all have as their primary purpose the creation of an artificial advantage to a certain group. In so far as they are successful, the natural movement of goods is hampered, and the inevitable cost is borne by the people as a whole. Let us examine a typical case.

A producer or manufacturer, say, in the United States, calculates that, because of high labor costs or whatever it may be, he can not sell a certain line of goods, except at a price ten cents per unit higher than his foreign competitors. He can apply for legislative relief in either of two ways: (a) He may ask for a subsidy to be paid him out of the national treasury, of ten cents for each unit he sells. He is then on an equal footing with world competition. (b) He may ask for a duty of ten cents on all imported units. This raises the selling price of the foreign article to his level, and puts him on an equal footing. It should be observed that in either case it is the public which provides the ten cents to enable the producer to do business at a profit. In (a) the amount was paid into the treasury by the public. In (b) the imposition of the duty has resulted in a price ten cents higher than would otherwise have been the case, and the public pays this, either to the producer of the domestic article, or as duty if the article is imported.

Let us make no mistake as to the effect of a duty. It is frequently stated that prices are not raised. Occasionally we are told that producers have agreed, or will agree, not to increase prices if a duty is imposed. But what are the fundamentals? The producer requesting a duty must be broadly in one of the following situations:

(1) He is manufacturing and selling at a satisfactory profit, in which case obviously no duty is necessary.

(2) His business is suffering from mismanagement, more efficient domestic competitors, changed conditions, or other circumstances wholly independent of foreign competition. In this case, a duty will not solve his problem.

(3) His margin of profit is unsatisfactory, or he is operating at a loss, solely or principally, because of foreign competition. Obviously, unless the duty permits of raising prices, his position is unchanged, and he will continue to operate at an unsatisfactory profit, or a loss.

For the moment, we need not concern ourselves with the question of whether or not it is to the advantage of the public to pay the ten cents referred to. But that it does do so is scarcely open to question. Instances may, of course, be cited in which prices have not been raised or have actually been reduced after the imposition of a duty. This merely means that the effect of the duty was to hold a prior price level, or retard a decline which otherwise would have been greater. It is immaterial whether the public's ten cents is in the form of an extra payment, or a potential saving of ten cents which it failed to receive.

IT MAY be further remarked that, if it is advantageous to tax the public for the benefit of an industry, either by way of a subsidy or a tariff, it can be shown that a subsidy is the cheaper method. As a simple illustration, assume that, with a ten cent advantage, domestic production is able to secure and hold three-quarters of the available business. Suppose the latter consists of a million units annually. Let us first take care of the ten cent differential by a direct subsidy. The public treasury pays the domestic industry ten cents on each of its 750,000 units. The cost is, therefore, $75,000. But deliberately to pay any such sum to enable private enterprise to operate at a profit would be an unthinkable outrage to public opinion. The welkin would ring with denunciation. So we turn to the tariff, and impose a duty of ten cents per unit. The public then pays in the form of duty $25,000 on the 250,000 imported units, and $75,000 in the increased price of the domestic article, or a total of $100,000.

WHEN domestic production is only a small part of domestic consumption, a tariff becomes very much more expensive than a subsidy. Thus, if a country produced only twenty per cent of its requirements, a tariff would cost five times as much as a subsidy. But the latter sticks out like a sore thumb. It swells national budgets. It increases visible taxation. It just isn't done when it can be helped. It is easier to fall back on the anæsthesia of customs duties, no matter how much more expensive.

It may readily be shown that in theory universal free trade would be most advantageous. In practice this is out of the question. There is, for instance, ample warrant for the initial encouragement of new industries which have a logical and economic justification for existence in a particular country. There is even a good reason for the maintenance of industries which fall slightly short of being self-sustaining without some degree of protection. This is that national welfare is promoted by diversified occupations. A country whose workers are essentially specialists in only one or a very few trades is more subject to depression than one whose industrial activities are distributed over a wide range. Such diversity, even if dependent on

artificial stimulus, is worth while within reasonable limits.

In either of these two cases the burden on the public may well be justified, but it should be clearly understood that it is a tax, and that it is the people who pay it.

It is scarcely necessary to touch on such duties as may be imposed on articles of luxury. These in essence are in the nature of an excise tax, and are to be viewed solely from a revenue and budgetary standpoint.

While such moderate protection to local industry as that indicated does constitute a barrier to the natural flow of goods, it is only when industries begin to vie with each other within a country, and countries begin to compete one with another for the erection of tariff walls, which approach embargoes, that the world's economic welfare becomes definitely impaired. And this, unhappily, is a spectacle to which we have been treated in the very recent past.

FURTHER, trade flourishes on confidence. There is a noticeable cooling off in sales enthusiasm toward a country which seems about due for a revolution or for a shooting affair with its neighbor. When such matters impend, credit men are disposed to suggest cash with order, or decline to accept business at all. And the normal exchange of merchandise slows down, to the benefit of no one.

For the same reasons, capital, that life blood of trade, is dammed up, or diverted. Left to itself, and with political horizons clear, capital will gravitate to the spots where it is most needed, almost without the persuasive assistance of bond salesmen. And trade and industry bloom in its path. But capital is uncommonly sensitive to anything which sounds like saber rattling, and gives a wide berth to the apparent sources of such noises.

"So much the better," exclaims the demagogue in his guise of ultra-nationalist. "Keep our capital at home for our own use. Don't loan it to those foreigners." And, as a rule, there is no use trying to explain to him that "capital" is likely to consist of inventories of goods lying in warehouse, or semi-idle productive capacity.

YET the same guardian of the people's rights will wax eloquent over a proposal that the United States Government loan ten million, or a hundred million dollars in silver to China. "Thus," he will tell us, "the silver producers and the Chinese will both profit." Other loans consist in essence of a mere bookkeeping entry, by which the foreigner has a bank account placed at his disposal, and which he is apt to use largely, if not wholly, for the purchase of American goods. Not so with this loan. The actual metal is going to be shipped, and to a country which we have been given to understand is already suffering from a plethora of silver. And the only way in which purchases could be made with it would be to have the bullion and coins shipped back to us! Further, in some mysterious way, guarantee as to payment of interest and principal, which has so far seemed inadequate for an ordinary loan, suddenly becomes ample and satisfactory, if the medium is silver.

Sufficient real credit is available for China as soon as governmental

stability and the integrity of private property is assured. And thereafter the industry of its millions of people can be effectively utilized, adding to their own wealth and that of the world.

It is presumptuous for any one to prescribe a remedy for the troubles through which we are passing. Nor is it likely that a cure can be found in any preconceived set of ideas. But it would seem worth while to cling to a few simple truths. Prosperity can not be legislated to the people by the people. So long as business is conducted decently and ethically, the less governments have to do with it, the better. The working of the law of supply and demand can not be permanently controverted. Instead of more regulations, what trade needs is the elimination of artificial barriers which already exist. Plenty, through adequate distribution, is the problem to which we should address ourselves, rather than scarcity, through curtailment of production. Governments may indeed perform a very useful function in the creation of political stability within their borders, and as between each other. Trade will quickly expand in an atmosphere free from apprehension. The support of huge armaments constantly saps at the income of the humblest peasant. The spectre of war results in policies which run counter to natural and healthy development. The evils of excessive nationalism present a problem which should yield to intelligent and coördinated action. In this the potential leadership of the United States is clearly indicated. That we have not fully grasped our opportunities is due almost wholly to the exigencies of internal politics, preying on ignorance and prejudice, which it is to be devoutly hoped we may soon outgrow. Splendid isolation may still serve for bedtime stories, and foreign devils may be exorcised to frighten the timid. Otherwise, this particular bag of tricks should scarcely prove diverting to grown-up men. Present day common sense calls for the utmost in coöperative effort between nations, the elimination alike of aloofness and causes of friction, and the working out of common problems to a common end.

Metropolis of the West

By Joseph Lilly

In our series of articles on American cities we reach Los Angeles

A spring evening. The air full of lift, cool and dry, and teasingly redolent of orange blossoms. Your car winds up around a tangle of ragged hills, over smoothed highways, well-bulwarked, secure. Up and around, up and around in the dark, a steep and tortuous way, a genuine mountain ascent. Quickly, dramatically, you make a sharp turn, and there, spread out like an illuminated carpet, like a flattened plate of stars, stretching off beyond vision, is the city.

In the morning, after a breakfast of fruits freshly picked and luscious, outdoors in the rich, seductive sunshine, billowy clouds lazing overhead, I came down the same winding road and found that the carpet, the plate, of the evening before was an immense plain, almost perfectly flat, a great pie-platter with an abruptly upturned and ragged brim where it lay in the hollow of a circle of mountains. Miles upon miles of uncurving streets, regularly crisscrossing, like the railroad yards in Chicago, a cluster of medium height office buildings and stores in the centre. People active, hurrying, the workaday American world again, and not the fantasy of the night before. . . . That, by night and by day, was my first impression of Los Angeles.

Historians hunting in later times for the traces of our civic pride are hereby directed to look for the vestiges in the Census returns. Every ten years the people of the United States count themselves and then go over the records as a baseball fan examines the batting averages. If the town in which we were born, or, more likely, the city in which we now live, has grown, our pride rises; if its retrogression can be measured by figures, we are shrouded in the gloom that engulfed Mudville when mighty Casey struck out. As a people we make the Census our national sport and our criterion of civic virtue.

So, the spot which derived most satisfaction from the 1930 Census was Los Angeles. Upon counting heads it was found to have 1,233,561, enough to make it the Fifth City. A short decade ago it was merely the Tenth, but by an expensive publicity campaign it has placed within its corporate limits 656,888 more people than were there in 1920. This increase of 113.9 per cent, a more than doubling, never was recorded

before of any modern city. Los Angeles has overtaken Cleveland, St. Louis, Baltimore, Boston and Pittsburgh, and now it is surpassed only by New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Detroit. Already it is crowding Detroit, and ten more years will find its panting breath warming the chilly neck of Philadelphia.

What sort of city is this, really?

OF ALL American cities it is easiest to poke fun at. No effort is required to satirize its eagerness to acclaim itself, its ambition to be the world's greatest (meaning biggest) city, its scramble to be "cultured," its tolerance of quackeries, its jejune pride attested by the pinning on business letterheads of such slogans as "The Magic City," "The Wonder City," "The Homeseeker's Paradise," etc. These are the overt expressions of real estate exploiters and of youthful ebullience, and, psychologically, Los Angeles is in municipal adolescence.

Still, whatever its faults, Los Angeles is to my mind the most "American" city, within a certain restricted meaning of that adjective, the meaning, indeed, that an alien would have in asking us to name the town least influenced by European and Asiatic sources. It, not New England, is the most recent extension of our Puritan forefathers, a point seemingly so obvious I shall not labor it.

Also, to my mind it is the most capable city in America, or, perhaps I should say, the most capable municipal corporation. I mean that it tackles physical problems, big ones, and gets them done, and that it conducts its business well. As to the capacity of the citizenry in non-physical problems it is merely an average American community.

As proof of its corporate capability I cite the fact that it has been built out of nothing but sunshine and earth, set on the desert, its centre twenty-five miles from the coast, utterly without any other natural advantages, neither timber, nor minerals, nor grazing land, nor natural harbor, and only the most meagre of water supplies. But what it didn't have it has made. It has extended its limits to the shore and by erecting a long, thick, high breakwater and dredging scow-loads of sand it has fabricated a harbor, ninety-five per cent of which it owns and operates municipally. To get water it has reached into the high Sierras and laid aqueducts 250 miles over mountains and deserts, and now it is reaching 300 miles to the Colorado River for more. It makes, distributes and sells most of its electricity, along with its waters, and at rates astonishingly low.

IT HAS sown its streets with trees, palms, pepper, pine and eucalyptus, and sodded its yards with grass and planted them with all varieties of flowers. In its first development an agricultural community, it is changing into an industrial one. Of course, the rest of the country has helped it mightily with the Panama Canal and is helping even more with Boulder Dam. Still, the credit is to Los Angeles; it takes advantages of these gifts.

But, paradoxically, midway between Cleveland and Detroit in numbers, and covering more ground than even New York, the town is

merely an overgrown boy, precocious in mechanical bent. It remains a small town in atmosphere, in outlook, in activity, in its very self-consciousness, in all those attributes that give a community character. Indian in origin, subsequently Spanish and Mexican, it has obliterated all but the superficial marks of these peoples and has become a segment of the Middle West, a magnified crossing of Dubuque and Kansas City.

As MIGHT be supposed of a place so new and expanding so quickly, its appearance is incongruous, but the predominant note is pleasant. Within the encircling mountains, tawny in summer, and, after the rainy season, green in winter and spring, splashed with the bright colors of desert flowers, it is charming and fanciful, and, from some points, awesome. Acres upon acres of the residential areas are reminiscent of Westchester County towns, of the Boston suburbs, such as Brookline, or Walnut Hills in Cincinnati. Nowhere are there tenements comparable to New York's or Chicago's. But the business district, for the most part, is tawdry and old-fashioned, like Milwaukee, or Pittsburgh, or Philadelphia, suggestive of the rococo of the early 1900's. I except several notable spots — the City Hall, the old Plaza, the Library, the Biltmore Hotel, Westlake Park, Bullock's store on Willshire Boulevard. And then there is an odd note for a big city: here and there, in the city's middle and on its edges, great fields of oil derricks stalk, like leafless and geometrical forests, a woodland of Mars by day, at night graveyards peopled by the skeletons of triangular giants.

The "Hollywood Spanish" architecture of which so much fun has been made I found quite delightful and not out of harmony with the country. After all, architecture is designed out of the necessities — the climate, foremost, and the materials most adaptable. If there is a more suitable group of residences than those in the Hollywood hills, hung along cliff slopes with the living rooms and garages on top, the sleeping rooms below, I have not seen them. The occasional red-tiled roofs, the timbered porticos, the red or blue plastered walls were justly exotic.

Geographically, Los Angeles is of the Southwest, lying a scant 150 miles from the Mexican border and close to 500 miles below San Francisco. Climatically, it is Southern, just a few degrees faster in tempo than Savannah, or, perhaps, Galveston. You might expect an admixture of the lean, bronze people of, say, Albuquerque and the politely indolent folk of Nashville. But, temperamentally, the Angeleno is definitely Middle Western, in his viewpoint, his customs, in his gait, his appearance, and in the manner of his living.

He IS, because the great bulk of the population is from the Middle West, from Mencken's Corn and Bible Belts, from Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, seasoned with Texans and Louisianians, nine out of ten small townsmen or prairie farmers, a prosperous bourgeoisie, a plain, solid folk, more substantial than gracious, and innately too stiff in the bones to be comfortable in a Mediterranean

environment. The native Angeleno is rather rare and is more difficult to find than a native New Yorker in Manhattan.

The contrast between New York and Los Angeles is not only pointed, but revelatory.

New York, too, is the emigrant's city, but the outlander in New York is not so quickly recognized. On Broadway the hay-seed quickly is eaten off the boy from Gallipolis. There is a deep, rhythmic tide in the surge of its life that sweeps up the newcomer, an irresistible force that pummels him — and almost literally, too — into the life-stuff about him.

THE important truth in this is that most often the hinterlander goes to New York as an emotional reaction against his native environment, and, being eager and receptively minded, coalesces and soon is lost as an atom in the conglomerate mass. But to Los Angeles the outlander has not brought this attitude. He has not gone there because he felt spiritually pinched or intellectually balked. He arrives there, not out of dissatisfaction with his own, not out of a dominant conviction that he must find a new place on which to scamper untramelled. The Angeleno is actuated by antithetical motives. He goes to Los Angeles as he would to Heaven, out of curiosity, and he stays indeed, because the physical circumstances — the climate principally — permit him to live more fully the life he always has led, the life with which he is satisfied and would not change, of which he never garners enough. He is so fond of his people that he wishes to realize them more fully.

Obviously, Los Angeles then can not fit our word "city" like New York, Chicago, London, Paris, Berlin. It is not a forcing house in the way great cosmopolitan centres have been. The sophistication of the urbanite is not on its tongue, nor is its head set whirling by the giddy pace of a cosmopolis. It does not stir and provoke and set at unrest. It is softening, because life is easy and pleasant, utterly without hardship — to its inhabitants a cloudy day is a relief from monotony — and within its easy contours it is basically the same existence that is led, half actually, half imaginatively, in Shelbyville, Indiana.

Middle Westerners feel no sharp change there, merely a heightening or extending of the old life. The New Yorker feels a let-down, but, with the pace of his own city becoming really more dizzy almost day by day, a welcome let-down. To be sure, these are my individual reactions to the place, but, having been brought up in Ohio, and having spent ten years as a reporter on New York dailies, I set them forth with some validity.

BEYOND my personal reaction is the fact that Los Angeles is being made when European immigration is most meagre. As a result, unlike our other big cities, Los Angeles is peculiarly "white" in the composition of its population. It has about 200,000 Mexicans, and, with this number, ranks second to Mexico City itself, yet there is no Mexican influence in city life to speak of, except economically. Economically, since most of its Mexicans are laborers, mostly migratory, dwelling in houses built for Anglo-Saxons, living in

them in the off-seasons of fruit picking in the great valleys roundabout. Looked down upon, even despised, few of the Mexicans become citizens, so their influence is nil, and, being peons largely, they dignify their isolation with unassertiveness and become only a dash of local color.

Thus, in its only great opportunity, Los Angeles rejects the first qualification of a great city — the fusing of races, the resultant clash of ideas, the human friction which throughout ages has spit the sparks that set the great intellectual and artistic conflagrations. Of course, it is not utterly without European groups, but these are relatively small, scattered, and so anxious to be Americanized as to be of no cultural importance. Speaking in the broadest ethnological sense, Los Angeles is an interesting experiment for the Anglo-Saxon in America, though it will take a few centuries to get the result, for it is within the tradition of Athens, Rome, Paris — all brought to power by the great migrations of the northern peoples.

Just now, the bulk of its transplanted Anglo-Saxons have no kinship with their new soil. Historically, the city dates back to 1781, rather young even as American history goes, and it was not until the 1880's, when it was visited by a temporarily disastrous real estate boom, that it began to grow. Since then its expansion has been extraordinary, a sort of geometric progression, more than doubling in population every ten years excepting the War decade. Here is a table of its growth:

1781	44	1900	102,479
1833	1,635	1919	319,198
1860	4,385	1920	576,673
1880	11,183	1930	1,231,730
1890	50,305		

It is obvious that the city is flooded from without by those to whom the Spanish padres are a romantic fable, to whom *dolce far niente* is meaningless, whose roots are so short that their owners always are an accretion, not a growth.

History has no parallel for such a huge migration as this current Southwestern trend. All the great migrations came about by compulsion of hunger, through the expulsions of a conquerer, occasionally by the hope of plunder. None of these motivates here. It is only the lure to the lazy of an unexacting climate.

But the bait to the lure is to be withdrawn. The skilful advertising campaign, financed by business men and abetted by the railroads whose self-interest also was obvious, is about to be curbed. Despite widespread reports that the Chamber of Commerce there was to advertise even more heavily to double the city's population in the Thirties, I am informed that it definitely is advising inquirers not to come with the hope of remaining unless they bring sustenance with them. Tourists are most welcome, as spenders, but settlers are warned not to migrate unless there is $5,000 in the bank to support them until they are well established, a warning that, to be sure, precludes their going. As an alternative it is suggested that the bread-winner come in advance of his family.

The reason for the curtailment is that the city now has more people than its industries can support and that the threat of added thousands,

even if times were prosperous, poses a problem in charity that should be avoided. Just now, the Chamber of Commerce is coaxing industries to locate plants, or plant branches, within the metropolitan area, and, until this is more successful it will do no more than encourage tourists.

THIS seems to me to be fair and intelligent and it should be a preservative of the city's charm. Although smokeless, clean and without tenements, already Los Angeles has the complexion of an industrial centre. It employs about 100,000 skilled and semi-skilled workers, and the Department of Commerce rated its 1927 output at one billion forty millions of dollars worth, principally in oil, rubber, metals, motion pictures, canned fruit, fish, garments, machines, furniture.

A considerable factor is the almost official open-shop policy. Trade unionism has fewer adherents there than in any other comparable industrial city, even in the building trades, and public opinion seems to be against it — a prolonged reaction from the dynamiting of the Times Building by the McNamara brothers in 1910, solidifying with time and with the over-abundance of workers. Unions are difficult to organize where skilled labor is so plentiful. In Los Angeles the most skilled have difficulty working at their trades; they change from occupation to occupation as circumstances provide.

However, I discern a terrific struggle between the industrialists and the real estate dealers, to whom the place is a paradise in more than one sense, and who argue that industries would follow the population, attracted by the cheap labor. The realtors are proud that a third of the 398,805 residences are owned by the people who live in them. Additional thousands have invested large funds in city real estate, many of the investments on a wholly speculative basis, dependent for profit on the continuing rapid influx of settlers.

A disgusted mortgage banker, who investigated, told me that less than half of the subdivided lots, or rather close to 600,000 of them, are vacant, and if the realtors open no more it will still require from five to seven million people to occupy them. These lots are improved, and are being assessed at values which, if carried five or six years, will double the buyers' investment through the payment of high taxes and the loss of interest. This is singularly unhealthful, but all of the newspapers whoop up real estate like auctioneers, hiking the values, and no sober man with whom I talked would predict the end.

THIS is not the only depressing aspect below the sun-kissed surface. Something else is more nauseating to the cosmopolite. I refer to the domination of the city by a minister, sufficiently undignified to call himself Bob Shuler, though his ordination entitles him to the address of Reverend. Bigoted, ignorant, avowedly "intolerant" upon principle, he virtually rules the official life by acting as the town-tattler, the common scold, the ecclesiastical censor, a function he is enabled to perform through his ownership of a radio broadcasting station. A Methodist Savanarola, he devotes two evenings weekly to castigating officials *persona non grata* to him, and to praising

the present Mayor and District Attorney who kow-tow to him shamelessly. The unfairness of his methods and the extent of his power are incredible to those who have not observed him at first hand.

The circumstances which give him his scope are innate in the official charter of the city. There is no alignment by political party in municipal government, and, remarkably enough, there is no suggestion of a political machine, nothing in the slightest comparable to Tammany in New York, the Vares in Philadelphia, or the dethroned Thompson in Chicago. This is largely due to the absence of easily controlled foreign blocs and to the common interest taken in civic affairs.

CONTRACTS aggregating tens of millions have been let and performed without much hint of graft, except from the Reverend Mr. Shuler. In a way he is tantamount to a boss, reaching for power, exercising the authority to approve or veto, even in affairs remote from personalities, faith or morals, because he insists that every one not only abide by the tenets of the strictest school of his creed, but also obey him in civic affairs.

Of course, I do not attribute to him the power to keep this city of twelve hundred thousand people walking a chalk line. On the whole, they walk it because it suits their gait. There are few night clubs because there are few who would patronize them and no night life worth staying up for even in Hollywood — Hollywood, busy, serious and usually worried, and the last place on earth for a good time.

There are not more than a dozen speakeasies in Los Angeles and most of them sell only the poorer grades of doctored whiskeys and gin. Southern California and Los Angeles, particularly, are pro-prohibition to the hilt, which accounts for this paucity, and, concomitantly, also for the fact that those who drink brew their own beer and make their own wines in their cellars. Corporations which operate within the law deliver the malt and the grape juice and send an expert to call to see that nature is guided in its course. These and the bootleggers who deliver keep down the speakeasies, but, though they be few, drunkards are not. In 1929 the police arrested 17,009 persons for drunkenness, at the rate of 1,380 per 100,000, as compared with 300 per 100,000 for London — which is somewhat indicative of the purer Americanism of Los Angeles.

INTERESTINGLY enough, it is likewise troubled by excessive criminality. In the first six months of 1930 it reported 13,934 "known offenses," against 12,289 for Detroit, 8,846 for Cleveland and 6,150 for Philadelphia. Why this is so no one knows. The Mexicans are not to blame; the figures disclose them as participating in direct ratio to their population, possibly somewhat less. There are no "gangs" in the metropolitan sense and no "racketeering." Most of the criminals caught are adolescents, and the average net proceeds of a burglary or hold-up are comparatively small.

I wonder which disconcerts Los Angeles most: the number of crimes or the ruralness of their character?

White Mice and Perfume

By Benjamin Appel

A Story

When I meander away from the chill ramparts of my adult world, streaming backwards to boy days, I always remember my first ghost, my first adventure and my first love, for these bygone beginnings were the fountainheads of my life. In my case, they gushed together so that I am unable to decide whether my love stemmed from adventure's prow or whether the perfumed ghost of the spinster lady who lived "over the big house" scared me into romance. . . .

Memory of that sleepy village drowses back to me as if seen through the sun-mined leaves of its shady trees, and I can see myself loitering on the corner while the doctor and other folk, who cast shadows much longer than mine, discussed the spinster lady, her white mice and the perfume she used. The heritage of childhood emotion is a more robust one than remembrance of the child itself. We forget the appearance of the little ancestors we have been, the merging fathers of the adult we are, but the lineage of old wonder is wrought in letters of gold. . . . High and subtle loomed the spinster lady in our town and although I never saw her, the bleak house in which she lived always seemed to me to be seeing her. A rambling house with a sullen porch upon which no children had ever been seen, severely futile, unwarm — it must have been a melancholy reproduction of the lonely soul who lived in its gabled heart.

Listening to the sounds of the past, among that vague church-bell-tolling, cow-bell-tinkling host of echoing nostalgias, I hear most distinctly the shaded dark syllables people used when they spoke about her. Miss Gurley was her name. Miss Gurley rang and rang in my child's mind with the ominous strength of a grim bell, clang and clang, a fixed reality in my bright passing world of colored glass. People died. People moved. But she remained secure in her fastness of a house, and men and women continued to murmur: "Miss Gurley," so that these later years are full of the cadence of her name.

The deepest stratum of my recollection has to do with the doctor and Mr. Gower. It was on Main Street and the hot sun spotted their faces in little quarters and half dollars of gleam.

"Miss Gurley's an eccentric," the

doctor said as Mr. Gower wiped his face and attempted to look interested at the same perspiring second. "She keeps white mice. I saw them, I tell you. She called me in to see one of them. 'Ailing,' she says, 'the poor thing.' 'By heaven!' I said, 'I'm no mouse doctor.'"

Was I nine or was I ten, when I overheard this conversation, the sun lolling in my face? I don't know, but painted on sun I still seem to see Mr. Gower's corpulence and the green bits of ice that were the doctor's eyes. And abruptly, a new Titan strode the realm of my imagination. Miss Gurley became a Person.

Even Mr. Gower shook free from his torpor, for a moment, and uttered a distinct, "I'll be damned!"

"Dogs or cats would be different, but mice. . . ." He contemplated this subtle insult and then dropped an ironic phrase from his deprecating lips. "They're her children. The spinster's children."

I howled in the sunlight. Did I realize that Miss Gurley had been superbly audacious, reckless of the proprieties that separate adult from child? Keeping mice was a youngster's folkway. How dared she trespass into a child's world?

And glancing at me, the medical man . . . "That Lally kid's always underfoot." His green eyes and Mr. Gower's fat-buried blue ones were lance heads. I pretended to retreat and when their voices began to rise about them like hiding tents, I came closer, confident they wouldn't notice me.

"I can't make that woman out, Mr. Gower. The house reeks with perfume. Perfume and mice."

It was after this episode that I added the spinster to that secret list of individuals about whom I had an insatiable, small boy curiosity. But whereas I could read of Buffalo Bill, I was forced to gather my legends of Miss Gurley where I could. Irresistibly, my memory slides into the figure of the grocer boy. His snub nose had personally sniffed her perfume. . . Another morning. . . The leaves were swirling their autumn dances along the sidewalk, sometimes obstructed by the solid inquisitorial legs of a group of us children. We had cornered the grocer boy. He put his empty basket down; a few red-gold leaves were serely beautiful against the bottom of the dim brown wicker plaiting.

"No one's going to pay you for leaves," Mary said slyly.

"Don't expect them." He sneered at us all, turning his pride-bitten nose, palely freckled, towards Miss Gurley's house as if to say: "Don't you wish you could go inside like Me?"

"Did you smell the perfume?"

"Was it nice?"

"Were there many mice?"

"Are they white?"

But he wouldn't answer, although he almost burst with the diabolical scorn of Some One who knows a secret. In the indifferent way of children, we ceased our buzzing and moved thoughtfully away from the grocer boy. And then, Mary punched the snobbish nose. I remember laughing, loud and shrill, much as I had done when the spinster became a Person to me, as Mary did now. This parcel of skinny legs, short skirts and yellow hair was obviously

more important than surfaces would indicate. A punch in the nose — how simple, how almost adult; children are often notoriously indirect in their solution of realities.

"If you don't speak up I'll crack you another."

And whether he was afraid of that mystical "another" or was conscience-stricken, he unfolded a long lying tale of a hundred mice dancing about bottles of perfume — being a boy, they had to be extraordinary: trained mice. Mary should have really cracked him.

Far, far away, the some one that was I asked the Amazon in the checked gingham dress what she thought. And louder in my ears, although sounding from that same sun-buried past, she asked, "Who wants to know?" It was difficult to win her tomboy confidence. Being, as it were, of neither sex, socially speaking, she mistrusted both. But after many attempts she gave me friendship, would even let me hold her hand — I had observed my older brother with romantic profit. Yet, ours was altogether a relation of adventure and Miss Gurley was the adventure.

THE talk mounted and mounted like a snowheap that is fed with more snow. Incessantly or languidly, abiding by the inclination of idle minutes or restricted by the plenitude of other news, the gossips, led by the theorizing doctor who must have been a bit of a psychologist, analyzed the spinster. The mice and the perfume were symbols of the life she would have wanted to live. A painful word, "symbols," which I confused with "cymbals" — the mice and the perfume were cymbals or clashes of music. In the end, I revealed the mischievous syllables to Mary.

My guilty, pleased air comes back to me, full of the conspirator pride of ten. "What does 'symbols' mean, Mary?"

Out of the junk pile of her tremendous reading, she salvaged some discarded paragraph. "That means 'stand for.'" She, too, looked as if she had stumbled on some nefarious secret.

I GAPED at her, attempting to see the hidden mountains of truth that lurked behind the mist of "stand for," but no use. She fondled her hair with her little girl's hands while I bitterly coaxed her for an explanation. And the memory seems netted by her golden strands and through the yellow interwindings, I see my Amazon assume the arrogance of an occult master of strange words. "The mice are Miss Gurley's children 'cause she hasn't any of her own. I don't see why she wants any. Mice are ever so much cuter." But hidden in her digressions I snatched at the tantalizing gleam of half-knowledge.

Another time, and I brought her more words over which she could wave her wand, mysterious caskets whose appearance gave me no clue to their contents. "What does 'frustrated mother' mean?" Savant that she was, she couldn't decipher this and we both lingered regretfully before the word, frustrated, like supplicants before a shut door.

The doctor explained the perfume. Every one agreed he was a good explainer. Twined around days and weeks like a crimson string, his

theory seems to touch me now at a hundred places, or rather the entire episode of Miss Gurley is like a dark, brilliant basket that inevitably held my pre-teen youth. The perfume was the symbol of the courtesan. He must have associated perfume with bad women and so did all the other good, kindly folk, whose faces I see dimly against a moving screen of quiet streets, church meetings and picnics.

I HAD fetched Mary's books home from school one day, and put them on the porch rail. Her mother came out, a kindly adult blur of face that spoke: "Here's something for you."

There were two apples on the pile of books, of a deep, satisfying red, and while our teeth punched into the crisp meat, I said: "Mary, what's a courtey-zan?"

"I don't know. Let's ask your mother. Mine won't tell; she's a fraidy." She looked me cryptically in the eye as only a youngster could to whom almost all the world and its words are forbidden secrets. Later: "What's a courtey-zan, Mrs. Lally?"

"I'm surprised at you, Mary."

My confederate's solemn face informed me that my mother was also a fraidy. But we wheedled a definition somewhere. . . . "Bad woman" didn't mean so very much. Weren't children bad?

I was comfortably past my twelfth birthday, morally entitled to boast I was going on thirteen, when I overheard a conversation whose petty malice I can never forget. The post-office, and two capacious, wrathful women, hugging their parcels to their bosoms as if they were children. . . .

"What do you know, Mrs. Hardy? The doctor says every woman has a bit of the loving mother and the courtesan in her."

"The nerve of him!" Mrs. Hardy gasped. "That's a nice refined thing to say." She spouted rage. "Isn't that refined?"

"And the worst of it is, that the doctor says it's true whether it's refined or not. He says the reason Miss Gurley's a spinster is because the loving mother in her and the courtesan are at loggerheads." Rapidly, in a blurred host of words, the one that was not Mrs. Hardy proceeded to stun her confidante. "Right where folks could hear him, he said that spinsters are truces, compromises and, oh, yes, negations, in which two positive, warring forces were at rest. Now, what do you make of that? He may be a good doctor. . . ." She nodded her commiserating head and the little sneer curving her prosaic mouth implied that philosophy's domain was not for the medical man.

These two estimable, cowy women tried to look as if they had understood the doctor's tall talk and had pityingly found it childish. Certainly, I was not pseudo-critical. Morality? Negations? I reeled before their barring suggestions. It seemed as if I were in a great hall and hundreds of closed doors confronted me. My ignorance seemed to run round and round and never get anywhere.

THEN, Miss Gurley died. This abiding surety, this shadow of white mice and perfume was dead. At first I couldn't believe it. With some wild faith in that Person's perversity, I thought that her reported death was an astounding hoax. But

she was gone; the mystery whom I had never seen was dead and Mary and I, child detectives for two years, would never know why she had kept her pets or used perfume. Never, never know why she had differed from the mouseless, perfumeless world of our adults, to which we also belonged, prim, curious grown-ups in miniature. In the wandering, loose days that followed I meditated on Death, and when the spinster's brother came in from the city, I speculated about that star-distant place, City. The ramifications of life that were like a maze about Miss Gurley, first awoke me to the Realities my elders called Life.

I SAW her brother. It was after the funeral and I was hanging around near the empty house like a disconsolate dog who haunts a den from which the inhabitant has fled. Supper hour was drawing on. The sky was losing brightness and the twilight ghosts of shadows that are almost darker lights were curving up the picket fence and between the pickets, too. I recall considering that Buffalo Bill'd wish he could move like a shadow. Haze, cool as wet fruit, gathered in the air. To this day, I can never see that peculiar fruity light, in which hundreds of too-ripe pears and apples and plums — nothing citric — seem to have dissolved, without thinking of Mary and all my youngest youth. And a remembering shiver will run down my back, for, sombre in the fragrant light, years and years ago, was Miss Gurley's brother obtruding in a harsh brown suit, walking out of that dead house casually as anything, even daring to lock the door as if the place had belonged to him forever. A drab man, a face yellow and pursy, looking as if he might have been a bit of a male spinster, himself. He strolled away and out of my memory. I never saw him again.

What had become of the mice, people asked? and then they forgot about their curiosity. She was dead and the For Sale sign seemed to bring the bleak house down to the commercial and understandable. The For Sale sign — all of us kids scrawled our initials on it and claimed we had written at night; and one dewy early morning I carved my initials and Mary's, enclosing them in a big wobbly heart — to indicate the deed had been done at blackest midnight. I see that desecrated sign, the symbol of valor; and either at school or in front of the grocer's, Mary insisting that inside the house, it must be like an oriental garden; and my scornful voice demanding what she had been reading. But it was an interesting idea — the house jammed full of piled up scents like heaps of second hand clothing. It's all confusing, and along with the For Sale incident and the "oriental garden" remark, the spinster's place got the reputation for being haunted. Interest began to pick up. Miss Gurley became alive like a regular ghost. I believe our town needed a spook at the time. We hadn't had one for years.

WHEN I think of the doctor, a smirking sort of sympathy pervades me. That poor man must have suffered from my intolerable sleuthing. I was after him one night in a wind that almost sharpened the lazy summer stars. I don't know why,

but there I was in the honeyed darkness and the wan backs of the doctor and some visitor were gliding before me. They were talking of dull matters and I remember waving the magic charm of my youth, for lo, they were palefaces and I, a ferocious Pawnee itching for their respectable scalps. We progressed for a few streets and I was beginning to weary of my blood lust when a curl of a voice twisted back at me over their shoulders.

"What do you say about the spinster's ghost, doctor? They say she's returning to use the perfume she loved."

My Pawnee heroism evaporated. I abruptly changed into a scared boy who didn't dare turn off at his own street. The shadowed trees noiselessly pushed the darkness to all sides in their vertical upward mysteries. I accepted the society of palefaces.

"PEOPLE are fools," said the doctor. "They must have a ghost about or they're not happy. So, there's no perfume in Hades? Nonsense! What a nasty implication. It suggests that the courtesan part of her nature is stronger than the devoted mother."

They turned in at the doctor's house, and, from the right side of the fence in the bright safe light, they noticed me. "There's that Lally kid," he continued, as if in despair against an undeserved fate. "He's always underfoot but this time his snooping didn't discover much. Only ghosts." He smiled cruelly. The door banged. I ran.

To an outsider, the process of local ghost-making is a cynically amusing affair, but to the boy I was, the grey spectral pattern the town was weaving was certainly an ogreish business. Depend on it, said the ghostists, the spinster was haunting her house and using her perfume because after death the barbaric courtesan elements in a person will out. Unconvincing arguments? But to a youngster, a silent house possesses an emotional power a score of logics lack. Our town really had hold of a peculiar weirdness. Integrated with the occult there was the strong presence of scandal—if there was a ghost, that ghost had come back to the perfume, and that meant the spinster had always been bad, deep down and under.

CURIOUS, how my memories of Miss Gurley are always so complete. I seem to remember entire conversations, word for word. They echo in my ears so exactly and so preposterously. How could I remember so literally? Probably, my later life pieced out the entire episode, invented speeches, gave the town and its dark nucleus of a spinster a remarkable coherence. This must be so and it proves how momentous the whole thing was, for memory is not complete except when it concerns our most vivid livings or, sometimes, the most trivial. Most of my past is a blur; I can see myself, for example, at innumerable places, but memory doesn't record a word — pictures of mutes, smiling, gesturing, although speech there must have been. Yet, whenever Miss Gurley and the intoned, shaded syllables that seem to go with the name march across my mind, the forgotten wraiths speak. Their voices speak wraith words that perhaps they never employed; words

put between their lips by my subconscious.

I hear the doctor. He led the anti-ghost party, prejudiced, I believe, against the immorality the supernaturalists implied. Mother love had been strongest in Miss Gurley, said the doctor, and why? Because she had never showed any corrupt taint outside of the perfume and what did that amount to? And anyway there were no ghosts.

Do I exaggerate, with yet another trick of selective memory, the interest of our town in the spinster? The doctor's party lost ground. Our town was determined to have a spook and there were so many arguments: the empty house — people hate them — the queerness of its departed inhabitant, her mice, her perfume. This last fact had the eeriest force. There is something occult about odor. A whiff of balsam, of lilac, the rindy smell of oranges, have an unearthly effect; unmoving, our spirits speed on the magic carpet of scent to remote lands, to nostalgic territories of imagination as phantomed as any haunt of apparitions. The perfume won the case for the ghostists.

I called on Mary one night and, quietly, she showed me a key. "Know what that is?"

"A key."

How impatient she was at my stupidity! "That key can open Miss Gurley's house."

If she had shown me the spinster's skull, I could not have been more frightened. My eyes rolled over her stubborn little face. I glared at the gleaming, shining key between her fingers. Like some one obsessed with a glowing crystal ball, all my attention was harnessed to light — and yet I seemed to hear a story of wax impressions and a locksmith down at the end of town. Fusing into the fascination of the bit of metal was an immense admiration of her subtle and diabolic intelligence. It was disconcerting for an impractical boy like me, who nevertheless idolized practical folk like Buffalo Bill, to see fiction acted in real life.

"We'll soon find out about that perfume."

Cowardice gave me craft. "It's not honest busting in people's houses." I was still appalled at her tomboy nerve. Obviously she thought that the way to find out things was to go and see. I might have suspected, from the time when she punched the grocer boy, that she was too up and doing for our village.

I threatened I wouldn't go, and in a burst of childish recriminations, declared I wouldn't steal, I wasn't a coward and that I didn't like her idea of borrowing a little perfume, and what did she want with perfume for, anyway? She was no courtey-zan.

For a long time she said nothing, but stared at the boy who winced at the darkness, while the insects stammered their frantic desires against the lamplight. The baby girl depths of her eyes seemed to change. Was it the dawning of a perfumed womanhood? And now she said: "Let's go, dear." Dear — I suppose she had profitably observed her elder sister, but the fact remains, my fear was swollen with a new concrete love that ridiculous word seemed to give me. But I still must have been more like the timid lady fair of the old legends

than the bold knight, for she resorted to a last appeal. "What are you afraid for? Didn't you carve our initials on the For Sale sign? But maybe you sneaked there in the day?" This was intolerable and I remember shouting, "Who's afraid?" and all the time cursing the false bravado of that Judas sign.

DARK streets, dark trees and we were at the house. It refused to merge with the night, asserting a grim independence. I muttered something about robbing the dead. Key in lock, Mary whispered that the poor old lady wasn't a courtey-zan, there weren't any ghosts and finally asked me if I didn't like her a bit? "I'll let you kiss me after." I had never kissed her. There are prizes, fame, millions of dollars, the first kiss of a Mary, that are worth the trial of any ordeal. I stumbled to her through the shabby garden, a weedy declaration that the mistress was indeed gone. A gaping house, blind stretches of moon-touched windows that seemed to look inwards rather than outwards. . . . What could they be looking at? And the door opening inch on inch, the interior darkness rushing out through the widening space. "Have you got a light, Mary?" That was I speaking and her horrifying cool retort. "No! If there's a ghost they'll run at light." "I thought you said there aren't any ghosts?" There weren't any, but if there were they'd run at light — and we were inside.

I can hear the door shutting, the ominous closing bang, yet this climactic expedition into Miss Gurley's house lacks the colder illumination of memory. The whole episode is a recollection of warm colors. It seemed that after painting a series of precise, distinct Raphaels, my memory tried to create a murky, obscure Rembrandt. Was it the blurring blackness or the heated animal condition of my mind, fright-pierced, reacting to the sensuous odors of the house? For I smell again and again, the deep "oriental garden" fragrance that clouded into our nostrils. . . Black rose? Narcissus? I can not sniff any perfume without wondering, have I enjoyed this concentrated beauty before? in Miss Gurley's house?

I remember the feel of her hand in mine and her outline moving ahead of me. She must have marched with nose tilted high; her pleased exclamations tumbled back at me, who breathed more timidly. Fear was gobbling me up and I retain a vivid image of this old sorrow. I was afraid of bumping into Miss Gurley's ghost, who would be drenching herself with perfume.

THROUGH dark, through scent, through fear, we progressed. "It should be in her bedroom," she whispered, in a satanic calm that altogether paralyzed me. What is there in climbing stairs that agonizes the heart? I felt we were ascending to meet a burning peril. Miss Gurley's spectral form, the white mice dancing before her as she diffused a heady perfume. A long groping progress, bedrooms, and Mary searching every dresser and bureau, the sliding clunks of drawers pushed back. Another bedroom! She had pulled out a wide square compartment. Scent. Scent. It was as if she had uncorked a bottle. Scent. And through the flowered intoxications her voice thrill-

ing with triumph, waving like a glorious pennant in my memory: "I've found it!" followed by an eery scream: "Oo-o-o," diminishing but intensifying in terror. Confusion, her hands about me, and the pair of us falling through fear, no longer precariously treading spider space. And all I could do was to kiss her cheek. Perhaps my subconscious made me utilize the opportunity, or was I the male in miniature, who kisses his beloved before descending doom's black stairs? Whirling in sick love, I heard Mary sigh. "It's all spilled out. I touched a body. . . ." The sigh was inspired. "The mice are drowned." Feeling about with a pencil, I felt tiny soggy bodies, seven or eight of them, as well as the ungiving hard feels of dozens of empty bottles. "They're not drowned. They starved to death." She said we ought to go home, that it wasn't nice. Her prim distaste almost penetrated my wonder. We were outside.

How good the stars. How friendly the "out-in-the-air" moonlight. Bold and bolder I became. I demanded my kiss and got it, a chivalrous kiss of a very young boy to whom Girl was Light and Wonder, and not at all love in the adult meaning. We spun together in the starred galaxy of youngest and most precious love, a moment, two, three, and then I hear myself asking: "Who starved the mice?" "Maybe Miss Gurley?" Did she understand more than I? A knowing child is an enigma. In a world of myriad unknowns, the inscrutable wisdom of Mary seemed to me almost fearful, uncanny, precisely because I didn't know and suspected everything; there was so much that baffled my twelve. But vaguely, touching the fringes of her superiority, I said, puzzling myself, "I'll bet the doctor would like to know. . . ."

With dying's departure on her, did Miss Gurley shut up her mice — the spinster's children? Why did she pour out the perfume in the very same drawer? I suppose the destruction of loved objects is a form of love when one nears unpropertied death. Was there any truth in the opposing theories of that psychologist of a doctor? Mother or courtesan. Which was the stronger instinct? Certainly this sombre business of the spinster seems to have ended in a compromise, the spinster's children murdered and embalmed, almost, in the prodigally wasted perfumes. Was that the compromise, the negation, the doctor insisted all old maids are?

A Morgue of Mortgages

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

One of the thorniest obstacles to revived building—and hence prosperity—is in our financial institutions

The life insurance companies of the United States and Canada represent one of the most convincing (as well as accurate) gauges by which to measure the prosperity of the public at large. For we buy life and other insurance not only as a protection against the uncertainties of life, but also as a convenient means of accumulating savings. The insurance companies, again, use their tremendous heap of premiums for investments in different fields, and since they have to be careful with their patrons' money, their investments are — as a rule — limited to the sanest and soundest enterprises.

They own real estate amounting to the respectable total of $600,000,000 including home offices. But these holdings are mostly composed of foreclosed mortgages, of which not less than $250,000,000 were due to default of interests, largely on farms; and some $13,600,000 in interests are overdue on them.

In addition, the enormous total of $7,300,000,000 is invested by these insurance companies in mortgages, $1,900,000,000 of which are in farm mortgages. The total surplus of insurance companies amounted last year to approximately $1,140,000,000, but if we consider the above $250,000,000 in bad debts, it becomes clear that their earning capacity is not quite so impressive as it might seem to the casual observer.

But how was it possible that the carefully selected investments of the powerful insurance business could meet with such failure? Real estate belonged, for decades, among the most lucrative investment possibilities that could be found anywhere. Real estate values, we were told, could never go down — only up. You simply *could* not lose out on any real estate investment. Therefore money poured into the real estate field, people were eager to buy lots and homes, sure that some day they would reap a rich harvest.

Prosperity in the real estate field depends on three things: the value of the land, the value of the building on it, and the owner's earning capacity to take care of the building, its repairs and proper maintenance. Unfortunately, in the nearly two years which have passed since the Wall Street crash, all three values have been unfavorably affected. The

value of the land has diminished because there is considerably more real estate offered nowadays than there is demand for. The value of the houses has followed a downward curve, partly for the same reason and partly because repairs frequently have not been made at the proper time and to the proper extent, our earning ability — in many cases — not being what it used to be. Which brings us to the third point: that our earning capacity has been sadly weakened by the depression and its accompanying characteristics, such as unemployment, wage cuts, fewer sales and so forth.

In the United States, not less than 11,000,000 out of a total number of 24,000,000 homes, or about forty-six per cent, are privately owned. These home-owners, it is said, are the backbone of prosperity. They may have been, but they are no longer so! If they want to realize some of their holdings, if they want to market some of their real estate securities, they hit upon obstacles well-nigh impossible to overcome. They apply to the building and loan associations and find that the latter have no funds to speak of themselves. They go to the mortgage banks and have to listen to unpleasant explanations of how much security is required to obtain even a modest loan.

They apply to the banks and experience in their own pocket the old truth that it is easier to deposit than to withdraw the money. In other words, while we are told that the fundamental strength of the American economic system is proven by the millions of home-owners holding real estate valued at billions of dollars, it remains a fact, nevertheless, that most of this wealth is "frozen." It can not be spent on merchandise; it can not be invested in some promising industrial enterprise; it can not be put into real estate for the good of the land-developing, the building interests, and therefore this wealth is, to a large extent, as dead as a doornail.

My neighbor is an ironworker; as foreman he makes nearly $100 a week and since the war has been steadily employed, so that he has been able to buy himself and his wife and his three fine children a small house. On this, he has a first mortgage of $3,000. Depression called a halt to his streak of steady employment — and stopped him from getting work for so many months that he had to spend all of his savings.

To be sure, he had holdings — as represented in the value of his property less the mortgage debt — and, naturally, he wanted to liquidate some of them. So he went to the mortgage bank, and asked whether they would not help him out with some cash, charging his payments made on the mortgage. Well, they would not. Neither would they lend him money on any other condition but six per cent per annum and a five per cent bonus running over the full-term period of three years. And this in spite of the fact that money was never as cheap as it is today; that deposits in the savings banks show all-time records, and that the whole problem of bringing back prosperity hinges upon the support of the middle class's spending power.

The case of this ironworker is

duplicated in millions of instances all over the country. The experiences he went through in his vain search for reasonably cheap loans have been suffered by many workmen and employes, as well as employers and independent and professional men.

To understand the ridiculousness of the process, one must consider the whole cycle. Seven years of uninterrupted prosperity enabled the middle classes to buy homes as well as many other products, the demand for which enabled industry steadily to expand its production. Let us pick the homes as the key to the situation that was to develop. These homes which went up in every city, town and village of the country represented a building activity which has had no equal in history.

THE demand for homes and houses was, in fact, so large that building supply came pretty near exhaustion. Prices went up, according to the age-old law of supply and demand. They went up so high that soon contracts for new buildings could not be executed without a distinct loss. This led directly to a building slump, which (by logic or by coincidence) was soon followed by a general and nation-wide depression, the end of which is not yet in sight. It is not meant to indicate that the depression was mainly caused by the building slump; it would seem that many other factors contributed to depression.

One of the factors that led directly into it may be found in the diversion of funds from the real estate market to Wall Street and a more or less wild gamble with stocks. This was a serious blow to the real estate and — as consequences showed — to the building interests. It will be remembered that the tremendous building activity throughout the country, which reached its peak in 1928, was made possible largely through the ease with which a building venture could be financed. Bonds were often issued and readily absorbed by the public. Before the crash, mortgage bonds were considered one of the finest and most reliable investments and, accordingly, the demand for them was almost unlimited.

This was true of the times of prosperity. People were prosperous, business was prosperous, the country was prosperous. But, apparently, not prosperous enough. Money, no matter how fast it poured in, did not come fast enough. The workman, the engineer, the professional man and even the housewife were anxious and ambitious to grab some of the "easy" money floating around Wall Street and its immediate surroundings.

MORTGAGE bonds, thus, were in the popular conception dropped as a sufficiently quick means of making money, and Wall Street substituted. Immediately, real estate values went down because of the declining demand. Mr. L. Seth Schnitman, Chief Statistician of the well-known F. W. Dodge Corporation, considers a decline in real estate values since 1929 of between fifteen and twenty per cent a conservative estimate.

Likewise, building activity slid down a steep hill because there was, on one side, the decline in demand and, on the other, there was no possibility of financing building schemes in the accustomed easy manner. It is conservatively esti-

mated that activity in residential building throughout the country is today about twenty per cent below normal, taking activity from 1921 to 1928 as normal. The money of the people had shifted from the real estate market to Wall Street, into the hands of the bankers; and to try to get hold of it meant and still means to apply to the banking, the financial interests of the country.

In other words, if people can not get loans on their real estate holdings, it is due to the fact that people have withdrawn their resources from this same real estate mortgage market. And people have cut into their own flesh. More, they have dragged with them the building and loan associations, the rural credit institutions, the mortgage companies and many other organizations affiliated with the real estate interests. All these associations can not be blamed for the present situation, because they themselves have no funds to speak of. They have to go to the banks if they want to borrow money; and it is doubtful if they can get it at less than five per cent.

They can not obtain funds any longer from the people, their original backers and supporters. It is true that they are holding plenty of real estate mortgage bonds and similar securities, but they can not liquidate them, they can not sell them on the market. There is no market today for real estate bonds because there is no public demand for such offerings. And here the cycle closes.

What, then, is wrong with the real estate market? Nothing at all, only that, as it happens, things are being offered for which there is no demand. Take a manufacturer of wool and cotton stockings who has the finest factory, who sells at a ridiculously low price and who grants all kinds of facilities in credits, instalment payments and the like. He will not be able to make worth while sales because there is, and apparently there will be, no demand. And the most advantageous scheme of manufacturing, of distribution, of credits must necessarily fail.

So with the real estate market. One may have the finest house and yet not be able to place mortgage bonds on the open market. One may have advanced far in paying off the mortgage debt. Yet, since there is no demand for mortgage securities, since those who are holding such bonds, can not liquidate them on the open market, one will not be in a position to borrow one's money's worth out of such payments.

This condition will keep on as long as the supply of real estate mortgage bonds so tremendously excels any demand that might exist. It is hard to give any figures shedding light on the relation between supply and demand of mortgage bonds. But a careful estimate would probably establish a ratio of seventy to thirty; in other words, more than twice as many bonds are offered as could possibly be sold. And this seems to be a very conservative figure.

It is, then, the question of balancing supply and demand in the real estate mortgage field. However, before we come to the discussion of this problem, let us look at the industrial and economic consequences that this lack of interest has provoked all over the country.

The foremost consequence is the slump in building activity. Responsible for the falling-off is decreased demand combined with the fact that homes and houses can not be financed as easily and as cheaply as was the case a few years ago. It is easy to see that building cost would be much too high if based on the interest rates banks would charge. Only in isolated cases can money for building purposes now be obtained by the simple expedient of floating an issue. The ordinary way of obtaining it is through a loan out of the banker's resources, which, naturally, would carry a considerably higher rate of interest than a bond issue.

THE building industry is the most powerful industry in the United States, considered in all its ramifications. It is estimated that — outside of the "necessity industries" such as food, clothing and the like — about seventy per cent of industrial products flow into some form of construction. The furnishing, equipping, etc., of construction account for a large portion of the remaining thirty per cent. The number of people dependent upon the building industry and affected by a rising or falling activity in construction is 2,000,000 workers in the building trades and another 1,500,000 in allied industries. But considering that many other enterprises in transportation and commerce, in science and research are in some way or other connected with the building industry, it may be said that the total number of persons affected by the rise or the fall in construction work, amounts to approximately ten million.

The building industry is not only a very important key industry but underlies the whole economic organism of the country. For this reason, it is probably true that the revival of prosperity and revival of building activity are two things that can not be separated from each other.

Construction today is about twenty per cent below normal. Accordingly, the enormous industrial unit of the United States is working at a decreased production rate. There is less demand for iron and steel, for lumber and stone, for clay and glass products, for cement and lime and gravel and so on. From the architectural office where the building is designed, down to the freight car which hauls the construction material, business is affected, be it in wages or employment, in carloads, in production or in insurance.

BY THE same token, there must be but few employes and workmen who do not feel in wages and salaries (or perhaps in reduced working time) the effect of the building slump. In normal times the yearly payroll for the construction industry runs close to four billion dollars. To go one step further, even those industries which have no direct contact with construction: the textile, the foodstuffs, and many other branches, find themselves face to face with a huge decline in buying power on the part of the public at large.

It is therefore not only the homeowners whose buying power is greatly impeded through their inability to liquidate part of their holdings but rather the nation as a whole. If it appeared in the years preceding the Wall Street crash that it was the people's own business whether they

diverted their support from the real estate and building market to stocks, it is clear today that the nation as a whole has suffered.

The "get-rich-quick" scheme won over the millions to Wall Street. Why does not caution and regret bring them back to safe and sane investments in the real estate field? The answer is not hard to find: because values have declined some fifteen or twenty per cent; because mortgage bonds do not offer, under present conditions, a promising investment, what with burdensome taxation, the obstacles of governmental interference and inefficiency, etc.; because few people have ready cash on hand to come to the support of the real estate market.

INDEED, most people seem to be happy if they can get over the present dilemma with the help of their earnings or tiny savings. Other people who have savings, are careful to leave them in the savings banks instead of venturing out (after the bitter experience of recent years) on a new undertaking in mortgage bonds. Some people have investments but would have to take heavy losses if they tried to liquidate their stocks at current quotations, and so on.

It all comes down to the fact that too many mortgage bonds are "frozen" in the vaults of the mortgage banks and building and loan associations, bonds which nobody wants. It all comes down to the problem, how to create a demand for these bonds, so that they may be offered for sale and thus the whole real estate and mortgage ship, which now rests tight on the rocks, be refloated.

With this goal in mind, the National Association of Real Estate Boards in Chicago has laid before President Hoover a proposal to establish in this country a system which would serve the needs of existing home financing agencies much as the Federal Reserve System serves its member banks. The establishment of such a system would permit the discount of mortgages on urban residences. The aforementioned association further asks for a study by the Federal Government of long term and short term credit as applied to the financing of home building and home-ownership. For the purpose of initiating discussion, it is explained that

> there has always been a weakness in our system of home financing. Government has offered its facilities for the development of various features of the financial and business structure but up to this time the important field of home financing has not received its proper attention. . . . Homes which have a permanent as well as a resale value never have been financed on as liberal terms as consumption goods, the value of which is destroyed in the use. Luxuries have been purchasable on easier terms than one of the prime necessities of life — shelter. Long term financing, say, twenty years, with instalment payments on principal not exceeding four per cent per annum, and with certain rights of pre-payment, is a necessity; and would enable the family to accumulate a reserve for times of stress.

THE proposal goes on to explain that there must be central banks of discount to serve mortgage companies, building and loan associations, etc., and that such a structure can be created only by the Federal Government. Furthermore, the members of the regional discount banks should be local mortgage banks which would be authorized to take

subscriptions to their stock from commercial savings banks, trust companies, building and loan associations, mortgage companies, etc. The function of the regional bank would be to purchase first mortgage loans from its members only and to issue debentures the income from which, not exceeding $5,000 of these debentures, might be made tax exempt in order to stimulate purchase by small investors.

What the proposal apparently has in mind is the creation of a force through which the shifting of the people's money can be effectively counteracted. It is an undeniable fact that responsible for the decline in real estate values is the lessening interest of people in real estate. No demand, no sales. A key industry, such as building, with millions of men and billions of values dependent on it, can not quietly look on while people carry their money to Wall Street and, if any is left after the debacle, to the savings banks.

The force which shall counteract this diversion of the people's money may be seen in the proposed authorization of the local mortgage banks to take subscriptions to their stock from commercial savings banks, from trust companies, etc. If people do not want to get interested in real estate and building, at least those channels through which people's money is flowing, should be available for revived building activity.

Whether this or a similar plan will go through remains to be seen. But it is clear that in this way a ready market for the absorption of mortgage bonds would be created. This, in turn, would enable the home-financing institutions to liquidate their holdings. It would give the home-owner ready cash. It would clear the path for a revival of building activity through the flotation of bond issues and thus would probably show the country the surest and quickest way out of the depression.

Aviation Chases Its Tail

By Donald Rose

Some thoughts on the season's aerial triumphs

Nearly two months have passed since the nine-day wonder of the Winnie Mae's flight around the world, and nobody has yet suggested a sensible reason for it.

Nobody has even asked for one. An immense amount of public interest and curiosity was expended on the flight, but nobody seems to care why it was made. It might be supposed that an achievement of so much importance would have a proportionate significance, or somebody would want to know the reason why. But an event which knocked the civilized world into a state of uncivilized hysteria is still lacking a civilized explanation. Two gentlemen from Oklahoma went whirling around the world at two miles a minute, stopping at way stations in Europe, Asia and North America, and the radio *impressarios* told the world about it at the top of their microphonic voices. When the tumult and the shouting died, they were back where they started.

It was, admittedly, a famous victory over time and space and the laws of averages and probability. So, for that matter, is the achievement of the man who falls down three flights of stairs without hurting himself or the stairs. But what useful purpose is served by his triumph? It was a splendid effort in human courage and endurance, but so is that of the man who eats a barrel of oysters at one sitting. And who is the better for it?

More than this must have been accomplished, or else the intelligent American public would not have gone so whole-heartedly haywire about it. But what it was has not yet been mentioned. Certainly it was impossible to find out while the night sticks were still cracking on the shins of the crowd which saw the finish of the flight. It was impossible to be quite sane about it while our national cheer leaders were whooping it up over a coast-to-coast network of radio stations. There was little lucidity in the adulations of the official reception committee and the appointed prophets of aviation, nor even in the cautious comment of the patron saint of transatlantic flying, himself on the point of going no place in particular for no good reason. A great deal was said, but nearly nothing was said to explain why so much trouble should be taken to

make the longest way round the shortest way home. The mystery remains, just as it is still undetermined why a little dog will chase his tail for ten minutes and then sit down with an air of weary triumph.

I am aware that this was the first time that the world had been circumnavigated in less than ten days. Since the moon takes a month for the same journey, I admit that this is tolerably fast traveling. I am more painfully aware, however, that there is no finality to this feat. Somebody will attempt to do the same thing in seven days and somebody else will succeed in doing it, which will immediately suggest that it should be done in five. By diminishing degrees the days will be shortened, and the absurdity of the performance will become progressively apparent. And at last some inspired aeronaut will discover that the straight line is still the shortest distance between two points and the dizzy days of tail-chasing will be over.

They will endure, however, until it is no longer possible to make an airplane flight from obscurity to the front pages of the New York newspapers. And in the meanwhile we shall witness some fearful and wonderful things. There will be the great Pole to Pole flight, sponsored by the National Ice Association or some other disinterested scientific institution. There will be the non-stop flight on a single sardine sandwich from Hoboken to Honolulu. There will be a good-will flight from Washington to the Cocoa-Keeling Islands, with stop-over privileges at Sarawak, Singapore, Spitzbergen and South Bend. There will be the all-ocean flight, done in a land plane to make it more interesting, which will start at Cape Farewell, Greenland, and surround Cape Horn on the way to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. And eventually, of course, somebody will take off for the moon, in a rocket plane propelled through space by kicking itself in the seat of the pants.

It is fashionable, I am afraid, to deplore over-emphasis. But it may also be necessary, particularly if spectacular nonsense is disturbing too seriously the public sense of proportion and distracting too much attention from honest business. The coming of the circus is supposed to do a town or city very little economic good. A perpetual circus, I submit, is doing the business and industry of aviation no little damage.

For this we may be grateful, I think, to a commercial conspiracy of ballyhoo which has descended on aviation as the hot-dog vendors flock to a flying field. The space-eating syndicate features, the ethereal voices of the radio trust, the artless advertisers are all insisting that science is served, industry advanced and the brotherhood of man promoted by performances that in themselves are useless and even ridiculous. They shout so loud that the still small voice of common sense is muted. If it were not for the saving fact that they are so soon shouting about something else, civilization would either break a blood vessel and die of apoplexy or become so burdened with boredom that the wheels of industry would slow down and possibly stick fast in a perpetual depression.

It may be demonstrated, I think, without difficulty that this remarkable round-the-world flight, like others gone before and more to come, contributed nearly nothing to my personal well-being or yours and bestowed no blessing upon posterity. It made no difference to the international debt settlements, the price of silver, the Republican prospects for 1932 or the high cost of living. It solved neither the farm problem nor the Einstein formula, nor convinced the Zionists that the world is not so flat as it seems. If it made the globe smaller, as is freely alleged, the effect is not yet apparent in freight rates or the time it takes for a chicken to cross the road. It was, apparently, not much fun even for the bold men who made it. What they saw of the world on the way around it, through fog and darkness and bad weather, was about as comprehensive and inspiring as a marine's impressions of foreign parts as seen through a particularly small porthole.

So it must be that its services, if any, were on behalf of the science and art of aviation itself. As a typical back-seat driver in the aeronautical industry, who has flown both hither and yon and played poker with some of the best pilots in the business, I can discover only one respect in which this incredible performance has done aviation any positive good. It has proved, I think, beyond peradventure that a modern airplane engine will run until it stops. If this particular motor had stopped, possibly above the Pacific or the wastes of Siberia, there would have been no new record and no overtime employment for the street-cleaning department of New York City. But it didn't stop. This, if you please, is the miracle of the flight, plus the fact that two married men can stay away from home for nine days or thereabouts and no questions asked, and can find their way from here to there without benefit of traffic policemen.

How does this help aviation? Possibly by giving a modicum of encouragement to those timid souls who think that something unpleasant is sure to happen if they take both feet off the ground at once. The same lesson was preached more effectively by last spring's demonstration of the Army Air Corps, whose thousand motors went millions of miles without failing or faltering. A psychological hindrance to aeronautical progress was made of less effect by the flight of the Winnie Mae. Is that all, and is it enough?

I have heard one other answer — that this was a pioneer flight, blazing a trail which thousands of wings may follow. Unfortunately, this is not true. It will be just as difficult to fly round the world tomorrow as it was last June. There was no blazing of trails, no staking out of new territory, no building of outposts on the frontiers of civilization. This was not true pioneering, simply because it was the first time the thing was done. And the fact that it has been done makes it no easier to do it again, as other fliers will find out. If an airway is ever laid out around the world, it will not be because the Winnie Mae has beaten a path through the wilderness of the upper air. It will be because motors are made better, planes built stronger and faster, and money spent freely

to link the world's airports and landing fields in closer chains. It will not happen unless somebody can discover a good reason for going round the world in nine days or less. And this is not what Post and Gatty set out to find; certainly they did not come back with it.

We might wonder a moment what aviation needs most, and then decide whether the greatest feat in flying history did anything about it. And we discover at once that aviation needs more than anything else a bumper crop of cash customers. It needs them, indeed, much more than it needs heroes, of which it has almost a superfluity. And I think it quite safe to say that the gulf at present between air transport and a profitable business was not bridged by the flight around the world. Possibly it was broadened a little, for my personal reaction to the perils and discomforts of the flight is the conviction that I wouldn't care for it.

For you will recall that nothing was said at the time of the flight of its safety, its ease, its enjoyable elements or the extraordinary advantages of seeing the world from the sky. It was impressed upon us all, indeed, that this was a deucedly dangerous and uncomfortable experience for the intrepid pilots and that therefore they deserved our unstinted admiration and applause. So they did, but this does not stimulate the public appetite for air transport. In days of old, far back in 1925, for instance, air field operators discovered by experience that stunt flying attracted crowds but not customers. The public came, saw, bought a hot-dog sandwich, and went home with its money in its pocket.

Safety and not stunts, regularity and not records, conservative flying and not wing-walking are what encourage the tourist and the traveler to take to the air. And aviation needs cash customers very badly. It needs lower costs and steadier schedules, not races, records and parades. It needs, moreover, to stop chasing its tail.

For it is perfectly apparent to the innocent bystander that Alcock and Brown's flight of ten years ago across the broad Atlantic, which was as great a feat in its time as this one, did nothing whatever to make me a patron of air transport. Nor did the four-weeks endurance flight, nor the fact that somebody has stood an airplane on its ear in some fourteen hundred consecutive loops. If and whenever I travel by air, it is because it is quicker, cheaper or more comfortable to do so, and not because dozens of planes have set out for Europe and a few have got there. The fact that Post and Gatty have flown around the world makes it no easier for me to fly to Indiana to see my Aunt Emma, supposing I have an Aunt Emma, particularly since both of us probably live safely away from an airline and air terminal. Not even an altitude flight in an autogiro nor a new speed record in a monoplane built like a bullet can cure the fact that trains, buses, automobiles and ships will take me where I want to go at a price I can pay, which airplanes usually can't and don't. When they do, you and I will patronize them.

It seems outrageous to say that an

industry may have too many brave spirits and great achievements for its own good. But it seems suspiciously that way with aviation. The emphasis is wrong, whoever made it so. While it remains that way the general public will still be wondering what airplanes are really for. Are they intended primarily to chase their tails around the world and back again? Are they designed principally to fly circles around an airport for a month or more, taking on fuel and chicken sandwiches at intervals, in order to stretch an endurance record by an hour or so? Are they competing with the flagpole sitters, the marathon dancers and the merry-go-rounds of the amusement parks, or are they offering a genuine and useful service to civilization?

THERE would be little doubt of the answer if aviation would stop chasing its tail. The answer, indeed, is with us now, for there may be a million air passengers this year in the United States alone, at a time when other transportation utilities are crying bitterly over lost customers. There is an amazing and increasing mileage of airmail service and express deliveries by air. But when an airplane gets its picture in the papers it is usually because it has done something silly, which is no real encouragement to a sound business. Publicity seekers, conscienceless advertisers and artists in ballyhoo buy or borrow airplanes for their spectacular possibilities and not to make real use of them. And even a round-the-world race against the clock and calendar discovers no new use for aircraft and encourages no new customers for air transport. It would be equally reasonable, indeed, for the Pennsylvania Railroad to race a train from New York to St. Louis and back again without passengers or freight, in order to promote commutation by rail between Philadelphia and Paoli, Pennsylvania.

Only in insignificant degree have the record flights been converted to real usefulness. Some have served for laboratory tests, as automobile racing once stimulated the building of better, faster and safer cars. But most of them have been seven-day sensations for a thrill-thirsty public and not much more. Some of the most elaborate and expensive have proved nearly nothing except — for example — that there is ice at the Pole in superfluous quantities. Many have ended in disaster and dark tragedy. And some have ended exactly where they began, leaving the world no wiser nor better nor happier for an incredible effort and a daring challenge to chance and danger.

IT WILL be said in rebuttal, no doubt, that speed is an essential of today's civilization and that the modern man wants to go round the world in a week if he can. Most of those who say so, do it from the comfort of a chair and have no real intention of going anywhere. And even this apotheosis of speed is likely to prove a fantasy at last. The hurrying on our highways, railways and waterways has already discovered that there is usually not much need for haste. Not long ago a man broke all records of his time by racing from Los Angeles to London within a week. It is recorded that he spent the following week waiting for the world to catch up to him.

A mere minimum amongst us must live, work and travel at top speed, and these also approximate the performance and appearance of the little dog chasing his tail and hoping he won't catch it. But the majority of us have still some appetite and aptitude for leisure and slow motion. Call it laziness, if you like, but it may some day and soon be considered respectable. And even when we are briefly in a hurry, it is not to get around the world and back again.

But probably the world flights will go on and on until there is nowhere else to go. The season for contemplation comes round regularly every spring, when pilots line the shores of the continents and contemplate jumping off. Their problem becomes daily more difficult, as the routes are preëmpted. For there is little fun and less fame in flying an old trail, though presumably there was once some point in following it. And ultimately, no doubt, the ambitious pilot will have no better choice than the man who recently drove an automobile backwards from coast to coast. Nobody knows why he did it, except that nobody had ever done it before.

Doe

By Frances M. Frost

Leaf-shadowed and following slowly the ways of the wood,
The doe walks now who once was swift as light
Flung through the patterned boughs. The body that softly stood
With tremulous flanks in the grass at the edge of night
When Spring was young, and drifted like a leaf
Into the chill green dusk, now journeys slowly
Beneath the boughs and the sunlight and the brief
Delirious bird. Now like all creatures, lowly,
Wide-eyed and humble, laden with life, the blowing
Body is brought to earth, the will is bent.
Patient and certain and slow is the way of her going
Into the summer's fiery and sweet content.

A Laborer's Leisure

By Ralph Aiken

In a sequel to his recent article Mr. Aiken discusses activities that will be open to men when the Machine no longer permits them to work

In an article in The North American Review recently I pointed out the steady progress of automatic machinery ever since Watt invented the steam engine. And as a result of this progress the last ten years have seen the functions of labor changing with amazing rapidity. There are many indications that we are approaching a time when the machine will release practically all men from the necessity of physical labor; when freedom in its most dangerous form, an excess of leisure, will be given to the human race.

Under the threat of this truly magnificent opportunity for progress or retrogression it is no idle task to look around and see what forces for good or evil are present in the situation. There is so much possible good to be developed from unlimited leisure. And there is so much danger of parasitism in prolonged unemployment under a dole system. There is always, too, the chance of turbulence in idleness without government assistance. Familiarity with a few possible developments in the future can be no loss to any of us and the possibilities of social readjustment in the course of the Twentieth Century are not only extraordinary but fascinating as well.

The first simple fact that meets our attention is the impossibility of stopping the machine. When a machine is invented to wrap chewing gum at the rate of 100,000 sticks an hour nobody on earth will ever again employ girls to wrap at the same cost perhaps one or two thousand sticks an hour. The girls must go; the machine stays.

And from this fact the questions arise, will the girls be able to employ their time in some fashion by which they may still profit, or will they be supported by a sad and degenerating dole as their numbers increase, or will they unite in mobs to upset the constitutional order of things?

Confining attention to possibilities, we might try to answer the first question and discover what chances the leisured proletariat may have for turning up new employment.

There is one individual who will always be at work. The machine tender who stands idle while the machine makes money and who works

like sixty when the machine breaks down and stops making money, will always have a job. He really earns his pay only when he has nothing to do, but at least he has a daily duty to perform and a sound sense of employment.

If enough machines can be brought into activity, machine tending and repair might absorb a goodly share of the men and women whom the automatic machine displaces. But what a tremendous production would be necessary to ensure the operation of so many machines! Already one man can attend to forty automatic looms and the forty weavers who used to operate their individual looms a hundred or more years ago would now have to be supplied with 1,600 looms to keep them all as busy as they used to be. And where in the world would we sell the cloth that all the weavers of a hundred years ago could produce today? Or where shall we sell the cloth that the weavers of today will be able to produce tomorrow?

OF COURSE, we must remember that there are about two billion people on the earth and most of them are scantily clad. A demand for "pants" among the natives of Patagonia might produce a stir of trade on the East Side of New York City at any time. If the Patagonians wanted "pants" and had the money to pay for them the East Side would be pleased, and would get to work at once to supply them. In the same way if half a billion people from Nova Zembla to Tristan Da Cunha felt it necessary to have a really adequate wardrobe, the automatic looms of Europe and America might hustle for a century and fail to meet the demand. There is almost no possibility of satisfying the desire for the goods of this world if people might really get what they wanted.

THE trouble is that they can not. The natives of Asia, Africa and South America can make no return to us for supplying them with silk hats, frock coats and rayon underwear. Three hundred years ago the European asked for a gold nugget when he gave the simple aborigine merely a bit of looking-glass. Our expectations have been somewhat modified, it is true, but we still look for gold in return for goods and if not gold, then a suitable credit in our own monetary system. Even that is beyond reason. The simple native can only stare vacantly at the flashing luxuries displayed to him and pass them up as quite beyond his reach. He has naught wherewith to pay for them.

Yet there are several possible ways of effecting a sale without money. In our ferreting out jobs for the idle by speeding up production it may be interesting to consider one.

Hardly anybody is more desperate than the manufacturer with a battery of beautiful machines all ready to turn out floods of goods, and yet without a reasonable consumer in sight — a consumer, that is, who can make a return for his purchases. In such circumstances the manufacturer is willing to go to great lengths in order to keep his factory busy. He will indulge in diplomacy and intrigue if it will prevent the stagnation and ruin of his business.

It may occur to him, and indeed, it has occurred to him before now,

that if people cannot buy because they have no money, they can be forced to buy even without any money. A loan of a billion dollars or more to the Chinese Government for the purpose of purchasing a variety of supplies in the United States might be a very good thing. It would speed up American industry. And then when the goods were shipped to China they would of necessity find their way into use somehow, even if the Chinese Government had to sell them at a tenth of their cost. Loans of this type have been forced before and may be forced again.

WHEN, after a while, the Chinese Government defaults on payments, the United States taxpayer must stand the strain. He never could be made to unless he were deluded or kept in the dark as in time of war. Indeed, the economic conditions would be similar. There is much hectic prosperity in time of war and nobody objects to that. There would be plenty of prosperity while supplying China or the rest of the world with goods on credit, and the outcome of a final reckoning would be uncertain. In the last analysis we would be giving our products away and the loss might be no greater than the alternate of an enormous dole paid out to millions of unemployed.

If such a development were fostered we would have the American manufacturer offering his Asiatic neighbor not a piece of looking-glass for a gold nugget but automobiles and other things at less than cost. Such benevolence in supplying our backward brothers with the good things they have always lacked and at a price which they can afford to pay might be brought about by the stern economic pressure of desperate unemployment. It is an interesting possibility and might result in an enormous expansion of industry and the absorption of displaced labor over a long period of time.

Should it be impossible, however, to keep up employment by stimulating world-wide consumption in such a fashion or some other, we must return to our original question and ask what other substitute for his lost labor the ousted worker may discover.

It is likely that he can find none. The machine will not permit him to work with his hands except to a limited extent. Either the hours of labor, already dwindled to two-thirds of their length a century ago, will further decline and an eight-hour day give employment to four men with two hours each on duty, thus dividing a high wage into quarters; or else some of the population will work steadily and the rest do nothing, obtaining their support from a dole. In either case we will see a tremendous increase of leisure given to the worker.

FOR the past 50,000 years a man has had to work hard to maintain himself and his family. The signs of the times are that he will be shortly deprived of this reason for existence. He will simply not be able to maintain himself any longer. He must look for his maintenance to the operations of machinery. And he must learn to do without work except for the love of it. Whether he will successfully learn such a hard lesson it is

impossible to say. Will leisure degenerate or will it inspire its possessors? This is indeed the most vital question to be answered by the future.

Some seventeen hundred years ago the largest city in the world provided for an enormous number of unemployed. In the year 230 there were thousands of citizens in Rome who stood daily in line for their bread, meat, and wine, and did nothing whatever in return for it. And these parasites upon the State existed in their generations for hundreds of years. To keep them happy and amuse them the government presented free circuses and public displays of butchery. There was nothing else to interest them or occupy their leisure.

For even the most idle men and women must employ their thoughts. However reptilian they may be in poetic simile, human beings are not so in their minds; they can not lie all day in the coma of a crocodile or of a boa constrictor; they must be up to something. And like the ancient Romans, the modern idle will be doing what they should not do if they follow their natural tendencies. They will seek entertainment and the more drastic its form the better. Of course, they will drink as they have always done to escape the oppression of existence. They will further mock Prohibition if it is possible to mock it further. But they may also remove the deeper prohibitions in decency and clean-living and bring debauchery and vice and civic weakness openly to the front, as they did to a great extent in ancient Rome.

But this is the Twentieth Century and though evil possibilities are as prevalent as ever, yet things are better than they were in Roman times. For one thing, radio, magazines, and other channels of thought transference provide a means of encouragement that the Romans lacked. When the unemployed are permanently with us they may be invited some day to listen in for an hour and learn some new game or gadget just to while away the time. From that it is but a step to teaching them things — not anything of practical value, but merely what will interest and amuse them. They may be persuaded to devote a little of their idleness to learning some history, to acquiring another language, to developing a latent talent. They may be taught to make things with their hands (not anything to sell, good heavens; the machine will take care of all that) but something made just for the love of it, an object of art, however humble, created with no ulterior motive.

The more poverty-stricken the student or craftsman the less he is interested in any sort of learning that does not materially improve his condition. It would be ironical, no doubt, to take a number of "unemployed, buy apples, 5¢" and teach them the main facts of biology and the ascent of man. The idea of coming up through millions of years merely to stand on a street corner beside a box of fruit would madden the most idealistic.

But the unemployed at present are still trying to earn and that deadly necessity must oppress and absorb their thoughts to the exclusion of all desire for culture for its own sake. When men and women are steadily supplied with the bare

necessities of life they may be more readily interested in unpractical learning. So much depends on how they are approached. As a matter of profit they will learn with some eagerness, as a matter of course they will go like children to school, as a matter or mental improvement they will prefer to let the idle hours fly.

EVEN with a lack of appreciation for studies, training can be made to do wonders. Do young people go to college nowadays as a natural expectation or from a desire for learning? Even so, the unemployed can be led to expect some sort of mental exercise. Their leisure must be filled for good or for bad and it can be utilized to improve their minds. While a cultured proletariat is a matter for cynics to sneer over, it is not an impossibility in a machine age. Leisure for a few has produced great works in the past. Leisure for the many ought to produce even greater works in the future.

It must be admitted that, like the idle of ancient Rome, the unemployed around the world today fail to appreciate their opportunities. We may see them moping in bread lines and on street corners but we do not see them using their golden hours in the pursuit of learning. There are plenty of free public classes for adults but unemployment has not crowded them. And, without encouragement, it never will. If the worker must retire into those realms of thought that are not mechanical and use his brains instead of his hands, it is quite likely that the wheels of industry will cease to turn and society lapse into its primitive condition of toil before the deckhand or the ditch digger will voluntarily consent to such a change of life.

The British Government has been partially supporting a couple of million men for the past ten years and requiring absolutely no return from them for this support. Surely no able-bodied person has a right to expect a pension; it is meant for old people and invalids, for those who are incapacitated. If there is no profitable work for a man to do, let him sing a comic song, or turn a handspring, or do anything to show that he is not rotting away with parasitism.

But people can not be driven. They can only be persuaded. And, of course, it may be impossible to persuade the unemployed to go to work with their minds. Can we imagine a system of doles wherein the recipient must be required to exhibit some intellectual proficiency or some crude work of art before he may receive his subsistence from the government? We can imagine it, but that is about all.

NO POPULAR government can ever afford to be a hard taskmaster and people have to be driven to work, no matter what kind of work it is. Starvation seems to be the only force sufficiently potent to drive them. Dr. Samuel Johnson did no literary work after he received his pension, so can we expect Patrick O'Dowd, recently carrying bricks, to exert himself and become a student or craftsman when he is getting enough to live on from the government without doing anything? We can not, and he will not.

The likelihood is that those who

lose their jobs to machinery will form a large class of parasites and accomplish nothing but degeneracy in their idleness. But the point to remember is that they do not need to. There never was so much knowledge available as there is now or so many interesting studies to follow. And though the number of people who wish to learn is small, there are certainly more of them now than ever before in the history of the world. Because some thousands do wish to develop intellectually, there is the possibility that the leisure granted by machinery can be turned into a golden opportunity if the unemployed are now and in the future tactfully encouraged and influenced.

As for tendencies to revolution, they seemed to be largely checked by the payment of doles. People must be starving in large number in order to riot effectively and the modern state does not permit it. We may rather expect society to disintegrate slowly and painfully before all government ends in chaos through the will of the people. A universal war with irreparable ruin is more likely.

The spiritual purpose of the machine, if such a phrase can be used, is to liberate human beings so they may devote their efforts to something above the physical. If it fails to accomplish this purpose, if it deprives men and women of honest labor only to let them deteriorate from idleness, the Machine Age may well mark the close of our present civilization. If, on the other hand, we are able to appreciate the gift of leisure and use the time to work with our minds instead of our hands the Machine Age may mark the beginning of an era in which we improve not only our standard of living but also our quality of thought.

What's Wrong with the Women?

By Louise Maunsell Field

Whose observations on the men in fiction roused so much interest last spring

The female has always been the debated sex. Men and women alike have usually taken men so much for granted that even so marked an alteration as that discussed in a recent North American Review article, the transformation of the leading male character in modern masculine fiction from hero into jellyfish, seemed about to pass almost unnoticed. But any change in the prevailing feminine type is practically certain to attract criticism (usually unfavorable) and no one who is not deaf and dumb, as well as stone blind, can deny that in action, speech and bearing, the outstanding variety of the womanhood of today is very unlike its predecessors.

In magazine and newspaper articles, in non-fiction books of all sorts, and in novels written by men, we hear a great deal about the so-called modern woman. Her independence, her frankness, her insistence on her right to self-expression, her radical views on sex relations in general and marriage and divorce in particular, are belittled and belauded. Not infrequently, in men's novels, her porcupine or armadillo quality is contrasted with the molluscish flabbiness of the male. But what about the novels written by women? How do women producers of serious fiction view their own sex, concerning which they may reasonably be supposed to know more than any man could be expected even to guess?

Since men are presenting men as such extremely poor fish, you would naturally expect to find, in accordance with the rule of contrast, the heroines of women's novels appearing as something like a cross between the shark, the whale and the sea serpent. And since in real life women have become doctors and dentists, astronomers and biologists, law makers and law breakers, ministers and bootleggers, you'd suppose that the heroine of a woman's novel would follow some profession, that she would at the very least be an interior decorator or an expert pickpocket, if not a singer, painter, writer or musician, have some especial aim in life, be interested in ideas if not in ideals. You wouldn't be at all astonished if she proved a woman of many *affaires*, and you'd be prepared to accept calmly her desire or even

her decision to embrace motherhood without matrimony. You would expect her, in short, to be in some degree or manner representative of that modern woman you find praised or condemned almost everywhere else. But is she?

She is not.

TAKE a group of the outstanding serious novels recently published by women writers, and see how many specimens of the supposedly typical, Twentieth Century woman you can find. You'll be surprised. For if the male novelist has cold chills at the mere thought of presenting a genuinely heroic hero, the female of the species has suddenly begun to treat the supposedly typical modern woman as if she were some particularly unpleasant kind of contagious disease, running away from her just as fast and as far as she can. To avoid approaching her, the woman novelist will retreat into the fastnesses of China, as Pearl S. Buck did with that very fine and impressive novel, *The Good Earth*. O-lan, moreover, isn't merely Chinese. She is a Chinese peasant woman, a former slave, unable to read or write, the descendant and exact replica of generations of the hard-working, patient, and utterly submissive. Reading about her, you ache with pity; but you certainly can't call her the least bit modern. There isn't even a trace of "New China" about her. She is completely primitive in her slow-witted, passive endurance.

Of course, all feminine novelists can't manage to go as far as China. Some of them find equally effective refuge from the modern woman simply by slipping back into the past, as does Beatrice Tunstall. Her lovable, warm-hearted, strong-souled Elizabeth Threadgold is completely Victorian, and could scarcely be anything else, since *The Shiny Night* is a vivid and fascinating picture of life in England's beautiful Vale Royal, from the time of Victoria's accession to her Diamond Jubilee. And incidentally, what a comfort it must be to a novelist to be able to fall back on parental authority as a means of disturbing the course of true (or untrue) love! There are obvious advantages in returning to the Nineteenth Century, apart from the opportunity it affords of avoiding the modern woman.

BUT since the Victorian influence lasted so long, it isn't absolutely necessary to go back to the middle of the last century, either in time or space. The "Gay Nineties," will do almost as well, or even the early part of the present century. Margaret Ayre Barnes' prize novel, *Years of Grace*, opening towards the close of the Victorian Period, has for its heroine a woman possessed of all those convictions concerning duty and the clear-cut difference between right and wrong which the modern woman, so at least we are often told, has entirely discarded. When Jane Ward falls in love with the customary "other man," she remains with her husband, instead of gayly departing with her lover. Only when the younger generation appears upon the scene are matrimonial partners exchanged cheerily, with complete lightness of heart and no heaviness of conscience. But this same younger generation is touched hesitantly, and with obvious reluctance. As for

Dorothy Canfield's latest heroine, Matey Gilbert, she is younger than Mrs. Barnes' Jane Ward, and seems to feel compelled to show some signs of changed conditions in her own person, instead of leaving all that to her offspring. Nevertheless, when she goes to work in a savings bank, it is her husband's bank she goes to, and his society she goes in. Which really isn't so acutely modern, after all.

THEN consider Ray Schmidt, the sloppily acquiescent heroine of Fannie Hurst's interminable novel, a woman as primitive as O-lan, though far less appealing, and as Victorian as Elizabeth Threadgold, though without a scrap of Elizabeth's charm. It is true that she is in business before she becomes about the most economically "kept" woman in fiction. But even Miss Matty of *Cranford*, you will remember, sold tea and comfits when the failure of the county bank swept away the greater part of her income, and Ray, like Miss Matty, hadn't any man to depend upon. Like so many heroines of this season's crop of women's novels, Ray belongs to the last century. She only straggles on into this, as weakly sentimental as any heart-throb song. Some women writers, however, have courage enough not to make even the tacit apology of place or period for their choice of a non-modern heroine. Witness Miss E. H. Young's altogether enchanting *Miss Mole*, the exhilarating heroine of an entirely delightful book. Hannah Mole, compelled to earn her bread and butter, does it by the completely Victorian, Charlotte Brontë-ish method of going into other people's homes as housekeeper and companion. But hers is that gift of imagination, that blessed sense of humor, that relish for human foibles and inconsistencies which obliterates the centuries. She shares with Elizabeth Bennett something of the sparkling quality which makes Jane Austen's most adorable heroine as charming today as ever she was. It is true that Hannah Mole had a tolerance Elizabeth lacked, the real tolerance which is born only of experience, not the mere spineless and lazy indifference which so often usurps the name. But if Hannah's view of her own love affair is taken from a much modified Twentieth Century angle, she is generally speaking, an entirely old-fashioned, "womanly woman," even in her fibs. A good deal less charming, and even less modern, is that Harriette Holt who disliked being called "Blossom," and is the heroine of Susan Glaspell's somewhat sentimental eulogy of the responsibility-shedding, prodigal male, *Ambrose Holt and Family*.

BUT where, among all these, is any faintest indication of the much-discussed, radically changed position of women? Any hint of the innumerable opportunities now said to be open to women? Any trace of interest, so far as these heroines are concerned, in the questions agitating a distraught world? Any shadow of those wider, more impersonal interests women are now supposed to possess? Matey Gilbert departs for France shortly after the outbreak of the World War, but her reasons are entirely personal. She goes because the Vinets are her dear friends,

not because the Germans had despised a treaty as a mere scrap of paper. Only that merciless caricature, the preposterous heroine of Gertrude Atherton's *The Sophisticates*, makes even a pretence of being interested in the ideas agitating the world outside her own little circle, and none save the ultra-naïve could possibly take her seriously.

AN ENTIRELY personal, exclusive and excluding interest in the concerns of her own home and family and friends is, we are often told, one among the many defects of the old-fashioned woman eliminated from and by her Twentieth Century sister. The latter has, it is frequently said, learned to discuss impersonal affairs impersonally, giving genuine heed to much that does not impinge directly on her own life. But not one of these women's novels gives any decided indication of anything of the sort. On the contrary, the women depicted in the more important of the recent novels written by women are as home-and-family centred as any Victorian of them all. Take away their cigarettes, and they would fit perfectly into Nineteenth Century fiction.

In articles and essays, the ignorance and silliness of many of the old-time heroines is often contrasted with the trained intelligence of the modern woman. Yet not Dickens' Dora, not even Evelina herself is more imbecile than that prize ninny, Sally Field, though her creator, Elizabeth Hamilton Herbert, apparently regards her as quite irresistible, and makes no less than three of the Fletcher brothers, the *Happy Sinner* included, fall more or less in love with her. But could anything female be less like the frank, independent, clear-sighted and clear-brained young woman who is, or so at least we have had dinned into our ears, the fine flower of the Twentieth Century? We still read articles dealing with the problems of the woman who tries to combine a profession with children and a husband; but so far as our women novelists are concerned, she has apparently ceased to exist. Those of their heroines who are compelled to earn their own living, do so reluctantly, and drop their work without a moment's argument or hesitation. Matey sheds her teaching at the call of matrimony; Ray leaves business willingly when Walter Saxel lifts his finger. The preternaturally precocious, utterly egotistical Philippa of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's disappointing novel does manifest a slight interest in architecture, but her real concern is concentrated on her supposedly irresistible and exceptionally disagreeable self.

WHY this sudden reversion? What's wrong with the women? Surely there must be drama, adventure, conflict in plenty for the novelist to write about in the lives of such business and professional women as those whose achievements are recounted in newspapers and magazine articles! What about the woman politician we used occasionally to meet in fiction, and still encounter in real life? Where is the social worker, the physician, the writer? Why, even the actress seems to have renounced her profession, and the trade union leader to have gone back home!

The hero, banished from so-called

serious fiction, has found refuge in the crime story; not so the modern woman, scarcely less an outcast. When women write crime stories, the criminals and detectives alike are almost invariably men. Joanna Cannan's fine psychological study of murder, *No Walls of Jasper*, concerns a murderer, not a murderess, and though Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' Letty Lynton does administer poison, it is in a thoroughly Victorian manner, and only because the man on whose help she depended wasn't there to give her the assistance she wanted. It is true that F. Tennyson Jesse's *Solange Stories* show a woman in the rôle of professional detective, but Solange Fontaine depends for her success, not on close reasoning, hard work or scientific study, but on an intuition of evil which rarely fails her. And if "intuition" isn't a typical, pet possession of the Nineteenth Century female, what is? Though it is Aunt Hattie, not the detective on the case, who discovers the truth about *Murder in a Haystack*, the handling of that discovery is the weakest part of Dorothy Aldis' entertaining story.

MANY a doctor's plate is inscribed with a feminine name; but when Helen Simpson needs a physician to explain the reason why *The Prime Minister Is Dead*, she chooses a masculine one, the very likable Dr. James Stringfellow. Elizabeth Gill uses a detective with the rather unusual name of Benvenuto Brown to untangle the mystery of *The Crime Coast*, while Margery Allingham's ingenious puzzle, *The Gyrth Challice Mystery*, is solved by a professional investigator, Albert Campion. Although Dorothy L. Sayers has deserted, it is to be hoped only temporarily, her favorite Lord Peter Wimsey, it is no female sleuth, but Paul Harrison, son of the dead man, who presents *The Documents in the Case*. The very much involved events which led to *The Murder of Lalla Lee* are successfully traced by the plump and efficient O. Wimble, known, Helen Burnham tells us, as "One Week Wimble," and the successful detective of one of the best murder stories of the season, Anne Austin's *Murder at Bridge*, is the already well known Bonnie Dundee, whose Christian name is James. In real life, women detectives exist, and Scotland Yard apparently finds them useful; but they are far from popular with women writers. Mystery and detective stories give shelter to the hero; not to the modern woman.

PERHAPS the most striking thing about the serious novels written by women is the way their heroines remain, not merely remote from the world of changing ideas, but almost as unaffected by it as if they belonged to another universe. In fact, the only women in whom women fiction writers seem interested are those in whom non-fiction writers are not interested at all. All sorts of new theories are being proclaimed concerning the education of children, yet scarcely so much as an echo of them sounds in any of these novels. The institution of marriage is being challenged on every side, both theoretically and in practice. Clever young men write about *The Bankruptcy of Marriage*, and women uphold *The Right to Happiness*, but the woman novelist's heroine ignores

all such questioning. In real life, women can be and often are responsible citizens; the woman novelist's heroine shows no shadow of interest in national or even in civic questions. Though she can't remain entirely oblivious of the World War, it affects her only through her personal relationships. The world of today is a world of question and transition; of crumbling standards, of doubts and denials; a world of mental turmoil and economic uncertainty; a world terribly conscious of an all-pervading lack of security, strewn with the wreckage of beliefs, moral, social, religious. Where, among all the novels cited, is a trace of any of this to be found? A very little of it does, at the last, disturb the current of *The Deepening Stream;* elsewhere, it produces hardly so much as a ripple.

YET these women writers are far too intelligent to be unperceptive; far too conscientious to be consciously untruthful. They appeal, all of them, to large audiences. If the women they depict are women whose interests are not merely centred in but entirely confined to personal relationships, if their heroines remain all but completely untouched by those swirling currents of thought which are producing so many intellectual whirlpools, is it because women really are like that? Because the professional, artistic, intellectual woman, the woman of the so-called intelligentsia, is only acting a part, though perhaps unconsciously, simulating interests and ambitions she does not genuinely feel? Or is it, which seems far more probable, a matter of proportion?

For when numbers are considered, it must be admitted that these women we call "modern" represent but a small fraction of their sex. They are the exception, always so much more noticeable than the average. The majority of women today, as yesterday and the day before and the day before that, can find thrills in a new embroidery stitch, but not in a new theory of the universe. We liked to believe that the average had acquired new interests, wider than those of their predecessors, that though many women might remain at home physically, they journeyed afar mentally. Have they grown weary, or worse still, discouraged? Readers enjoy identifying themselves with the characters in their favorite novels; the degree of satisfactoriness attending that identification is often the degree of the novel's popularity. Is it laziness, or incapacity welcoming escape from effort and pretence that has brought about the revival of the old-fashioned heroine, door-mattishness and all? Or has the viewpoint been entirely wrong, and the much discussed changed position of woman been really a change in the position of only a very few women?

MANY years ago, Thackeray asserted that women preferred the "heroic female character," to the "kind, fresh, smiling, artless, tender little domestic goddess," adored by men. Today, curiously enough, the tender, smiling little idiot seems to be at a discount, as far as men's novels are concerned, though more or less modified she dominates those of women. Is there perhaps some hideous taint in the modern women

of keen intelligence and broad interests which only women are able to perceive? It hardly appears possible that all the professional, charitable, artistic and intelligent women, all the women who take any part, active or passive, in the world of ideas and speculations, of changing thought and changing attitude of mind, have suddenly become so innately poisonous they can not safely be handled, even with tongs! Then why do women writers boycott them?

Because, if not poisonous, they are something far worse; they are out of fashion. Like short skirts and short hair. They are out, partly because they were so completely, extraordinarily in. And they were extraordinarily in because they represented, not what the average woman was, but what she fancied she wanted to be. If they are now *démodées*, it is because it took too much mental effort for the average woman to live up to them, too great a strain on her imagination. These recent heroines, with their far less exacting standards of intelligence, relieve her not only from all effort but from any sense of inferiority, since their good qualities are precisely those of which she is practically certain to believe herself already possessed. The change in clothes-fashions is only the outward symbol of one which is far deeper, far more radical; a change in admirations. And quick to feel, quick to respond to this change, women novelists have reinvested the old-fashioned woman who has suddenly become the newest fashioned woman with that rôle of heroine from which she was so joyfully ousted.

The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen!

The Literary Landscape

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

The American jazz no longer shatters the peace of the Kurpark, and there are no sounds excepting the pecking away of the Landscaper at his typewriter, the chitter of small birds in the underbrush, and the occasional klop-klop of not unduly energetic horses from the street below. For more than two hours, not an automobile has passed, this being the time of siesta, when none but your faithful correspondent in all Bad Kissingen is at work. There is an incredible peace about this little town in Northern Bavaria, removed by much more than mere space from the hurly-burly of the great cities; indeed, it is as peaceful as London on a Sunday afternoon, when one may slip off the sidewalks of Piccadilly into Green Park to discover scenes that for sheer quiet and natural beauty can hardly be matched anywhere. Never will this wanderer forget his last Sunday afternoon in Green Park during the recent visit to London; there was much wind in the trees, and the gaily colored wild duck swam through blown patterns on the water. He thought with more than a little sadness of Central Park and its Sunday litter, and wondered how long it would be in New York before all the domesticated wild-fowl that begged eagerly for bits of bread, would be caught and eaten, or if not eaten, at least killed. . . .

Moving on to Paris from London, in the company of an Englishman, the Landscaper heard it said that the French were wonderful because they had adopted the Machine Age without losing the Art of Living, which is a true saying, almost as true, perhaps, as the remark of still another Englishman, which was that the courtesy of the French had its rise in their innate inability to get along with other people — that they had had to devise an elaborate outward politeness to conceal their disagreeable qualities. It should be added, at this point, that these unpleasant qualities which have been so much in evidence in Paris the last few years are at the present moment by no means so prominent. A year ago, France was the only prosperous country in Europe; this year, she is feeling the pinch along with the rest, and the Americans are not pouring their millions into the pockets of the Paris shopkeepers. Ergo, there is a marked difference in the atmosphere; hotel

bills are much more likely to be correct, and manners are far more agreeable. The *de luxe* shops are glad to see a customer, and are even inclined at times to help him find values, which is, it must be remarked in passing, quite different from the situation of a twelve-month since.

The Suffering Publishers

THE Landscaper spent the better part of a week in Paris attending the sessions of the International Publishers Congress, the first in ten years, and listening to publishers from many parts of Europe pour forth their woes. Publishers always have woes, of course, and perhaps the most striking feature of the meeting, aside from the more solid work of trying to settle important matters of copyright, was the fact that every one seemed to have the same troubles, the principal difficulty everywhere being that too many inferior books are published. This is a familiar plaint in the United States; it would be hard to find a publisher who would not agree that the list of every other publisher was far too long. At the bottom of the trouble lies one very simple fact, which is that not nearly enough really good books are being written at present to keep the elaborate machinery of publishing in motion. If one half the publishers were to retire at once, the situation might be eased somewhat, but how is the half to be chosen? It is like most problems, quite simple until the moment comes for putting the obvious solution into action.

In spite, however, of the extremely precarious state of publishing in all parts of the world, which has been the state of publishing since Gutenberg, if, indeed, it did not exist in China long before Gutenberg, a casual observer would have said that the publishers present at the conference were a well-dressed, well-fed lot, who seemed reasonably happy in a somewhat unsatisfactory world, and not at all likely to have to move into garrets and subsist on crusts. Irony aside, the very fact that several score of the leading publishers of the most important nations did meet in peace and amity for four days, and did decide to hold annual meetings in future, is at least one hopeful sign, in whatever degree of anxiety the authors may regard this closer banding together of the business men upon whom they must depend to get their art into the hands of the customers.

A Sad State of Affairs

WHAT of the literary landscape in France? This observer found two of the best-informed of his acquaintances in Paris profoundly pessimistic about the fiction outlook. Both agreed that the principal difficulty with the French novel of the times was its complete lack of blood and entrails; that the writers of the country had gone intellectual, had forgotten completely that the primary purpose of the novel was to take the reader out of himself, and were contenting themselves with thin technical exercises which, as often as not, had no great interest even for their fellow-professionals. One of the direct results of this situation, which leaves France's intelligent middle-class, buyers and readers of books, with-

out satisfactory fiction, is that dozens of English and American novels are now being translated and published with success in France; indeed, the literary tide has turned, and it is safe to say that at present more foreign novels are finding readers in France than French novels are finding in America and England. Of course, the situation is different in these two countries; French translations are hard to sell in England for the very good reason that French books of any importance are read in the original.

France Looks Outward

THE influence of the Colonial Exposition may have something to do with the books of travel and exploration that just now fill the book shop windows of Paris, but whatever the cause, the French are going in for reading about far-away places. Films of the same variety attract great crowds, and in many instances there is a direct tie-up between the publication of a book and the showing of the film. Aside from this tendency, a visit to a number of bookstores disclosed to the Landscaper nothing more startling than the usual number of excellent books about art of one sort or another, admirably done, and reasonable in price. The vogue of the "picture-book," for which the Germans are largely responsible, is also in evidence in Paris. Most of the volumes on display originated in Germany, but the French are turning out some of their own, and it seems safe to prophesy a real future for the volume made up of unusually fine photographs satisfactorily reproduced, and at very low prices.

The Landscaper had a few hours in Frankfort-on-Main coming down from Paris to Bad Kissingen, and remembering at some time to have heard of the existence of a fine art museum in this most charming city, gathered together his handful of German words and set out in search of the building. It was not hard to find, and there was the great good luck of hitting upon a magnificent exposition of paintings by the artists who used to be called Modernists — Picasso, Picabia, Munch, Marc Chagall, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Cezanne, and going farther back to Renoir, Monet, and the rest. Perhaps such things have no place in the literary landscape; this reporter merely sets down his own unbounded delight in being able to view a whole artistic movement under one roof, in well-lighted, well-arranged rooms. The good burghers of Frankfort were enjoying the show; very few foreigners were in evidence, although any one interested in such matters might well have made a journey to Europe to see so extraordinary a collection of paintings, mostly in the hands of private owners, and therefore very difficult to see.

Where Life Is Lived

WANDERING out of the museum along the Main, the Landscaper was again struck with the *gemütlichkeit* of German cities; along the Main are many bath and boat houses and open air restaurants where one may spend a whole day in the open air at a very small cost, and in complete comfort. Cycling is possible, since Frankfort has not received the Fordian blessing of modern automobile traffic, and life moves

gently and easily, although the city is, of course, important commercially. Here, as everywhere else in Germany, the love of the open air is strikingly manifested; clothing is dispensed with as far as possible — in many instances, as in the *nackt-cultur* colonies, which are increasing in size and importance, fig leaves are *verboten* — and the result is a nation of tanned, clear-skinned, vigorous looking people, who, despite their prevailing despondency concerning the economic future of the nation, seem so much healthier and happier than most Americans that any comparisons in this direction give one a distinct feeling of distress.

Lost and Found Heimat

IF THE patient readers of this department can stand one more digression, the Landscaper promises in the very next paragraph to get back to the mutton-chops, and not to mention anything except books for several pages at least. He has often wondered why so much of Europe found its way straight to his heart, and here, he guesses, is the answer — much of Europe is a quarter-century behind America in surrendering body and soul to the Machine Age. This puts the Landscaper back into the epoch of his childhood, for which there has always been a longing; a sort of homesickness that could not be satisfied, because a whole period had vanished. The South of the Landscaper's early years is two hundred years off, thanks to the evil genius of our Detroit wonder-worker; the charm that it had is on this side of the water. Perhaps no one else will be interested in this bit of self-revelation, but it does offer somewhat of an explanation for your correspondent's dissatisfaction with the current civilization of his native land, in which the real happiness of the individual seems to play so completely insignificant a part.

What London Is Reading

THE books that London reads today will be read in America tomorrow, and perhaps some of the ones that are to be mentioned here will have already seen the light of day before this article appears. Once before the Landscaper mentioned the outstanding success of the spring season in England, *Hatter's Castle*, by A. J. Cronin. This very long and somewhat gloomy novel is by now a runaway; added to a chorus of praise from all the critics of any importance, it has the approval of the public as well. The Landscaper would not bet too much money on its success in America at the present time, but there is no doubt that it is an important piece of fiction, and one that will certainly reward the intelligent reader who seeks it out. It looks, too, as if the author might turn out to be one of the really important new figures in English fiction. Before leaving New York, a bookseller told the Landscaper he should read Beatrice Tunstall's *The Shiny Night*, and since booksellers are more often than not the best guides to reading matter, the Landscaper made a mental note of the suggestion. This novel is doing well in England, and is a remarkably fine piece of work, perhaps already lost in the dull season of the spring, but well worth searching out, especially for discriminating readers who enjoy

being among the early discoverers of new talent. Among other recently published novels in England that promise to be of interest to America as well are Edward Knoblock's *The Man With Two Mirrors*, a well-written and exciting story in which a great deal happens, but in which incident does not outweigh good writing and careful drawing of character; and Anthony Powell's *Afternoon Men*, a "party" novel of London, in which Mr. Powell sets out to show the futility of promiscuous drinking and sexual relations, and does it with a savage intellectual coldness that makes his book as powerful a sermon against the misuse of the delightful things of life as may be found anywhere. Harold Nicholson called it a "party novel to end party novels"; it bears certain resemblances to Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* both in style and philosophy, but is interesting and unusual enough in its own right. The striking title is, curiously enough, from *The Anatomy of Melancholy*.

A Novel of the Sea

One hears, too, that a well-established writer of sea stories known to all the readers of *Blackwood's* as Shalimar will shortly make his début in America with a first novel, called *The Yomah — and After*. Shalimar's real name is Captain F. C. Hendry, and the material in his many sea tales comes from first-hand experience; the author has retired after a lifetime of adventure to a small village in the north of Scotland, to devote all his time to writing. *The Yomah — and After* is a sea yarn after the Marryat tradition, straightforward and simple, with no emphasis on style, but with a good story, and a pleasantly old-fashioned air about its lack of literary swank. Shalimar bears an unblemished reputation among real sea-dogs; he has never been known to make a mistake in describing a sailing vessel. Other fiction of the moment, which we are certain to have a look at sooner or later, includes Arnot Robertson's third novel, *Four Frightened People*, a tale of adventure in the Malay jungles tensely dramatic and well-written; Compton MacKenzie's highly entertaining skit, *Buttercups and Daisies;* Sacheverel Sitwell's collection of short stories, *Far From My Home*, excellent stuff; and among innumerable detective stories, John Rhodes' *The Hanging Woman*, and Alan Thomas' *The Stolen Cellini*, the latter notable for the fact that it does not turn around a murder.

Treasures of the Future

Among forthcoming books about which this literary snooper has heard in advance will be the autobiography of young master William Gerhardi, one of the most brilliant of the writing men of our day, who, having reached the advanced age of thirty-five, has set down his life story to date, calling it *Adventures of a Polyglot*. A good deal of autobiographical material is to be found in Mr. Gerhardi's delightful novels, enough to guarantee the interest of the new book. It would be well to put a check-mark by this announcement, if you like really sophisticated reading and do not mind a seasoning of scandal. Quite another matter will be Sir Oliver Lodge's life story, which is to be called *Looking Back Over*

Eighty Years, with the subtitle, *By One Who Has Always Looked Forward*. This record of a long life devoted to science, with, in its latter years, the addition of a keen interest in spiritualism, should be not only important, but highly interesting. Not yet Englished, but certain to be sooner or later, is a biography of *William the Conqueror* by Mme. Delarue-Mardrus, which the Landscaper skimmed in Paris and found excellent.

Some Good Biographies

To go on with this subject of biography, the Landscaper would like to suggest again that Antonina Valentin's life of Stresemann, called simply *Stresemann*, is an extraordinarily fine piece of work, and one that should not be overlooked; it is really worth reading wholly aside from one's interest in the subject. The biographer had a very unusual character to portray, it is true, but the sheer artistry of her effort is in evidence within the first two or three pages; one may know at once that she is quite sure of herself and in full command of fine powers. Another biography that is sure to interest many Americans is J. B. O'Mally's *Florence Nightingale, 1820–1856*, the story of the life of this remarkable woman down to the end of the Crimean War, written with the assistance of her family, who gave the biographer full access to all letters and other private documents. The result is by no means a politely stodgy book; it is, rather, a stirring portrait. C. E. Vuillamy, whose *Voltaire* of a year ago, was an unusually good story, has now done Rousseau, and will in time present *John Wesley*. His *Rousseau* is very good indeed; he is a careful scholar who writes well, and who has a mastery of his period; one would search a long time for a better picture of Jean-Jacques than is to be found in his pages. Not a biography, but a full-length critical study, is Arthur MacDowall's *Thomas Hardy*, a careful and complete examination of the whole work of Hardy. Mr. MacDowall's theory is that Hardy was a poet who wrote novels, rather than a novelist who turned in his latter years to verse, and this theory he has worked out interestingly enough, although there are still some of us left who prefer to think of Hardy as a great novelist, with his output of poetry of distinctly secondary importance. England has enjoyed H. S. Ede's book, *Savage Messiah*, about the sculptor Gaudier-Breszka as much as America, one is pleased to report; Francis Toye's full-length biography of Verdi is another important work in the field of biography that will find its way to the United States.

England Looks at Us

Among the books read by the Landscaper in London was a report on the crime situation in America written by an English newspaperman, Collinson Owen, and called *King Crime*. This is a detached and not at all unfriendly survey of the crime situation in the United States as it existed before Mr. Capone was put into prison, as some wag put it, for using the wrong fork at a dinner party. Mr. Owen has spent a good deal of time among us, enough at any rate to have written a book in which the facts are beyond

dispute. His pleasant theory is that unless we destroy crime, crime will destroy us. One finds this a little pessimistic, for the United States seems to be able to stand a staggering amount of law-violation without going under. At any rate, Mr. Owen has given us the chance to see ourselves as others see us; his is a sociological study of crime in America as a phenomenon of the civilization we have built up, and whether one likes it or not, the picture is not exaggerated. The advantage of the book is, of course, that it furnishes a panorama of the whole crime situation the country over; as depressing as are our daily newspapers, they can do no more than to give one glimpses of the state of affairs, and their kaleidoscopic bits are so often lost before they can be fitted into any general pattern. Thoughtful Americans, the Landscaper believes, will find Mr. Owen's book disturbing, but with distinct possibilities toward awakening the public conscience.

Russell vs. Jeans

THE Landscaper picked up in Paris a bit of gossip about a red-hot controversy that will be on full tilt this autumn. Bertrand Russell is finishing a book in which he attacks the theories of Jeans and Eddington to the extent of some 90,000 words. It is the first important work of this kind Mr. Russell — who is now a British Lord — has done in many years, and since Jeans and Eddington are among the major prophets of the era, there is certain to be a great deal of interest in the row. Just what it all will have to do with the price of eggs remains to be seen; after the utter failure last year of the New Humanists to remake the world nearer to the heart's desire, the Landscaper has been suspicious of these intellectual movements. But for those who read Jeans and Eddington for excitement, even when they aren't quite certain what the two esteemed gentlemen are driving at, and who at the same time do not object to the suggestion that there are other strange things in the world besides philosophers' minds, the Landscaper suggests *With Mystics and Magicians in Tibet*, by Alexandra David-Neel, and *Glimpses Into Infinity*, as seen by Frank Ives and written down by Gascoigne Lumley. Mrs. David-Neel has spent months in Tibet as a lady lama, and has been initiated into the magic of the land, which is in itself, from her descriptions, the natural home of things that lie outside the ordinary human consciousness. She does not ask for the absolute credulity of the reader, but is content to set down what she has seen and felt; many of the demonstrations are startling, and the very tone of the book is sufficient to convince the skeptical that it is written by an intelligent observer. Frank Ives and Gascoigne Lumley wrote that strange book, *Ju-Ju and Justice in Nigeria*.

Some Real Ghost Stories

MR. IVES claims to have psychic powers, discovered in early childhood. He sets down one experience after another as baldly as possible, furnishing as much evidence as is to be had to prove the existence of earth-bound as well as beneficent spirits, and telling how his astral body has often made long

journeys into distant lands. On several occasions, he narrowly escaped burial during the absence of the ego. This is not a book for a timid person to read alone at midnight in an old house; it contains several extraordinarily good ghost stories, all put down with conviction, and with the proper circumstances. It may be as well for the Landscaper to say that he is quite frankly skeptical of the supernatural, although he has himself stumbled upon some curious occurrences in the course of a fairly long life, especially in the field of telepathy.

Perhaps one might mention somewhat in this connection the award of the Hawthornden Prize for 1930 to Geoffrey Dennis' *The End of the World*, praised long ago in these columns as one of the most extraordinary of recent books. The chances are there are copies still available, since the volume did not meet with any great burst of appreciation; it is worth reading as a stunning piece of rhetoric, as well as something filled with overtones of thunder. There is an irresistible fascination for many minds about the subject; otherwise, in all probability, the millenarian theory would long ago have been discarded, especially as its believers have so often been deceived.

How pleasant it would be for the Landscaper if all the words that come out of his battered typewriter could be formed in surroundings as pleasant as those that have already been hinted at in the beginning of this article! This morning at breakfast time, a sparrow dropped down out of a nearby elm onto the breakfast tray, and with only a little shyness, ate breakfast with the Landscaper. . . . The good sun shines, the wind makes the leaves dance; the world is strangely still even in the middle of the morning. How curious it is to move about from one country to another so swiftly and suddenly, lugging all the impedimenta of one's being! Next month, impedimenta and all, the Landscaper will be back in New York, *si Dios quiere*, and the promise is hereby made that the department will be much more about books than other matters, although there should not be a hard and fast line. Life flows into books and out of books. . . . There are no one-way signs between Art and Life.

Rec

North American Review

October

Disarmament or Disaster

By J. William Terry

Rec'd
19 1931
D. P. L.

Throwing Dust . . . . . Harry Elmer Barnes
Southern Town (*Sketches*) . . . . . Sara Haardt
Judicious Liberty . . . . . Chester T. Crowell
Industrialism Near Journey's End . . . . . S. McClatchie
Belles at the Bargain Counters . . . Frances Drewry McMullen
The Bar and the Bank . . . . . Henry A. Shinn
Tennis — a Voice from the Past . . . . . Harald S. Mahony
Immorality and the Future for Farmers . . . . . Ralph Aiken
How Pay the Doctor? . . . . . R. L. Duffus
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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

Seasonal Improvement

It is almost too trite to remark that results are achieved by work. England's experiment in subsidizing idleness may be used as an object lesson. The American's congenital ability to get out and hustle has enabled him to hurdle or eradicate obstacles ranging from the buffalo to the bonus. Paradoxically, he has erected a holiday commemorating the pleasure of getting back to work after the summer vacation — Labor Day. He tackles his job with renewed gusto after this event is over. At the same time, the business man's wife, having returned to the city, starts buying her winter clothes and overhauling her apartment with corresponding vigor. As a result, a certain amount of seasonal improvement in business is always expected after Labor Day.

There is no reason to believe that this year will prove an exception to the rule. *The Annalist* Index of Business Activity, which may be used as a yardstick, is almost sure to continue the uptrend which followed the August low for some time longer. All this is well known by the powers who govern the security markets and has been taken into account in their calculations. The question which is open to conjecture is whether the little boom will have enough momentum to carry the Index of Business Activity back to, say, the levels of September, 1930, or whether, following the pattern of last year, it will end virtually before it has begun, continuing the downtrend into new low territory. If the former should occur, the trend would be reversed and we should be justified in believing that the worst of the depression was over. Unfortunately, attempting to foresee what business in general or even any particular business is going to do during a period as short as the next few weeks presents difficulties virtually insurmountable. The best that can be done is to consider the various component parts separately, drawing what conclusions we can as we go along.

Psychological Factor

I believe that the psychology of the business community is more constructive than it was at this time last year. Then a great many people were just beginning to realize that we were actually in a depression. Every new bit of bad news caused the gloom to grow deeper, and the stock market to go lower. Fearing for the future, people postponed buying whatever could possibly wait. Dealers and wholesalers made as few commitments as possible.

The situation is by no means reversed, but there is a certain amount of buying which can only wait so long. It is also a known fact that people become tired of economizing. Whether large numbers have done so yet is entirely a matter of conjecture, but there are some indications, such as the consumption of cotton goods and the apparent ability of the couturiers to put over a new fashion in women's hats, that this is the case.

Furthermore, a great deal of bad news is behind us. That there is plenty ahead I do not deny, but we are more immune to it than we were last year. A great many people have been studying statistics of the depression of 1921 in which they find a close analogy to this depression, which, if carried out, would indicate improvement this fall. The very fact that they expect this to happen will help it to happen.

Electric Power Production

Standard Statistics' chart of electric power production, corrected for seasonal variations, indicates that the trend of electric consumption which was downward from the middle of 1929 until February, 1931, turned then and has been upward ever since. There

are of course wide monthly and even weekly fluctuations, but the trend seems clearly upward, a complete reversal of the situation last year. I stated my reasons last month for believing that the utility business will lead the way out of the depression. It really appears that this has begun to happen already. Certainly this is one respect in which the situation is better than it was last year.

I am trying to prepare a list of electric devices the increased use of which is reflected in the upward trend of electric consumption. I should appreciate receiving from any reader of this column additions to the following list:

Ice boxes
air conditioning systems
electric stoves
electric clocks
elevators
toasters
orange squeezers
soda fountain appliances
accounting machines
radios
television receivers and transmitters
water coolers for offices and factories
automatic train control systems
automatic quotation boards for brokerage offices
electric radiators for heating houses
flatirons
curling irons
electric signs
switches for oil burners
telephones
electrified railroads
machines and tools for factories
coffee pots

New Construction

In contrast to the situation in the electric industry, the trend of new construction contracts is, disappointingly, still downward. The total of new construction initiated this year is clearly going to be considerably less than was the case last year. In this respect the situation is quite different — a great deal worse — from that of 1921, and all calculations based on analogy may just as well be thrown overboard, at once. The conditions which have in the past invariably produced a building boom — cheap materials, cheap labor, and cheap credit — are, at last, all at hand, but so far results are lacking. Again I state my opinion that the efforts of the Government to peg wages at unnatural levels have been as disastrous as the efforts of the Government (I make the distinction because

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the Administration is not to blame for the existence of the Farm Board) to support the price of wheat. If wages in the building trades had been deflated six months ago as they have been in the last two, I am convinced that a building boom would have started by now, just as it did under similar conditions in 1921, followed by general business recovery.

Wheat

WEIGHING the probable effect of the approaching harvest on business psychology, I am inclined to think that the picture is not as bearish as it is commonly supposed. Not very much bad news is threatening the farmer this autumn — it has overtaken him already, and any change is likely to be a change for the better. With the Government wheat overhanging the market it is out of the question to expect any great advance in prices during the near term, but as the Farm Board's attempt to maintain an artificial price structure seems to have been permanently abandoned, nature is free to take its own course. Given half a chance it will always cure its own ills. As Standard Statistics describes the situation, with accumulating evidence that the world's production will be somewhat smaller during the coming crop year, a firm undertone has developed in the market, and prices have recovered from their recent lows. Production estimates of the northern hemisphere crop, exclusive of Russia and China, for the 1931–32 season indicate a decline of at least 100 million bushels, while an average yield from acreage sown in the southern hemisphere would result in an additional 100 million bushels reduction. The yield of the spring crop is indicated at only 118 million bushels, the lowest aggregate on record. The poor condition of Canada's spring crop, combined with substantial acreage curtailment in Australia and Argentina, and the possibility of a smaller supply available for Soviet exports, indicates a larger outlet for our tremendous exportable surplus during the coming year.

Unemployment

THE problem of unemployment is primarily a problem of starvation. We are not worried because people may be unable to go to the movies as often as they like, but because people may starve. Yet it seems a little ridiculous to discuss in one breath the fact that the Government has on its hands a huge supply of wheat which it can not get rid of, and in the next breath the fact that many of the people are going to starve to death this winter. To the sophomore the solution appears simple — bring the two together, give the starving people the surplus wheat and both problems will be solved.

The suggestion would really sound plausible if we did not have before our noses the example of England which just tried something so very similar that worked out so very badly. It has been said before that the human being is a peculiar animal. Because of his complex mentality, complicated machinery has to be set up in order to accomplish simple ends. Philanthropists have noted that it is as difficult to give away money successfully as it was in their early days to make it. If some sufficiently complicated method could be devised, the surplus wheat and the starving people might be brought together to the great benefit of both and without the disastrous effects of the too simple dole.

Beer

IT HAS been suggested that just such a solution could be found in the legalization of beer. If instead of giving the people wheat, to their own detriment as well as that of the taxpayers, beer were legalized, both the surplus people and the surplus wheat would immediately be employed in the manufacture of beer, and the people, with their earned salaries could buy bread — as well as beer.

There is a much stronger feeling for some such move than many are willing to admit. The Administration and the Republican party are committed to Prohibition, so that nothing should be expected along these lines this winter, but an honest Wet would gain many votes from the regular Republican ranks in the forthcoming Presidential election.

Cotton

UNLIKE the situation in wheat, the outlook for cotton appears completely

(*Continued on page XIX*)

By Way of Introduction

J. William Terry (*Disarmament or Disaster*) is managing editor of the *League of Nations Chronicle*, published in Chicago. He makes frequent trips to Geneva where he is an eye witness of the events that take place there.

Harry Elmer Barnes (*Throwing Dust*) is an educator, lecturer and author of many books and articles on historical and sociological topics. He writes a column for the Scripps-Howard papers and he has written before for The North American Review.

Sara Haardt (*Southern Town*) is, of course, Mrs. H. L. Mencken. A native of Alabama, she has lived for some time in Baltimore. She graduated from Goucher College and did further study there. Her first novel, *The Making of a Lady*, was published this year.

Chester T. Crowell (*Judicious Liberty*), who contributes articles to current periodicals, was formerly news editor of *The Mexican Herald*.

S. McClatchie (*Industrialism Near Journey's End*), after graduating from Harvard, studied at Leipzig University. He has lived most of the past decade in Europe, occupied with the development of inventions and making a close study of European social and political problems. Articles by him have appeared frequently in leading German, French and English technological publications.

Frances Drewry McMullen (*Belles at the Bargain Counters*), originally from Virginia, now a New Yorker, has first-hand knowledge of the Northward migration of Southern girls. Educated at Randolph-Macon College, Columbia University School of Journalism and the University of London, she since has been a reporter on the Baltimore *Sun* and a member of the Sunday staff of the New York *Times*. She now does free lance newspaper and magazine writing.

Henry A. Shinn (*The Bar and the Bank*) is a graduate of the Stanford University Law School and a member of the California Bar. Formerly attorney with the Bank of Italy, he is now professor of law at Mercer University, Macon, Georgia.

Ralph Aiken (*Immorality and the Future for Farmers*), who wrote "A Laborer's Leisure" for the September issue, is a special-article writer, and a frequent contributor to this magazine.

R. L. Duffus (*How Pay the Doctor?*) graduated from Leland Stanford in 1910. After a period of newspaper work on the San Francisco *Bulletin* under Fremont Older, he became an editorial writer on the New York *Globe*, and for some years has been a staff writer on the New York *Times*. He has published three novels and four other works, among them *The American Renaissance*. He also contributes articles to magazines.

Arthur Dewing (*The Mistake about Hemingway*), who has written before for The North American Review, is an instructor of English at Dartmouth College.

Stella Baldwin (*Permutation in Suburbia*), for many years active in the Parental Education and Child Health movement, has written a number of articles for popular magazines, and has broadcast over various radio stations.

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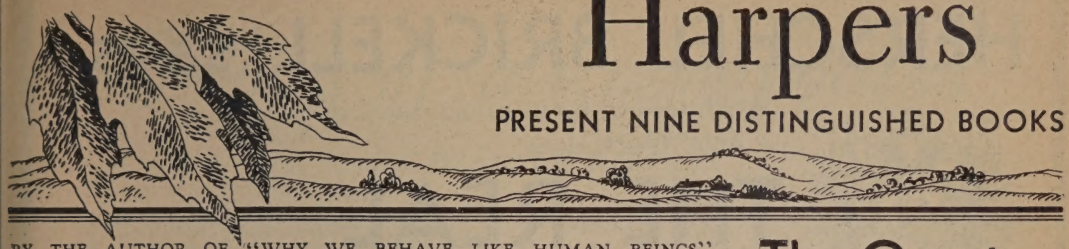

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Mediterranean cruises for the coming season are in the forefront with their usual popularity. Luxury, the ease of graceful living, the pleasant interchange of social amenities, the perfect service rendered by liners covering these cruises, and the richly colorful and ever varying backgrounds of the countries circling this enchanting sapphire sea are perpetual magnets. Year after year the charm of it all grows more potent. This winter, though welcomes are always cordial, you will probably receive an even more genuine greeting, for times have not been too flourishing for those who depend on the tourist trade. Things are about fifteen per cent cheaper in Spain and France than they have been, and even Italy is toeing the mark by doing away with many of those incomprehensible "special" taxes that have annoyed and dismayed travelers there for the past few years, and it is now possible to travel in that country about as reasonably as in France.

Morocco of the Moors

Sailing through the Mediterranean is one thing, and sailing around it is quite another. Touching first at Morocco, before you quite reach this sea of romantic memories, all the mystery of the ancient Moors seems to whisper to you through vistas of shadowed arcades, in the gleam of gay tiles, breeze-tossed fountains and latticed minarets piercing the heavens' own blue. Through Casablanca's streets moves a motley crowd of Mohammedans wrapped in their flowing *djellabos* (outer garments) of violet, coral, garnet and yellow; they tread softly in sleek slippers, rubbing shoulders with an occasional French officer in azure blue, or being elbowed by a swaying group of French jackies making the most of their shore leave. Over fine roads, which in the past fifteen years the French have built all through Morocco, you may motor over to Rabat Salé, the residence of the Moroccan Sultan, or go on farther across the desert to Marrakesh and prowl around the Djemaa el Fna, an immense open tract in the centre of the town where mountebanks, dancers, story tellers and snake charmers vie with the merchants for your attention with their little shops, scarcely more than booths, where all manner of colorful native fabrics and wares are for sale. Shaggy camels kneel contentedly in close proximity to huffy little Fords, the quiet of the desert which seems part of their stately comings and goings in no way ruffled. If you linger, you may see an Arab *caid* or chief ride into the golden dust in stately fashion on some hunting expedition, his falconer riding close to his horse's heels with half a dozen hooded falcons perched on his shoulders.

Algiers and the French Riviera

Back again on shipboard, the fun of recounting adventures and exchanging experiences with fellow travelers is part of the joy of it all. Everybody has seen and done something different. You just have time for a few letters home, another quiet night at sea, when Algiers in all its dazzling whiteness gleams on the low African shore. From secret coves along the Algerian coast, the Deys once unleashed the pirates on the on-coming Christians and exacted heavy ransoms, but today in the bazaars we select our own precious plunder and stagger back to the ship laden almost as heavily as pirates with our trophies. From Algiers, where we have found the inimitable French touch, we push off for Ville Franche, where, with real French soil beneath our feet, we drink in the glories of the Riviera in springtime. Nice with its dazzling jewel shops, its gracious promenade, its quaint restaurants and smiling sunshine lies on one hand, and

on the other, a drive through vistas of beauty sets you down at the broad door of the world's most sought-out casino at Monte Carlo, and you present your identification card, obtained before you left the ship, otherwise you might be condemned to wander through the deserted gardens and never bend above the smooth green baize tables and hear the black mustached croupier hiss in the smothering silence, "*Messieurs, mesdames — faites vos jeux!*"

From Naples with her lazy blue bay and energetic volcano, you will go to Pompeii, follow again the faltering steps of Lydia, the sweet-faced blind girl of Bulwer Lytton's novel, through the once-ash strewn streets of the famous Roman city, and marvel at the work of the tireless excavators.

Into the Strongholds of Hannibal

AFRICA again. This time to Tunis, where the native city in its strange picturesqueness is set apart from the European section just as it is in Algiers. How flat the houses seem. . . . How narrow and shadowed the streets. The scent of burning charcoal drifts lazily through the still air. Hundreds of camels shamble along to the market. Their bells tinkle lightly, but they grunt. In the *souks*, or markets, we tread on the very toes of the Orient. Each *souk* is devoted to a single trade. Which will you visit first, the market for perfumes, for carpets, or jewels? It won't matter. You will linger long in each one, and buy and buy and buy, until some one whispers in your ear that this is really just about the beginning of things, and you must save something to spend in Cairo that has a few bazaars of its own, not to mention a good many delightful side trips along the Nile which will include our old friends the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

Old Frontiers Against Islam

IT MIGHT seem hard to jump mentally from one land to another on a cruise like this did they not all dovetail so perfectly in their histories. You simply must include them all, or lose the thread of the story. After Egypt, it seems inevitable that you find out something more about the Holyland, when immediately you begin to question about the Turks and Istanbul, so long known to us as Constantinople. Then the shuttle weaves back to Malta, England's Mediterranean naval base, where at Valetta we see the lovely mediæval city built by the Knights of St. John with its ramparts, fortifications, and bastioned terraces that once withstood the on-rushing tides of the Moslem armies in their attempted attack on Christian Europe. We descend into early Christian catacombs, neolithic caves, and wander among the ruins of Phoenician temples and Roman villas. The tides of battle swing over to Spain and we trace its path clearly across the gentle island of Mallorca, where loveliness is gently removing the scars of battle, and, as a character seasoned by adversity glows with particular tenderness, so shines this loveable island near the Spanish coast, a magnet to all who know the Mediterranean.

New Zealand's First Official Welcomer — Pelorus Jack

NEW ZEALAND first captured my imagination and interest through the story of a great white whale — Pelorus Jack. When I heard the tale of this silvery monarch of the deep, he had for thirty years been acting the rôle of self-appointed host to all who approached Wellington by way of the sea. He claimed as his domain several miles in the stretch of water between French Pass and Pelorus Sound, full in the path of all passing steamers plying between Wellington and Nelson, and swimming out to meet them, both by day and by night, escorted them proudly through the blue waters, leaping, diving, swiftly swimming with an easy grace, until his welcome had become a tradition with every sea captain who made these ports. If the ships slowed down or stopped, Pelorus Jack was off like a flash, diving fathoms deep and disappearing. At night he left a glittering trail of green and gold in the phosphorescent sea. The strange thing about this whale was that he was always alone. Many thought that his color, which was a bluish white, caused him to be ostracized by his own kind whose skins are generally dark. Others accused him of being a pub-

licity hound who liked having his picture snapped from the sides of the ships by eager passengers for whom a glimpse of Pelorus Jack was a part of their anticipated itinerary. Those of a practical turn of mind surmised that he might be hungry, and that cuttlefish and tidbits from the ships were responsible for his unfailing welcome. But even food could not lure him from his own waters. After a while, though he had been shot at many times and seemed to bear a charmed life, the Government came to his aid and he was protected by an Act of Parliament. This proved him to have been something more than a fish story, as did his picture which was sent me later. Even in the legends of the Maori there was a Pelorus Jack, though to them he was known as *Kaikai-a-Ware*, who swam the same waters, meeting the high-prowed war canoes of the Maori warriors, and as joyfully piloting them home.

Surely one need never hesitate to visit a country that has for so long had an official welcomer. We may feel that our welcoming committees, which have become so essential in these days of air flights, are modern, but Pelorus Jack shows us that even these have long been the custom in New Zealand.

Forests Free from Fearful Things

SPREAD out on the map, New Zealand cuts very much the same figure as its motherland, though she is about a seventh larger than Great Britain and tremendously more sunny. She boasts most of the same race, too, with but four per cent of the native Maori. Her climate is much like that enjoyed by the countries skirting the Mediterranean Riviera, but with Oriental perversity New Zealand has her spring in September, October and November and her winter in June, July and August. Another thing about this country that is most pleasantly appealing to visitors is that you may go into her deep, luxuriant forests where the growth is almost tropical, and never see snakes, dangerous beasts, nor ever fear a fever-laden miasma, for there are none. After having just listened to the tales of a traveler who ventured into the jungles of Malaya where cobras crept about unsuspected in the grass, or curled themselves up for comfort beneath your pillows or sought the privacy of your bureau drawer, the forests of New Zealand became someway doubly precious and commendable. Why there are even certain species of ground-feeding birds there that have lost the power to fly because there were none of the usual enemies to creep up on them and tempt them to fly for their lives. New Zealand forests are particularly appealing because of the evergreen ferns which lend their softness to the vistas, some of them growing like great trees to a height of fifty feet or more. Forests are jealously cared for by the state because of the kauri pines, mammoth trees which are considered the world's largest timber yielders. How valuable they are may be deduced from the fact that in 1814 a military detachment was sent from England to procure kauri spars for the Royal Navy.

When New Zealand Was "Long White Cloud"

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in the world that has encouraged her native population, the Maoris, instead of wiping them out. Though the Maoris were not the original inhabitants of the islands, they had been in New Zealand for many centuries before the British landed on her shores, and had given her the graceful Maori name *Aotea-rea*, or Long White Cloud. With the arrival of white settlers, however, dark clouds gathered and there was bitter fighting between them until a treaty — the Treaty of Waitangi — was finally made with the native chiefs whereby the sovereignty of New Zealand was voluntarily ceded to Britain, but the whole of the land was left in the possession of the chiefs and their tribes, or such of the white settlers as had bought land from them. From this basis a better understanding and broader appreciation of each other was inevitable, and now, instead of the Maoris joining the vanishing races of the earth, the population of this interesting people is on the increase and a distinct renaissance is taking place in the revival of their ancient arts and crafts. For the Maoris are Polynesians, of the same race as the Hawaiians and Tahitians, that group of picturesque people who have so curiously combined the qualities of warrior and poet, sea rover and artist — who are hospitable, ceremony-loving, punctilious and withal so gently happy.

With the Maoris in Rotorua

On your visit to New Zealand you will want particularly to see something of the life of the Maori, and this desire will take you sooner or later to Rotorua in North Island where in remote districts they still retain many of their ancient customs. Though most of the Maoris now wear the clothes of the *Pakeha* (the white man), the women have not forgotten the art of weaving which has been their occupation for generations. Looms are of the most primitive character, but the robes which they fashion are wonderfully woven. They weave their fabrics from the long leaves of the flax plant, and even the preparation of the flax is no easy bit of work, for the long stiff green blades must be scraped and bleached before the process can be started. Dyes are made from the bark and leaves of certain trees, and though their colors are rich, they lack the garishness often associated with primitive peoples. There was a time when the gentle art of tattooing must have kept most of the population extremely busy, either doing the work or being the patient, for the Maoris are most plentifully covered with these fearsome designs, but the fashion is changing and now only a few women in the outlying districts indulge in this beautifying process. Maoris love to dance and sing and the special pride of the younger women is the *Poi* Dance which is often performed to the rhythmic melody of a melting love song. When it comes to the men, however, sterner stuff is evident and it is not difficult to discern that their dances have been evolved with an eye to sport and to the development of more martial instincts; they usually dance the *Haka* with loud chants, much stamping of the feet, and a genial slapping of the sides as a ceremonial dance of welcome when we of the outside world find our way to their villages. And you may be sure that your welcome will be a rousing one.

Waitome Caves and Glow-worms

All through New Zealand, from one end to the other, are to be found scenes of beauty and interest. Auckland has a museum which houses a large collection of grotesque carvings, war canoes, implements, weapons and what-not that have to do with the Maori. Not far from Auckland by motor you come upon a group of limestone caves at Waitome among which is that one quite unforgettable lighted by countless hosts of glow-worms whose eerie light is reflected from thousands of glittering spears and sparkling fingers that we so unromantically know as stalagmites and stalactites. (Do you remember which is which?) This cave is one of the most strangely beautiful sights in the islands.

Throughout this part of the country are great thermal springs. At Rotorua, the chief town in the section, laid out and managed by the Government Tourist Department, there is a most popular spa, a magnificent bath house where the waters may be taken, tennis, golf and endless op-

portunity for fine hunting and fishing. Within walking distance are a number of Maori villages where life goes along as it did centuries ago, and you may watch a Maori meal being boiled in a quaint basket dropped into the deep hissing hotness of a sulphur spring. The geysers and sputtering steam vents all over this region are forever reminding you of Yellowstone, and just about the only thing you miss to complete the illusion are the hungry little cinnamon bears.

Wellington, because of its central situation, was made the capital of the country in 1865 and has grown to be the natural business center. But railroads and fine motor roads lace back and forth in the islands, making all points of interest readily available to the traveler. Officers of the Government Tourist Department, who have a thorough knowledge of local conditions and take a keen pride in their land, will help you plan itineraries, make reservations for hotels, trains, steamers and motors, and stand ready to be generally helpful in assisting you to see and do everything you desire while in their country, and all this is quite without charge of any kind.

Where New Zealand Comes First

NEW ZEALAND, as a country, has done much to promote the well-being of her people. She was the first country to establish universal penny postage; the first to institute non-contributory old-age pensions; the first British country to give women the parliamentary franchise; the first country to establish State coal mines, and State fire, life and accident insurance; the first to institute a scheme for the State to advance cheap money to settlers; and the first country to institute compulsory conciliation and arbitration to prevent strikes and lock-outs. In fact, New Zealand is a very pleasant country in which to live because there are no slums and little real poverty.

Bermuda — Where The King's Flag Flies

AMERICANS have been trying to exhaust the delights of Bermuda for a good many years now, but they are getting no-

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where with it. Time and time again they make their reservations and off they go to this alluring isle. Each time they return they are a little more enthusiastic than before, torn between the joy of sharing it with others and the desire for keeping it all to themselves. It is not too far away, yet it is wholly different from these United States of ours. It wears the happy mien of the true British colonial possession. Formality and informality are balanced to a nicety. Its climate is what its devotees are forever bragging about. No matter if it does rain occasionally, the rain is different. You feel about rain down there the way the Scotsman does about his mist. Then, is it sailing or swimming that comes next in the long list of its attractions for you? It hardly matters. Diving through the surf that breaks along Bermuda's velvety beaches is like diving through the clouds into the interminable blue of the sky. You don't mind how deep you go. And when you feel the tiller of a sailboat firm in your hand, and the breeze picks up the sail, whether it be in the sun of a fresh day or the silvery path of the moonlight, you don't mind how far you go.

Bermuda, being an island, is always expectant. There is forever the possibility of sighting a sail somewhere on the horizon. Ever since Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday enjoyed their little sojourn on an island, islands have worn an engaging air. They are intimate and cozy. You can get around them pleasantly. In Bermuda you waken long forgotten talents and ride a bicycle, or else you take the bull by the horns and learn. Peddle gaily and with not a care in the world over miles and miles of fine coral roads, with never the ghost of an automobile horn to wreck your contentment. Even the horses seem to step lightly.

Peaceful little white cottages nestle down in the security of real English gardens. The beloved Irish poet, Thomas Moore, peopled them with fairies, for we find that when he caught sight of these same white houses, he said, ". . . my shortsightedness always transforms them into temples, and I expect to see Nymphs and Graces come tripping from them." It may not be shortsightedness with us, but something about Bermuda sets it gently apart — an island of romance.

(*Continued from page VI*)

bearish. As Standard Statistics points out, the Government's estimate of the cotton crop, placing the yield at over 15,500,000 bales, makes futile any hope of improvement in the statistical position of the fibre, since the present rate of consumption is only about 13 million bales per year. Even allowing for some expansion in use as the result of low prices and general business recovery, it is obvious that the 1931–32 crop year will end with a record carry-over. Under these circumstances, it is probable that cotton prices will seek even lower levels than are now prevailing.

Because of the hopeless outlook, the Government suggested that the farmers should destroy one third of their crops, but the Government must have had its fingers crossed when it made this suggestion because even it must know that such a plan could never be carried out. Cotton belongs with construction: these two great industries are not yet on the road to recovery.

Railroads

RAILROAD bonds, after being weak during most of August, showed a tendency toward improvement during the closing days of that month. This improvement occurred simultaneously with a renewal of rumors that the Interstate Commerce Commission would grant at least a part of the railroads' petition to increase freight rates. It is becoming increasingly apparent that a collapse of railroad credit is threatened unless something is done to increase their revenue. Unfortunately I have no inside information regarding the plans of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is expected to meet around the middle of next month. Great pressure will be brought to bear upon it to do something for the languishing carriers. What they principally need, of course, is something to carry.

Oil

THE recent action of the Governor of Oklahoma in curtailing the production of oil in his State has attracted a great deal of attention from financial observers. The price of crude oil has stiffened, and with it the prices of oil securities. An almost complete shut-down of the wells in East Texas and also certain areas of Oklahoma has occurred, Standard Statistics points out, a situation which is rapidly creating a shortage of daily production. It is also expected that drastically curtailed output in East Texas will be ordered by the State Commission, when the fields resume production several weeks hence. The extension of these more favorable trends probably will result in a materially higher level of oil prices than those recently in effect.

Foreign Situation

WE CAN now look upon Mr. Hoover's moratorium move with enough perspective to form some opinion of its value. There is no doubt that in a negative sense it was a highly important move. Without it, Germany would have collapsed completely, and the rest of Europe suffered severely. European conditions are still serious, however, and if another crisis should occur it is unlikely that we could again produce a plan that would save the day. The situation in England is almost equally serious. The new coalition Government will have to solve that most disagreeable of problems — an unbalanced budget — before confidence in the pound is fully restored. In the face of this European situation it was generally expected that the foreign trade figures for July, published by the Department of Commerce, would show a sharp falling off of imports and exports. But, as the *Annalist* points out, nothing of the sort occurred. On the contrary, the average daily value of our exports, adjusted for seasonal variations, was $7,011,000 as against $7,019,000 in June, $7,060,000 in May, and $7,185,000 in April. Thus, while our exports dropped to the lowest level of the entire post-war period, they did so by a very narrow margin and indeed have remained remarkably steady for the last three months. Imports also gained, allowing for seasonal variation, and were at the highest level since last December. These foreign trade statistics do not, of course, prove that the foreign financial crisis is having no effect on our foreign trade. It is unquestionably too early for the full effects to be felt. But inasmuch as the crisis itself was merely the culmination of conditions which had been developing for some time, the absence of a July decline in

exports may for the time being be considered favorable.

Bonds

In spite of the fact that abnormally low interest rates have prevailed throughout the year, bond prices are at approximately the same level as January. It is felt by many that few things would do as much to improve confidence and business as a strong bond market. Its failure to materialize can only be added to the bearish side of our ledger.

Stocks

A year ago, it is now clear, a great many directors of large and important companies were "short against the box." It has been remarked that some of them would have closed down their factories entirely, if necessary, in order to get their stock back at lower levels. It is of great importance now to ascertain whether the majority of these men have covered their short positions. If so, they are once again long of their companies and are going to do everything in their power to make a good showing. If this has taken place the situation is materially different from that of last year; the short position in the market is weak and the trend is likely to be upward.

I think the best way for the outsider to judge the technical condition of the market is from a chart. A number of charts of market averages are published. These have shown that beginning with the peak of the 1929 bull market, the peak of every important rally has been lower than the peak of the previous one. A line may be drawn along these peaks and taken as the trend line of the bear market. If this trend line should be penetrated, a change in trend would be indicated and the conclusion might safely be drawn that the greater part of executives had bought back their stocks. This, in my opinion, would be one of the most bullish things that could happen, all other statistics notwithstanding.

Conclusion

It is my opinion that the autumn seasonal upturn in business will not mark the beginning of important recovery. Therefore I feel that there is no need for haste in accumulating securities for the long pull, although I should continue to hold those of sound companies and add to commitments in the utility field on important setbacks.

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

(*Continued from page viii*)

OUR TIMES

Battling the Crime Wave. By *Harry Elmer Barnes.* Boston: Stratford Company. $2.00.

The new scientific treatment of criminals is presented here in terms for the general public. The author cites the deficiencies of the police and the brutality of the third degree among the obstacles to successful handling of crime, and attacks capital punishment as a deterrent of murder.

The Making of Adult Minds in a Metropolitan Area. By *Frank Lorimer.* New York: McMillan and Company. $2.00.

An analysis of community needs in adult education and the results of research into individual cases make this a study of value to educators and students of thought.

Golden Days of Soviet Russia. By *Adolf Carl Noé.* Chicago: Thomas S. Rockwell Company. $2.00.

As a member of a Soviet commission on coal mining, Dr. Noé traveled widely in Russia. He presents without prejudice his findings on conditions there and lets the reader draw his own conclusions.

The Little Green Shutter. By *Brand Whitlock.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

The author believes that the Eighteenth Amendment has taken the place of the green shutter, as a shield to drinkers.

Looking Them Over. By *Jesse Homer Barnhardt.* Boston: Stratford Company. $2.00.

Current topics in various fields are treated with serious thought but with humor of expression.

FICTION

Man of Miracles. By *Maurice LeBlanc.* New York: Macaulay. $2.00.

An account of the daring exploits of an eccentric man — with thrilling innovations in the realm of mystery.

Two Men in Me. By *Daniel-Rops.* Chicago: Thomas S. Rockwell Company. $2.00.

In four short stories man's struggles against his environment is attributed to a second personality which desires more action and achievement than the dull order of life affords.

Snug Harbour. By *W. W. Jacobs.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

A collection of fifty-eight short stories about characters who make very entertaining company.

VARIED OTHERS

The Golden Thread. By *Philo M. Buck, Jr.* New York: MacMillan Company. $4.00.

The story of the tradition of thought is traced from ancient Greece to the present day, with its perplexity of spirit.

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD, N. H.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

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Apéritif

Who Could?

MAGICIANS, turning civic-hearted, denounce wealthy fortune tellers. Angelo Faticoni, the human cork, has died without revealing to puzzled medicine how he slept in water, floated with a twenty-pound cannon ball tied to his legs or swam the Hudson River on a chair weighted with lead. Two months ago there was an account here of German scientists looking for horoscope twins, hoping their discovery would, by contrary evidence, forever blast the claims of astrologers: particularly, that horoscope twins, despite their unrelation by blood, should be alike in all ways, even to living similar lives. Now comes Mr. Ben Dixon MacNeill with the statement which is appended. In consideration of the subject's complexity, controversial nature and the bitter danger of commenting upon it, I say no more.

"There may be a certain technique about fetching together horoscopic twins; and, on the other hand, it might be something else. At the moment I was rather breathlessly pinching myself to see if I had avoided being dead again. Since I was born an arrant coward, it has been depressingly necessary to be forever proving to people that I'm not and this twin was not more than an item in a company that assembled casually to observe my conversion into an integument. And, as I say, at the moment I was preoccupied with the matter of being yet alive.

"And there was this person, happening to wear a blue suit just like my own, a polka-dot tie just like my own, and otherwise seeming to be myself. Mostly the assembled casual witnesses were staring at me, and I was looking at Captain Larsen and wondering if, after all, there was, or had been, a soul contained in me, and this was it standing there grinning quizzically at me. People stopped staring at me and stared at him some, and then they stared at both of us.

"And then I said: 'Who — or what — the hell are you?' And he said he was Captain Larsen. I asked him how he got that way and he said he was born that way. People gaped and I asked him where and he said it happened to him in Copenhagen. He

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didn't like my manner or something, and no more did I like his manner. And I asked him when it had happened to him.

"Then he enumerated the minute, the hour, the day and the year of the event, and, when I had had time to compute a little, it appeared that he had been born in Denmark at precisely the same moment I was being born in North Carolina. All the while the company which had gathered to see me disembodied stood and gaped. But my twin, horological and corporeal, grinned, and I grinned, being assured that he was a twin and not a ghost. He said, then, that we might proceed some distance across the town — which was Wilmington, North Carolina — and in the cabin of the ship which he partly owned and wholly commanded, we might do what should be customary in such matters.

"Arrived at the dock where his ship was discharging unspeakable fertilizers into a warehouse, he was detained on the pier for a moment and I dropped down to the deck ahead of him. Two persons came forward obsequiously and gibbered in some strange tongue. I looked at them in bewilderment. Captain Larsen and I repaired to the cabin and did what should be done in such cases. The rum was from West India.

"We didn't discuss Coolidge or deplore Prohibition. I don't recall the preliminaries. Before the War I had worked in that town, eating at the house of a widow who was blessed with a daughter who conformed generally to my then current notions of what a young lady should be. However, she was swept off her feet by a young fellow who preceded me a little into the Army. He went to France and sanctified some of its earth with his bleedings. His posthumous medals preceded me home from the wars, and his widow was not at all unfriendly to me, but I went elsewhere.

"Later she married Captain Larsen, though I didn't know it until she came down and didn't know which was her husband and which her might-have-been husband. He invited me to the West Indies for a cruise with him. I did not go."

Americanum

ONE day seventeen years ago Mr. Albert D. Purvis was working in a field on his farm, sowing, ploughing or doing something else — the account, unfortunately, is not explicit. At any rate, it was an ordinary day in Waller, Texas, and the Lord sent Mr. Purvis His command.

As in most of the inspiration chronicles, Mr. Purvis had not previously been religious; the difference was in the specific form of the command — no laboring in the accepted vineyard of the Lord, as His minister. Not at all. Seventeen years ahead of our hectic world the Lord had gone economic. He ordered Mr. Purvis to open up a general store. Further than that, He had a Plan for it — and not a Five Year, Ten Year or Twenty Year Plan — a *Divine* Plan.

Today Mr. Purvis operates one of the largest general stores in his section of Texas, still on the Divine Plan. Inside it, besides the merchandise, are two signs, one a big blackboard with all prices plainly marked on it, the other containing a

message that those prices are the actual cost of the articles named, and that nothing is added as profit to the store. This last is maintained solely by free will offerings from customers, at their own discretion, as is also the barber shop connected with it, the cost here being estimated on the basis of time spent in achieving hair cuts, shaves and other amenities.

There is a temptation, of course, to consider all this in the light of a panacea. Everybody is suggesting odd ideas to cure the world's ills; Mr. Purvis' idea *works*, quite evidently. Its main feature is casting all economic principles overboard, where, for all I know, they belong, and depending purely on human nature to secure his livelihood. Many others do this, I admit, but their dependence on human nature is aggressive, intense; ask the man who owns a gold brick. Mr. Purvis' is passive — just unadulterated depending.

I have tried to visualize his scheme worked out on a broader basis, taking, for example, the New York Stock Exchange as the scene. It may differ from the actuality in some points, but that can be laid to the influence of benign Wisdom. Two members approach each other in friendly fashion. Mr. Doe says: "Richard, I hear you have a hundred thousand shares of XYZ common. Will you sell?" Mr. Roe answers: "Surely, John. They'll be in your office tomorrow." And turns away.

"Not so fast there, Richard," Mr. Doe stops him. "Here's my free will offering. You have to live, you know." And hands over title to a slightly used Rolls Royce, which Mr. Roe accepts with gratitude.

The curious thing that I noticed about this was that nowhere was there any mention of price. And on further visual investigation, I found definitely that not one cent of money changed hands.

W. A. D.

Disarmament or Disaster

By J. William Terry

Next February, if there are no slip-ups, delegations from between fifty and sixty countries will descend on the little city on the shores of Lake Leman, which was once the domain of John Calvin and is now the seat of the League of Nations.

It will be the largest international conference ever held, which should have its appeal to Americans in their respect for quantity. But what is much more, unquestionably it will be the most important international conference since the peace was made in Paris in 1919. In no sense is it a rhetorical exaggeration to say that on its outcome will rest the immediate destiny of the world.

A decision actually to reduce the world's armaments would remove some of the most dangerous factors in an international situation which now threatens to end in titanic disaster. Putting a programme of reduction into effect would take the thoughts of governments and peoples from the gruesome spectre of war which has been over Europe for the last eighteen months, and would set them on activities lying in the direction of peace. For nations do not disarm and make ready for war at the same time. It is, therefore, not too much to say that if the Disarmament Conference really succeeds it will serve dramatically to check Europe in its steady advance toward war and turn it, mind and heart, to the business of making and keeping peace.

But it does not require the extra touches of an alarmist's pessimism to make a dark picture of the almost certain consequences should the Conference fail. All that is necessary is to look frankly at a few high probabilities that are recognized — in private if not always in public utterances — by most of those who are intelligently familiar with conditions in Europe.

The most direct and spectacular consequence of the failure of the Conference would probably be Germany's repudiation of the disarmament provisions of the Treaty of Versailles and the reëstablishment of her armed forces. Should any of the former Allied Powers attempt to stop this by direct action, they would, in all likelihood, be defied by Germany, and war thus be precipitated. If the League of Nations were used in an attempt to keep Germany disarmed, she would undoubtedly withdraw from the League and go on her way rebuilding her armaments.

With Germany re-arming, France would certainly start rapidly to in-

crease her already formidable armed forces. This would result in Italy's plunging headlong into the game; all of which would set Great Britain at an intensified building programme. At a definite move toward the rebuilding of the German navy, France and Italy would throw into the discard any agreement on naval limitation which they may have reached. Great Britain, who insists that her navy be as large as any other two navies, would repudiate the London Agreement, or at least resort to its escalator clause in order to build above the London figures. The United States would come in for a heavy increase in naval forces, since she insists on parity with Great Britain. This, to say nothing of what Russia, who now has what is probably the largest army in the world but has declared her willingness to disarm completely, would do. Even should Germany remain docile — and there is small reason for believing she would — armaments are now at such a high level that their continued increase, accelerated by such rivalries as the Franco-Italian, would spell calamity. In short, if the Disarmament Conference fails, there will be such an armaments race as the world has not yet seen.

To what frightful magnitude of armaments such a race would lead can only be comprehended when it is remembered that today there are, if account is not taken of the forces the former Central Powers were compelled to surrender by the Treaty of Versailles, virtually as many soldiers in the world as there were in 1913. Not counting the ships Germany had to dispose of at the close of the war, there has, in relation to that of 1913, only been a reduction of ten per cent in the world's naval tonnage. Therefore, a new armaments race would start at practically the same level where the race which ended in the catastrophe of 1914 reached its climax. The carnage of 1934 or 1935 would, consequently, be that much more terrible than that of 1914–18. One need not have been born with a caul to foresee that, with the Conference a failure and a new armaments race under way, the scattering war clouds that are now visible would mass themselves into a great blackness and there would come a mighty whirlwind.

Moreover, the failure of the Conference would mean impotency, if not death, for the League of Nations, so that it could contribute nothing toward forestalling disaster. Disarmament is a foundation-stone of the League system. For a decade, the League has been exerting incessant efforts in preparation for a world conference with the purpose of translating into practice the cardinal principle stated in Article 8 of the League Covenant. The League has operated so far on the expectation of the success of this Conference; so that its failure would impair beyond redemption the League's prestige and efficacy. With the decline of the League would come fast waning authority for the World Court and the Kellogg Pact. This while an unprecedented armaments race was maturing. The jubilation of Mars would rock the earth.

And whether the Disarmament Conference succeeds or fails is a matter of immediate concern to the United States. Although not a member of the League of Nations, our

Government has so far recognized its stake in the disarmament movement as to be fully represented on the Preparatory Commission for the Conference, and will be represented at the Conference. In view of what happened in 1917 and of the complex interrelations of the modern world, it is a senseless optimism which has the temerity to believe that this country could escape being drawn into another major European holocaust. An armaments race resulting in war for Europe will bring war to the United States.

WHEN the representatives of the Allied and Associate Powers wrote into the so-called treaties of peace that the armaments of the Central Powers must be reduced to what amounted to the level of police necessities, they declared that Germany and her allies were being compelled to disarm so that the rest of the world could follow suit. Two specific promises to that effect were made by the victorious nations, and were incorporated in the Preamble of Part V of the Treaty of Versailles and Article VIII of the League Covenant.

The United States was not a party to the Treaty of Versailles and did not join the League of Nations. It did, however, sign and ratify the bilateral Treaty of Berlin containing a clause word for word the same as Part V of the Versailles Treaty.

It is true that all these declarations are rather ambiguously worded when it comes to signifying how far armaments should be reduced and when this reduction should take place; the implications, nevertheless, are sufficiently clear. How much deliberate intent there has been on the part of heavily armed countries to evade the obligations to curtail their armaments is open to question. There is doubtless much blame due somewhere for the delay of a decade, but there are also extenuating factors. For one thing, a disarmament technique had to be devised.

At the first session of the League of Nations Council, in May, 1920, there was appointed a Permanent Advisory Commission on Disarmament, composed of army, navy and air men. "It was," writes Salvador de Madariaga, first chief of the Disarmament Section of the League, "as foolish to expect a disarmament convention from such a commission as a declaration of atheism from a commission of clergymen." This fact was demonstrated within six months. The League Assembly then stepped in and recommended that civilians be asked to take a hand. Consequently, a second body was authorized, called the Temporary Mixed Commission. As its name implied, it was an experiment in mixing military men and civilians on the same body. Whatever its shortcomings, the Mixed Commission did have enough potency to discover that there was an elusive Ethiopian. It has been the search for him that has complicated the drama — or farce, as some prefer to call it — and unduly prolonged its action. Failure to find him may be responsible for a tragic instead of a happy ending. For ten years, pivotal European governments have been saying: "Find us security and we will start beating our swords into plowshares."

The League of Nations was in its infancy and an untried quantity; its

Covenant tacitly admitted the right of war under certain circumstances. The World Court was in the process of organization. Outlawry of war, as accomplished in the Kellogg Pact, was then only an idea in the mind of a Jewish lawyer in Chicago. Under these conditions, the Mixed Commission realized, the immediate accomplishment of anything toward actual disarmament was at best a Utopian hope. Therefore, it set out in search of a security formula which would prove adequate to the national demands. Out of this search was born the doctrine of arbitration-security-disarmament. The last objective, it was believed, could be attained by providing for the first two. Altogether, a vast amount of effort, a considerable part of it unquestionably sincere, was made to devise and put into effect adequate schemes for arbitration and security.

After two schemes had failed of acceptance, a series of pacts was negotiated at the little town of Locarno which, whatever happens, will remain among the foremost treaties of history. "Never again will we war with each other," the pacifistic Aristide Briand cried jubilantly after the signing of the accords. By them England, France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Poland pledged themselves to arbitrate all disputes which might arise between them, and come to each other's aid in event of attack. But the security guarantees did not include Germany's eastern frontier or the French position in the Mediterranean. This should be kept in mind.

The suggestion that other groups of nations duplicate Locarno got nowhere. However, some 138 bilateral pacific settlement pacts — providing methods for conciliation, arbitration or judicial settlement — have been registered by various governments with the League Secretariat at Geneva. In addition, fourteen countries, including France and Great Britain, have accepted the League's General Act, specifying pacific methods by which signatory nations are obligated to seek settlement of all disputes. Thirty-four countries, including the major League powers, have ratified the "optional clause" of the World Court Statute, by which they agree that the Court shall have jurisdiction in all disputes between them of a legal nature.

But the considerable body of arbitration and security agreements which have been adopted can not be credited with having been responsible for the reduction of armaments by one soldier or a single gun. The security thesis appears and, as such, is sound. It is the question of interpretation which has caused the difficulties. In what has a country the right to demand that it be made secure? Is it in freedom from armed attack? Or is it, in addition, security against all challenge, armed and otherwise, of territorial *status quo?* No one will deny that a nation is justified in taking the position that it will not consider reducing its armaments until it has reasonable assurance that it is otherwise protected against invasion. Is it, however, justified in saying that the *status quo* of all its frontiers and those of its possessions and other frontiers in which it claims an interest must be guaranteed as an essential of security?

The foremost difficulties in solving

the security problem in relation to disarmament have arisen from the insistence on the latter interpretation by certain European countries — notably France. The French hold that they can have no sense of security while there are possibilities of Germany or Italy challenging the War settlement treaties. For reasons that are well understood, the French believe that the maintenance of the Polish Corridor is essential to the prestige and future well-being of France; and naturally they want to hold their advantageous position in North Africa. The Germans are irreconcilable in their claims for the return of the Corridor and the Italians are dissatisfied with the distribution of North African territory. Consequently, France has held that she could not consider any treaty schemes as adequate for her security that fail to recognize as permanent the frontiers fixed by the war settlements. The Geneva Protocol — one of the security schemes that failed of acceptance — virtually guaranteed the post-War *status quo*. This was one of the reasons for its rejection by Great Britain. The failure of the Locarno treaties to include Germany's eastern frontier or touch the Mediterranean accounts for its not being considered sufficient by France.

But to return to the disarmament project itself. Impatient at the slow progress of its own efforts at dealing with the security problem, the League of Nations, in 1926, declared its intention of going ahead with the Disarmament Conference. The Temporary Mixed Commission having justified the first word of its title and become defunct, the League set up the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference. For four years, this body, which embraced in its membership delegations from thirty-two nations, including the United States and Soviet Russia, convened sessions which the world was led to expect would make possible the calling of the world Conference, and adjourned them after having accomplished little or nothing. The obtruction again was the security impasse.

The Germans claimed that, with their armaments reduced to a minimum, they and those associated with them in the War were the least secure countries in the world. As security, they demanded that the disarmament obligations of the peace treaties and the League Covenant be construed as meaning that the rest of the world must reduce armaments to the German level, and that steps toward this end be taken immediately. The French not only refused to consent to this interpretation but manœuvered for the most inexacting procedure possible for armament limitation and reduction. This split the Commission into what amounted to left and right wing parties on the whole disarmament project. With Germany, there was Russia, whose delegation had come to Geneva to sit on the Commission for the first time in 1927 bringing a proposal for absolute world disarmament within four years. During the later Commission sessions, the Italians, who were making strenuous attempts to put on France the onus of being militaristically aggressive, joined forces with the Germans in many of the more radical demands. France, having formed friendships that border on alliances with a number of strategi-

cally located smaller States, had them as her followers on the right wing. These include Poland, Czechoslovakia and, to an extent, Belgium. The Japanese, although not satellites of the French, consistently voted with the right wing. At the earlier sessions, the British stood well to the left — at least on matters having to do with land armaments. During the last session, however, they surrendered to the right wing on at least two important points and in general took a center position. This was done with the obvious purpose of espousing that which it would be possible to get, in order to break the impasse into which the Commission had worked itself. Although it made several valuable contributions, the American delegation kept for the most part on the sidelines.

As the Commission was concerned only with drawing up a skeleton treaty and not with limitation or reduction figures, the points of contention between the left and right wings had to do with such matters as whether provision should be made for the limitation of trained reserves and whether land war material should be limited directly by classes or indirectly through budgets. The right wing delegations paid lip service to disarmament while working to skeletonize a treaty which would be incapable of being made an instrument of thoroughgoing reduction. The left wing delegations employed the time-honored strategy of asking unreasonably much in the hope of getting enough.

From the time Mussolini did his sabre rattling at Leghorn and Florence in the spring of 1930, war clouds have hung over Europe. It was then that Germany began to hint that if things were to continue as they were going she would take the position that the former Allied and Associate Powers had broken the disarmament agreement of the Treaty of Versailles and would, therefore, begin an unrestricted reëstablishment of her armaments.

It became an immediate question of Europe plunging into a series of unrestricted armament races and on toward war or else actually doing something about disarmament. Arthur Henderson, speaking for the British Labor Government, turned the balance toward disarmament. "My country," he said, "will have nothing more to do with security schemes until a disarmament treaty has been adopted." Even were they to move toward war, the right wing nations needed British support, and the chief purpose of France in holding off on disarmament was to get Great Britain to go farther on security. Thus, threatened with the rearming of Germany and the refusal of British support for desired security alliances, the right wing countries were compelled to capitulate to the extent of consenting to the completion of the skeleton treaty and the calling of the Disarmament Conference.

WHAT must the Conference do to succeed?

Prime essentials of national security are considered as demanding that this limitation and reduction of armaments be universal, uniform and gradual. It must be universal because one heavily armed national remains a potential menace which it is believed must be guarded against

by armed forces of other nations. It must be uniform because nations now holding dominant positions in the precariously balanced international scheme are unwilling to imperil their advantages. It must be gradual because no country has any considerable confidence that the pacific settlement principle will work; and no nation is willing to wreck all its armaments until the new peace structure has been more thoroughly tested. To proceed under these restrictions will, of course, leave the countries that are now disarmed at a disadvantage. But they should not, and probably do not, expect to have the consequences of their War defeat wiped out in one stroke.

What the Conference can do is to go about the specific and straightforward reduction and limitation of all armaments. This can be done so as to meet the requirements of universality, uniformity and gradualness. In its most simple terms, it would mean the taking of each country's armaments where they were at the time of the Conference and subtracting from each class a certain per cent and setting the figure obtained by that subtraction as a maximum limit for that category; then requiring that the country reduce to that limit.

The percentages of reduction would have to be as nearly uniform as possible. That is if such a figure, for example, as twenty per cent were agreed upon, it would apply equally to France, Italy and Great Britain. Exceptions should, of course, be made for the countries whose armaments were reduced by the Treaty of Versailles. Possibly it would also be necessary to make exceptions on behalf of some of the smaller countries, whose armies are now hardly adequate for their defense. A sliding scale might be provided: to illustrate, a twenty per cent reduction for countries having over 300,000 men under arms; fifteen per cent for those having between 200,000 and 300,000; and ten per cent for those having under 200,000. These percentages are used only as illustrative and in no way as suggestive of what the figures should actually be.

Another, and possibly more feasible, method of reaching much the same results would be to set a limit on budgetary expenditures by the same percentage plan. The skeleton treaty now provides for limitation both by categories and by budget, except in the case of land war material, which is to be limited only by budget. It might be agreed, for instance, that the expenditures for the army and for the navy and for the air force of each country should be reduced by twenty-five per cent. Or one figure might be set for armies, another for navies and a third for air forces. A possible modification of this would be to provide for progressive reduction; say five per cent each year for five years. There would be no comparisons of one country's budgets with those of any other country; it would simply be that the United States, for illustration, would agree to a certain per cent of reduction under its 1931 armaments budgets; or, as has already been proposed, the reduction could be from an average year figure, arrived at by adding total expenditure for the past four years and dividing the total by four.

Exceptions could be made for

countries generally recognized to have already reduced their armaments to a point as low as is "consistent with national safety." There would not be many such exceptions; a few smaller countries and possibly the United States in as far as her land forces are concerned.

THE paramount question is: Can this plan, or any modification of it that will achieve an efficacious reduction of armaments, be "put across" at the Conference? The international political situation being what it is, is it reasonable to hope for anything tangibly worth while? The answer is an unequivocal affirmative, *if the United States puts herself actively and unreservedly behind a reduction program.*

In general, the political line-up when the Conference convenes will be the same as it was at the last session of the Preparatory Commission. Germany, leading the countries of the left wing, will make what is intended to appear an irreducible demand for reduction to the level required of the Central Powers by the Treaty of Versailles. France and her satellites will attempt to inject the securities issue and will resort to various well-developed strategies to block any effective reduction. Russia and Italy will stay in the left wing camp, and Japan will play a lone hand to the right. This will leave Great Britain and the United States the only major powers holding non-partisan positions. Their weight thrown together in either direction should turn the scales that way. A division between them would deadlock the Conference. The indifference or inaction of one of them would leave the other with insufficient weight to force conclusive results.

Great Britain has an advantage in that her adherence is indispensable to the effectiveness of the security guarantees which the right wing countries desire above all else. The United States has an equal, if not a superior, advantage in being in no way involved in the securities squabble. Whatever move for reduction is taken by the Conference must be made without regard to any specific security understandings. France's efforts in that direction will prove as futile as they have previously. Her continuing hope, however, will make her extremely cautious about breaking with Great Britain on the armaments issue. But the United States will be able to drive for a reduction programme, unhampered by any entanglements with the security problem. She alone can demand effectively that the disarmament question be made to stand on its own feet. The United States and Great Britain have the two largest navies in the world. Their combined fleets could, no doubt, withstand all others. Therefore, what they do to increase or decrease their naval strength is of vast importance to the rest of the world. Thus it can be seen that what they both demand in the way of disarmament will, to say the least, be given most serious consideration — *providing they are willing to do their share of disarming.*

The British Labor Government indicated what it was willing to do. It not only desired a material reduction in land and air forces, but would participate in a reduction of sea forces below the level set by the London Treaty. There is reason for

believing that the Conservatives would adhere to the same policy; though with less enthusiasm. Consequently, it is only the position of the United States which remains in doubt.

WHAT will be the position of the United States?

It is easier to say what it should be. What it will be is a matter of some doubt.

On the eve of the last session of the Preparatory Commission, I was one of a group of American newspaper men to interview Hugh Gibson, head of the American delegation, at his hotel in Geneva. "Mr. Gibson," asked a correspondent, "just what does your delegation plan to do at these meetings?" To which the official representative of the United States Government made unhesitating reply: "We expect to watch the proceedings; that is about all. This is primarily a European affair."

In spite of the fact that the whole world, including the United States was suffering a financial depression which has had no equal, and which was caused in no small degree by excessive armaments; in spite of the fact that there were hanging over Europe war clouds which threatened to rain unprecedented carnage on the earth if something were not done to check the continued increase in armaments, the Commission work for arms reduction was primarily a European affair! Our delegation would watch proceedings from the sidelines!

We have been accused of putting ourselves in front-page headlines all over the world as sponsor of the Kellogg Pact, the enunciation of a high moral principle, and then trying to "get out from under" by assuming the attitude that reducing the size of the world's fighting machinery is Europe's business. As defense, it is offered that our land forces are now comparable with those of Germany, and that already we have taken care of our naval disarmament through the London Treaty. Let us glance at the facts.

Together, the Washington and London Conferences accomplished what appears to be an effective limitation of the naval armaments of Great Britain, Japan and the United States. A dangerous incipient building race between the United States and Great Britain thus was checked. But if any real reduction of naval armaments was accomplished, it was so small as to be imperceptible to the layman.

The United States still has one of the world's two largest navies; and that without having a far-flung empire for it to defend. More, we have a navy which costs us in excess of one million dollars every day of the year. These two plain and indisputable facts should be enough to prove that naval armaments must be ruled out of consideration before it can reasonably be contended that European countries have all the heavy armaments.

It is true that our land forces are not great in number. But adequate defense against external aggression does not require that their number be great. Continental United States has common frontiers with but two countries. Mexico, to the south, reports about 80,000 men under arms. Nothing need be said about their equipment or efficiency. Canada, on

the north, has no professional army, but a militia force of 3,361. As defense against these combined forces, we have a professional army, thoroughly trained and equipped, of 129,759 men and officers. In the highly improbable event of a threat of other foreign armies using Mexican or Canadian soil to launch an attack against us, we would have ample time to bring into action our immense force of reserves.

Our army is organized as a skeleton, capable of quickly being filled out by enlistment or conscription. It has one commissioned officer for every eleven men, while the French army, for example, has only one commissioned officer for every nineteen men. Thus, our potential land strength is seen to be greater than appears when it is said we have a professional army of 129,759. In addition, we have 112,757 reserve officers and a National Guard force of 164,453 men and officers. Most of these could be inducted immediately into service to meet an emergency. Given a brief period for mobilization, we could have 406,969 men under arms and ready for battle; this without calling for volunteers or resorting to conscription.

But this does not begin to tell the story. If there be any who think we are disarmed on land, let them scan our military budget. Last year our land armaments cost us a total of $350,457,317. Figures could be quoted to show how much more we spend for land armaments than do certain European countries which we point to as "staggering under the excessive burden of their military establishments"; but it is recognized that, for obvious reasons, the comparison of the expenditures of one country with those of another is not altogether fair. What is fair, however, is to compare the expenditures for our army with those for our navy. Here there are the same standards — costs of labor and material and the rates of pay. Last year, we expended for our navy $375,291,828. It cost us somewhat over a million dollars a day, while our army cost us somewhat under that appalling amount. Our navy — one of the world's two largest — cost us only $24,834,511 a year more than our army. If, as some say, our military establishment is now reduced to a minimum, what would it cost us if we had a real land force?

Just before the London Conference, President Hoover declared that the United States was ready to reduce its armaments to as low a level as other countries would come down to, no matter how low that should be. We can insist that our delegation to Geneva in 1932 be instructed to make that its cardinal policy; a policy of fact as well as of words. And that, we can well afford to do. There seems to be small reason why our navy could not stand a five, or even a ten, per cent reduction each year for five years, if the same curtailment is made in all other major navies. If other countries have reduced their sea power twenty-five or fifty per cent by 1937, we would need only fifty or seventy-five per cent of our present tonnage to have the same degree of security we have today. So obvious a fact appears to have escaped those who contend that a material reduction can not be made with safety.

As has been said, it is unlikely that

we will be expected to decrease the size of our professional army. And, according to the provisions of the skeleton disarmament treaty, there is to be no direct limitation of the trained reserves of any country. Consequently, we will not be asked to reduce our National Guard or the number of our reserve officers. But this does not mean we should not offer to make an appreciable cut in our tremendous expenditures for land armaments. The effect of this would probably be the curtailment of our overly large reserve organization and of our extensive and ever-increasing programme for military training in schools and colleges. It is high time this were done, irrespective of the Disarmament Conference, if we are to save this country from being completely militarized, in defiance of one of our most cherished traditions. And not until we stop our movement toward it are the European countries going to heed our urging that they move away from their excessive militarism.

For those who can not see the disarmament question in any aspect beyond that of immediate national self-interest, there is the healthy economy which would result from a material reduction in our naval and military budgets. Why should we talk about Europe's back being bowed by the financial weight of armaments when our armament bill is over seven hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year? If there should be a general twenty-five per cent reduction at the end of five years, we would save an amount not much short of what we have been receiving in payment of interest and principal on war debts. If the reduction were fifty per cent, it would be a saving of almost a million dollars a day.

The only real chance there will be for the Disarmament Conference to succeed will be if the American and British delegations take a straightforward stand, after the best Anglo-Saxon traditions, saying: "We will make an actual and worth while reduction in all classes of armaments, if the other governments will do the same. If they will not, let the responsibility for what follows be on their heads." The world must make its choice between disarmament or overwhelming disaster. Of course, it can not be said with certainty that even with the United States doing her utmost the Conference will succeed. But it can be said that, barring a miracle, nothing short of a forthright, fighting demand from our delegation for a worth while reduction in armaments, of which we freely offer to assume our share, will save the Conference from failure. And should it fail, we will hardly escape the devastation which may follow.

Throwing Dust

By Harry Elmer Barnes

The editors of the North American Review have been kind enough to ask me to submit a few critical reflections on the article, *An Evangelical's Defense*, by Mr. Frank E. Gaebelein in the July issue. His spirited statement of the case for the orthodox believer is so urbane and courteous that I shall reply in the same vein. None of my remarks should be taken in a personal sense or regarded as uniquely critical of any denomination. I entertain for Mr. Gaebelein only the kindest sentiments, not even envying him that happiness and contentment which is denied to Messrs. Mencken, Darrow, Nathan, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis and myself.

But a reply should be a reply, and I shall spare no effort to examine in thorough and comprehensive fashion his argument. We shall first take up such general and basic matters as his method and intellectual attitude, and then devote ourselves to a point by point refutation of his position. However little some readers may agree with me, there will be no doubt in the minds of anybody that there has been a debate relevant to the subject announced.

Mr. Gaebelein starts off briskly in the spirit of an ultra-scientific investigator. He proclaims a touching affection for hard, even harsh, facts. He indicts all of us unbelievers as slaves of emotional impressions, fearful of the devastating effects of facts upon our dubious ruminations. On the other hand, the evangelical believer "bases his religious thinking essentially on facts. . . . He honestly tries to base his belief on solid fact. . . . In religion as in science, one must keep abreast of the times and prefer facts to opinions."

Mr. Gaebelein swings into action under the scientific and historical banner, appealing to what he regards as facts to rehabilitate the standing of the Bible, to vindicate Christianity and to discomfort the infidels. Yet, consciously or unconsciously, he seems to feel that he has made a pretty sorry mess of it with his facts. So towards the end he boldly and openly repudiates the appeal to facts and takes the good old neo-Platonic position of subordinating facts to revelation, intuition and ecstasy. Only the initiate into the Christian mysteries can be expected to know the truths of religion. Like Nicodemus, we must be born again if we are to assume to dabble in these problems of eternal verity. The truths of Christianity are a closed

book to pitiable slaves to facts like Darrow and his cohorts. They are "natural men" and, according to Paul, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; and he can not know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

Indeed, throughout his article Mr. Gaebelein relies chiefly upon the Pauline method. All of his underlying positions, such as the undeniably supernatural character of Christianity, are gratuitously assumed on the basis of legend and dogma. Then he tries to buttress such assumptions by resort to more or less substantial and relevant facts. Yet, I believe that Mr. Gaebelein is on firmer ground when he appeals to revelation than when he appeals to facts. One can not very well offer any quantitative refutation of his revelations and intuitions, except on the basis of logic and general probability. But it is not difficult to take him into camp very rapidly when he goes fact hunting. The only criticism here is that he is hardly consistent in charging the free-thinkers with succumbing to impressions and telling us quite specifically that he is going to stick resolutely to facts. He is far safer in relying exclusively on faith, and it would be better if he admitted it from the beginning.

We may now take up seriatim the main arguments utilized by Mr. Gaebelein in his effort to vindicate orthodox Christianity.

First, he attempts to mitigate the criticism of the Old Testament as a book of history, anthropology, cosmology and evolutionary biology by pointing out that the year 4004 is not mentioned in the Bible itself as the date of creation. It is only an estimate made by Ussher and Lightfoot.

None of the skeptics who have made humorous use of the 4004 reference have ever imagined that this date is recorded anywhere in the Book of Genesis. But the date was seriously compiled by an exacting Christian scholar, full of faith and reverence, on the basis of the best estimates which he could obtain from biblical information. This date is drawn from the Bible, even if it is not found in it. We well know that the computations vary by hundreds of years, but an estimate of 5004 B.C. as the date of creation would not help the orthodox a whit. With man himself on the planet for more than a million years and cosmic evolution stretching back over a period of time which literally transcends the human imagination, any date of creation which could be reconstructed from biblical chronology is obviously a product of the childhood of the race. I know from personal experience that the 4004 allusion is particularly annoying to quasi-enlightened evangelicals, but it is not at all unfair to them or to biblical chronology. Further, no valid protests which they may make can in any way reconcile the Bible and the new evolutionary time perspective.

Next, Mr. Gaebelein is distressed at the naïve views of the literal inspiration of the Bible attributed to faithful believers by liberals. He quotes as the *reductio ad absurdum* of this attitude the relevant passage from my *Twilight of Christianity*. Now no sensible person would ever imagine that Mr. Gaebelein himself believes that God spoke Baconian

English directly into the ear of Moses. But it would be very difficult for him to show that this is not the view of the matter implicitly held by a vast majority of orthodox Christians in England and America. As an actual matter of fact, such persons will make their belief explicit on this point under questioning. Such was the case with the Tennessee legislator, Mr. Butler, who drafted the law under which Mr. Scopes was tried in 1925. He told Charles Francis Potter quite frankly that he thought God used the language of the King James version when dictating the Pentateuch to Moses. He saw nothing wrong with such a conviction. Here was a far more than averagely well informed member of Mr. Gaebelein's fold. Such notions have been found universal in extensive samplings of orthodox belief on this point which it has been my privilege to make in many parts of the United States. Of course, a man may belong to an evangelical sect without holding any such elementary view of the philological aspects of the biblical problem, but that in no way affects the fact that most of the orthodox look at the matter exactly as I stated it in the passage to which Mr. Gaebelein objects.

MR. GAEBELEIN then proceeds to give us his own version of the knotty and thorny problem of the inspiration of the Christian Bible by the divine hand. He holds that the inspiration of God was given to the original documents in the Bible, before they were edited or altered by human hands. He wisely refrains from attempting to offer any evidence as to just how or why this inspiration was given in the first instance. It is simply taken for granted that God *did* inspire the first versions. The ultimate test of the truth of this assumption must be whether or not the Bible appeals to the human reason, stored with Twentieth Century knowledge, as most resembling the work of God or the work of man.

But let us assume for the sake of argument that God did inspire the first edition of each of the biblical books. This raises a number of interesting questions for the evangelical Christian to ponder over. Just how could God inspire without dictating directly to His scribes in the manner repudiated by Mr. Gaebelein? If He "inspired" in any less obvious and certain fashion, is it not likely that in the original edition there would be a large admixture of the notions of the individual scribe along with the revelations and inspirations of God? Still further, and more important, granting direct, full, undeniable and unmixed divine inspiration in the original version, how much does this help in the case of the Bible as it exists today? Here we find much of the material repeatedly edited and reëdited by man; garbled, annotated and forged by man; indeed, many of the original inspired books totally lost, except for a mere reference to the name of the book in the extant canonical text of the Bible. Moreover, if God took the trouble to inspire all of this material it seems unlikely that He would have allowed mortal men later to manhandle His revelations in frightful fashion and to lose many of them outright.

Mr. Gaebelein next proceeds logi-

cally to defend the historicity of the Bible, which he rightly holds to be *fundamental* to the substantiation of the Christian religion. Against the overwhelming accumulation of logical and factual evidence by scholars tending to establish the purely human and highly fallible nature of the Bible, Mr. Gaebelein submits a number of arguments and exhibits, all of which we shall examine.

In the first place, he calls attention to new excavations at Ur of the Chaldees, reputed homeland of Abraham. These, he says, prove that Ur was a great city and its inhabitants highly polished. Therefore, Lewis Browne is wrong in claiming that Abraham and his descendants represented a culture of primitive nomad sheiks.

Well, there is no definitive proof at all that Abraham came from Ur. The biblical reference to the fact can not be regarded as anything beyond legend, folklore or rumor. But suppose Abraham did hail from Ur, does that make him an urbane Sophist? We could hardly assume that every settler arriving in Iowa from New York City today would be a graduate of Columbia University and a member of the Century Club or the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Yet, culture was far more exclusive and aristocratic a matter in Ur than in Gotham. Even more cogent is the unquestionable fact that Abraham's behavior — and that of his descendants — as reported in the Old Testament records was the conduct of a nomad sheik. If he and his successors were sophisticated gentlemen, then the Old Testament story is obviously inaccurate and worthless. Mr. Gaebelein's argument for the cultivated urbanity of Abraham, if substantiated, would, thus, bring him out at exactly the opposite conclusion from that which he desires. It would prove the Old Testament most unreliable as history.

Mr. Gaebelein relies upon the same archæologist to vindicate the story of the Flood. He says that in one place Dr. Woolley found sediment eight feet deep, indicating a deluge of "unparalleled proportions."

Orientalists — historians and archæologists — have for years conceded the probability of great seasonal floods in the lower valley of the Tigris and Euphrates. Indeed, they believe that the inhabitants of this area at a very early date constructed a system of canals in part to divert this flood water. Unquestionably, some of these floods were worse than others. There may have been a great flood like that of the Mississippi in 1927 or of the Connecticut in the same year. What the critic of Old Testament lore objects to is not the possibility of a devastating local flood. He is profoundly skeptical before the actual biblical deluge story — the legend that forty days of rain covered the entire earth with a great wall of water, that Noah built an Ark and put in it a male and female of every extant member of the animal kingdom and insect world, that all living beings except Noah, his family and his zoölogical and entomological collection were drowned and extinguished, and that the existing races of mankind are descended from the sons of Noah. Eight feet of sediment at Ur in no way clears

up or renders more credible this primitive fairy tale.

From the fact that archæology has revealed great towers in ancient Mesopotamia Mr. Gaebelein reasons that the story of the Tower of Babel may be true. What educated person during the last fifty years has ever doubted that there were great towers and hanging gardens in Babylon and Nineveh? Critics do not get distressed over the assertion that there may have been a big tower in ancient Mesopotamia. What they object to is the theory that a God great enough to stand behind the cosmos which we now know could have been jealous of puny man's architectural aspirations and have brought a particular building project to an ignominious end. Further, they oppose the basic facts of anthropology and philology to the biblical legend that the diverse languages of mankind may be traced back to the confusion of tongues at Babel. If God was distressed by the Tower of Babel, what can be His sentiments over the Chrysler and Empire State Buildings? Why has He refrained from striking dumb Walter Chrysler or Al Smith or from forcing them to babble henceforth in some uncouth and unheard of tongue?

Further, Mr. Gaebelein assures us that excavations in Palestine prove that the walls of Jericho fell. They most certainly did, or they would still be standing. But these excavations do not in any way prove that the walls fell as the result of any such primitive magical feat as that recorded in the Bible.

Mr. Gaebelein brings forth his ace relative to the rehabilitation of the Old Testament by assuring us that a single inconspicuous British archæologist has just vindicated through his excavations the authenticity of the Book of Daniel. Particularly it proves that there was a real Belshazzar. I have followed contemporary biblical criticism pretty carefully but I find no evidence that the scholars have modified their well established doctrine of the late date of the Book of Daniel which makes it quite impossible that the historical Daniel, if any, could have written it. Nor is any historically informed person deeply moved to find that Belshazzar may have lived. It has always been taken for granted on the basis of plenty of conventional evidence that he was an historic figure. Indeed, free-thinking historians like Breasted have even included his name in the school textbooks on ancient history. Moreover, in those days kings were wont to summon magicians, prophets, and other necromancers for advice and counsel. It is highly likely that Belshazzar may have summoned Daniel or some other adept in the occult. But all of this in no way helps in reëstablishing Daniel as the author of the book attributed to him, or demonstrates the authenticity of his prowess in hypnotizing lions, or validates the asbestos-like qualities of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

Quite logically for an evangelical exponent, Mr. Gaebelein insists that the historicity of the New Testament is much more important than the accuracy of the Old. Of overwhelming consequence is the absolute historic validity of the New Testament account of Christ's existence,

life, teachings, miracles, death and resurrection from the dead. Against the mountain of critical evidence gathered in the years between Reimarus and Loisy Mr. Gaebelein cites four items. In the Eighteenth Century a skeptic was converted to the orthodox view of the resurrection. In 1930 this happened again, and the author of the Twentieth Century book challenged his readers to tell who rolled away the stone from the tomb of Jesus and to explain the empty tomb. Sir William Ramsay says that Luke is a reliable historian, and the historicity of the Marcan narrative is "admitted."

As Mr. Gaebelein in this very section once more calls upon his readers to give heed only to "solid facts," he can not object if we bring forward a few of these facts relative to the New Testament and the Jesus question. In the first place, neither West in the Eighteenth nor Morison in the Twentieth Century have any reputation as careful scholars in the field of history or biblical criticism. Further, West could not have known any of the more relevant facts which have upset the orthodox view of the resurrection — whether psychological, biological or historical.

The plain fact is that it is quite impossible to cite conclusive historical evidence that Jesus ever lived at all. Personally, I believe that he did, but greater savants than either Mr. Gaebelein or myself have gone over all the available evidence with honesty and candor and have come to the conclusion that he was a mythical figure. Certainly, the case against his historicity can not be dismissed in the summary and cavalier fashion of Shirley Jackson Case in his otherwise excellent book on Jesus.

Let us grant freely that Jesus lived. What do we know about him that would measure up to the standards of accuracy which we would require for an account of George Washington? To avoid any suspicion let us repeat here the specific statement on this point by a very reputable and devout recent student of the Jesus problem, the late Robert Keable. He admitted that we do not have enough fully substantiated historical knowledge about Jesus to write a three-line obituary notice in the London *Times*. This is a fair appraisal of the actual facts, and the opponents of Jesus's historicity would question even these three lines. Hence, all the vast volumes about Jesus's life, teachings, mission and the like have been based almost exclusively upon folklore, myth, legend, forgery and wishful thinking. It is hard to found a valid book of six hundred pages on three lines of authentic text.

What about the "historicity" of Mark and Luke? Neither of these men was an eye-witness of the activities of Jesus recounted in the work attributed to him. There is a possibility that Mark took down some of his material in the form of dictation from Peter when the latter was a garrulous old man, but we must recall that Peter's reputation for veracity was not too good even before the death of his Master. Yet if Mark did capture some of Peter's reminiscences, certainly much of his book was composed of pure legend and myth which had accumulated in the generation that had elapsed after the death of Jesus. To be sure,

the gospels of Mark and Luke are historic, using this adjective in its broadest and most generic sense, but so is Parson Weems's life of Washington. Indeed, Weems was in a far better position to know about Washington than was Mark or Luke to give us an account of Jesus. The burden of proof would certainly lie on Mr. Gaebelein to show that Parson Weems is not much more reliable an authority on Washington than are the writers of the Synoptic Gospels in regard to Jesus. It is not necessary to take the advanced position that all the Gospels were deliberate forgeries of the Church, though it is certainly true that this assertion is far more defensible than Mr. Gaebelein's conception of the Synoptic Gospels as substantial historical narratives of a high order.

I am not at all happy about such facts. While I do not attribute the same importance to Jesus as does Mr. Gaebelein, yet as an historian I would welcome the existence of a whole row of volumes containing Jesus's authentic published sermons and lectures, together with reminiscences and memories of his life and teachings by scores of reliable and reputable eye-witnesses. But, unfortunately, all we have is the material for the three-line obituary notice, and the real radicals would even steal this away from us.

Mr. Gaebelein complains that among the liberal writers "the orthodox view of the atonement is lampooned as a horrible doctrine savoring of the slaughter-house and the dark days of barbarism." He is quite right about our attitude here, but I see no reason for altering our position. The only difficulty is to discover words strong enough to condemn so crude and savage a notion, and one so utterly lacking in logic in its background. To the evidence of biblical history and criticism we may now add that from contemporary astrophysics. This material completely obliterates the probability that the God of the galaxy of galaxies of galaxies would send His only begotten Son to our microscopic little planet to die as a penalty exacted because of the sins of our first parents, due to an utterly arbitrary and senseless proscription of the Deity. And Mr. Gaebelein must remember that, as an "evangelical" believer, he can not well abandon the orthodox view of the atonement.

Finally, Mr. Gaebelein objects very strenuously to the fact that some of us have pointed to certain of the passages of the Bible as obscene. He cites pages 174–5 of my *Twilight of Christianity*, and points to my reference to the woman taken in adultery and to the impregnation of Elizabeth by Gabriel. He does not hint for a moment that he has selected the two most innocent references from scores which I cite in these pages; yet, he assumes to question my "intellectual integrity" on this matter. But suppose we go to the mat with him on these two references alone. I have never said that I personally regard these passages or any of the others which I cite as "obscene." What I said and will repeat is that such passages as these are obscene according to the standards which the Christians have set up for testing that word and its implications in American society. Theodore Dreiser's *American Tragedy*

was banned in Boston and a man served a term in prison for selling it. But there is nothing in that book more "obscene" than the biblical passages about the woman taken in adultery or the exploit of Gabriel. Further, no book banned in Boston in the last three years — short of privately printed *Erotica* — contains more "obscene" passages than the Bible as a whole. Let the doubtful consult my very incomplete exhibit. If the same standards were applied to the Bible that are applied to secular books by the Christian censors, it would never get by the Watch and Ward Society or Mr. John S. Sumner.

Let Mr. Gaebelein clearly understand that Messrs. Darrow, Mencken, Nathan, Lewis, Dreiser and myself have no objections whatever to these obscene passages. We only point out that they should be reprehensible to Christians and that the Christians are hardly fair in going to the Bible to gain ammunition for their censorship campaign. Live and let live would be a better slogan for them.

THOUGH for the most part a disciple of Plotinus and Paul, Mr. Gaebelein makes at least one bow before the altar of William James and John Dewey. In his testing of Christianity he becomes a pragmatist for the moment. "He evaluates his faith to a considerable extent on the fact that it works."

Mr. Gaebelein gets on pretty shaky ground here. If Christianity is to be judged by its success, then Mohammedanism must be accorded first place. In spite of the fact that it has had to work under a handicap of seven centuries' delay in getting under way, Mohammedanism can count more converts today than the Christians. Moreover, it has won back the very areas in which Christianity had its birthplace. Likewise, Buddhism works with its millions. Mr. Gaebelein is a Protestant Christian, but he can not deny that Catholic Christianity works with many more millions than the Protestants can claim. Anglican Christianity works. So does Christian Science. So, indeed, does atheism. The militant atheists are so full of enthusiasm about their godless religion that they are almost as much of a nuisance in their proselyting zeal as the evangelical cohorts. If Christianity has made many believers supremely happy, it has also rendered millions of others extremely miserable. It has promoted fear, persecution, witchcraft, inquisitions, incredible tortures, intolerance, psychic intimidation, wars, avarice and other untold horrors. In support of this indictment I would not ask Mr. Gaebelein to read any non-Christian writers. Let him look in *Jesus or Christianity*, written by Kirby Page, himself a distinguished and talented evangelical clergyman.

Mr. Gaebelein denounces us freethinkers because "conversion is made synonymous with 'hit-the-trail' methods of high pressure revivalism, or else confused with psychological complexes." Certainly the skeptics can not be accused of having introduced evangelism into Christianity. I have never known of any evangelical clergyman who objected to welcoming into his fold those who had been brought to Jesus along the sawdust route by

Billy Sunday, Gipsy Smith *et al.* Moreover, the growing indifference to religion on the part of the younger generation is likely to make high-power evangelistic methods more necessary than ever in the future. No literate person can well object to psychological researches into the mechanisms of religious conversion. The two Americans who have done the most to popularize the newer psychological conceptions of conversion have been clergymen, Everett Dean Martin and W. S. Swisher.

Mr. Gaebelein also complains that we are not sufficiently appreciative of the heroic labors of foreign missionaries in behalf of civilization and progress. Now I would be the first to admit and admire the personal devotion and bravery of the thousands of men and women who have left happy and comfortable homes to sacrifice all comforts and safety among savages in remote parts of the world. This is one matter. To approve of their aims and results is quite another.

As long as one believed implicitly in the Christian Epic, had no doubt of a literal future life, accepted the stark alternatives of Heaven and Hell, and thought that all infidels would perish miserably in brimstone, then missionary enterprise could be justified as a most noble and worth while career. If one rejects the belief in the soul and the future life, most of the justification for the conversion of the heathen disappears. Missionary enterprise has to be vindicated, if at all, on the basis of its incidental contributions to social and intellectual progress.

The new picture, then, is quite different. In the first place, if missionary activity is to be judged by its secular contributions rather than by its religious achievements, then the question may be asked, why missionaries? Why not leave the work to secular medical, educational and sociological foundations which can devote themselves directly and with singleness of purpose to secular activities? In the second place, many of the social by-products of missionary zeal have been an unmitigated disaster to natives on a lower plane of culture and living in a quite different climate from the original habitats of their missionary leaders. Missionary ideals of purity, modesty, clothing and the like have contributed enormously to the moral debasement and the hygienic jeopardy of the natives. Such horrible notions as modesty and immodesty, "nice" and not "nice," sin, guilt and the like have been introduced for the first time by missionaries. It is doubtful if St. Paul or Anthony Comstock is a safe guide for simple natives living in the South Seas or central Africa. Some of the conceptions of "right living" introduced among natives by missionaries have been hygienically nearly as devastating as the plagues and famines to which these peoples are subjected.

MR. GAEBELEIN winds up by assuring us that "the intelligent evangelical is a much more tolerant person than his caricaturists realize." I have no knowledge which would lead me to doubt the urbanity of Mr. Gaebelein. But the relevant question is how far this frame of mind extends to his fellow-believers. It is undeniable that from the evangelical hosts are recruited

the Kluxers, the censors, the purists, the Prohibitionists, the anti-evolutionists, the lynchers and the like. As a group, the evangelicals are aggressively intolerant. From "The Menace" to Mabel they have denounced the Catholics. They war on modernism within their own organization. Witness the ousting of Dr. Fosdick by the Presbyterians, perhaps the best educated of the evangelical groups. Indeed, the Presbyterians hardly admit their evangelical character. And the vote ousting Dr. Fosdick was a vote of the clergy, not of the congregations. If one is inclined to accept without question Mr. Gaebelein's assertion relative to the urbane and tolerant character of the evangelical clergy he may be referred to Rev. Dr. A. C. Dieffenbach's *Religious Liberty*, a very authoritative clinical study of that very subject. Or, better yet, let one consult the works of the aggressive leaders of evangelical Christianity: L. W. Munhall, John Roach Straton, J. Gresham Machen, J. C. Massee, Mark A. Matthews, William B. Riley, "Two-gun" J. Frank Norris and the like. Or let him look over the reviews of my *Twilight of Christianity* by even Modernist clerics.

Not only is the typical evangelical intolerant of liberalism within the fold. He is fiercely arrayed against evolutionism and other hellish doctrines from without. As a sample of this we may cite the statement of the eminent Edward Young Clarke relative to the evangelical attitude towards evolution: "In another two years, from Maine to California and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, there will be lighted in this country countless bonfires, devouring those damnable and detestable books on evolution." Dr. Stewart G. Cole's excellent recent *History of Fundamentalism* gives a splendid account of the militant intolerance of evangelical Christianity both within the Church and against the enemy from without.

This same material will also answer the charge which Mr. Gaebelein makes that we liberals are caricaturing a straw man when we attack the evangelical Christian. Well, the best test of that is to read the works of the evangelical leaders. If anything which Mencken has ever said about the evangelicals is half as damning as the very words of Riley, Machen, Massee, Matthews, Munhall, Straton, Bryan, Norris, and their less vocal brethren, then I shall confess defeat. Any charges which can not be amply proved to the very hilt out of the very mouths of the orthodox leaders may well be abandoned by their critics.

I will close with the categorical assertion that, no matter how much personal happiness we may wish on any evangelical clergyman, there is not one single item in the complex of beliefs of the orthodox Christian which can in any way be harmonized with the rudiments of modern scientific, historical and critical knowledge. It is the privilege of the orthodox believer to defy, ignore or even ridicule science. But he will make little headway when he tries to crawl into the shadow, not only of the cross but of the test-tube and telescope as well.

Southern Town

By Sara Haardt

Sketches

Old Captain Noah Davis was always saying what he'd do to the damned Yankees if he ever met them face to face again. He'd beat them down like dogs and stomp them in the dust. He'd knock their hard heads clean off their shoulders until they cracked like rotten oranges. He'd rip their guts to ribbons and hang them on a crab-apple tree. That was how he got his nickname Die-Hard at the Soldiers' Home, at Jellico. He'd fight as long as he had a leg to stand on.

He got so bad he became the town show. Children gaped at him from behind the sweet shrub bushes in the yard and ran away screeching "Goddam-yankee" at the top of their lungs. A young man in a brown sack coat came over from Atlanta to take a picture of him for the paper. It was published in the Sunday supplement under the caption, "Calls His Countrymen Traitors." For a week afterward the letter column was filled with protests from citizens in the neighboring States saying that if somebody didn't shut Old Captain Davis up the damned Yankees would stop buying factory sites, and there would be more hard times in Georgia.

Finally, the president of the Chamber of Commerce of Atlanta and the chairman of the Boosters' League of Parksville got together and made Captain Die-Hard Davis an offer. He was to become caretaker of the old Parksville burying-ground, where the Confederate and Union soldiers lay buried on opposite sides of the railroad cut, at a salary of a hundred dollars a month. All he had to do was to see that dogs didn't dig up the graves and to direct the few straggling visitors past the gates.

The veterans at Jellico muttered dubiously.

"I wish I wus within a mile o' there when some Yankee son uv a gun asks Die-Hard to show him the Yank graveyard."

"Die-Hard jes' as soon beat a knot on his head as look at him!"

"Die-Hard's been layin' fur a chance like this. He's good to kill him."

The Parksville burying-ground was a good two miles from town. Tall Johnson grass and thorny bitter weeds grew in the gullies around it, weeds even thrust wiry prongs over the crumbling marble slabs in the family lots. It wasn't a likely place for visitors. Even Yankee sons of guns.

But Old Captain Die-Hard Davis waited by the gate in his Confederate gray, like a picket on guard, ready for them. His suit was frayed but he wore his sword, and his sword was shining. People said he wore a pistol too, and he often took a long shot at the curs that scurried down the gulley. He popped 'em off like flies. It looked like hell for the Yankees.

One morning in May, when the ladies of the U. D. C. were decorating the Confederate graves for Memorial Day, a strange car pulled up at the gate. "Is this the Parksville cemetery?" the driver called. He was a stoutish man, with small red-rimmed eyes. He wore a pair of goggles with yellow panes, the kind sold in drug-stores to cross-country tourists.

"It ain't nothin' else," answered Junior Purefoy who had come out to help his mother stick Confederate flags on the soldiers' graves.

"Pull ovah, pull ovah!" yelled Captain Die-Hard Davis. He always ordered automobiles about as if they were mule teams. "Cleah the road, cleah the road!"

The man stepped out of the car and walked briskly over to where Captain Die-Hard stood by the gate. There were two ladies with him, their hats muffled in brown veils.

"Are you the sexton?"

The ladies of the U. D. C., and their helpers inside the gate, drew together in a little circle and waited. The man's *r*'s still echoed in a mounting blasphemy. He was a Yankee of the most vicious type, small but quick and wiry, assured, prosperous.

"I'm all the sexton there is." Captain Die-Hard Davis reared up, and his sword flashed in the sun. The ladies' bosoms fluttered as a kind of passion burst deep within them. There, in the transparent May sunlight, stood Captain Die-Hard Davis's Yankee flirting with death. One thrust of his frayed gray arm and —

"Could you direct me to the Union cemetery? Hethcox is my name. I am looking for my father's grave."

Captain Die-Hard Davis shook his fist above Mr. Hethcox's head. His voice rolled out like the Central of Georgia thundering through the cut:

"The Yanks they came in numerous bands;
To free our niggers an' steal our lands;
But yon small mounds mark the spot
Of all the land the damn Yanks got!"

Across the yard of space that divided them his gray arm wavered. "Ovah yonder, ovah yonder, Mr. Hethcox. Look out for the cocklebuhs, ladies. They stick like graybacks on a Yank mule!"

II

WHEN she was a girl, just after the Civil War, Miss Julie Abernathy was called the Camellia of Alabama, because her skin was as satiny white as the petals of the camellias she wore in her golden hair. Miss Julie knew that she was beautiful. She liked to sit before her rosewood courting mirror, practising butterfly gestures, dropping her lace handkerchief, fluttering a gay farewell with it, unpinning the camellia at her throat for a stricken suitor. No matter what she did, she radiated the air of an incomparable belle.

Her true beau lover would come riding one day, a dashing cavalier

with a lovely curly beard and gold spurs, like General J. E. B. Stuart! She could be sweet to the sad young men who courted her so desperately until then. She would smile at them softly, and coquettishly proffer them bon bons from the beribboned boxes they ordered specially from New Orleans for her; but never would she marry one! The very young ones, who had escaped the war, were too callous, too innocent of the past in their free jocosities; the older ones who had somehow missed the war possessed only the most negative virtues, with often a doubtful military record; a few soldiers had returned, jaundiced, crippled, with bandaged stumps for arms and legs that had caused little shivers to run up her spine. No, no, no!

They couldn't all be dead, dead and as cold as stone, beneath the fields of Shiloh and the Wilderness! She would smile her soft smile and wait, thank you. "Do have another bon bon!" Sweets to the sweet!

But years passed, and the only hoofbeats on the roads were those of the carpetbaggers clattering by on their dirty business, and though she still wore her air of smiles, she slyly moistened the scarlet cloth poppies off an old garden hat and rubbed them on her faded cheeks. She no longer practised butterfly gestures before her rosewood courting mirror but stared with the fevered eyes of danger at the fine net of wrinkles that was faintly visible in her satiny skin. She tried using liquid powder but it caked distressingly, and left the wrinkles exposed like tiny valleys.

Now her coquetry seemed the compensatory gestures of an old maid. She no longer wore camellias in her hair but carried one stiffly in her hand, the stem wrapped in a piece of tinfoil saved from the boxes of bon bons. Yet she was still lovely in the dusk of her garden and she still had admirers. It had become a tradition for the young men of Parksville to call on her when they started courting, and there was always one who lingered until the next one came along.

Then, suddenly, the first year of the boll weevil, Miss Julie developed an eating cancer in her left breast. She whispered it to Dr. Grady Trapp — because he was her third cousin — and Dr. Trapp cut it away; but it would come back again in five years. Maybe in her right breast or her stomach or under her arms — some place. An eating cancer was a mean thing. But even if it didn't come back, it had ruined Miss Julie's looks. She lay there, in the white enameled hospital bed, her face and neck and arms a shocking bilious green.

She was definitely an old maid now, her last butterfly gesture fixed into a distressing habit of constantly raising and contracting her eyebrows. She said the ether had caused it. It was the ether that had turned her complexion green too. She spoke calmly but within there was a nameless tumult.

Of all the young men who used to court her only Luther Hicks remained. He was a rat-faced young man who slouched in a shambling gait instead of riding in the cavalry. He was of undersize, and nobody ever asked him how he made a living because something in his rat face, his queer bloodshot eyes, forbade it. When Miss Julie said she

was going to marry him, even Creola Vickers, the mulatto sewing woman, laughed. But she didn't laugh long.

Miss Julie had Creola come to her the first week in June and make a white satin wedding dress with a flowing veil. It had seed pearls stitched on the waist in the design of a camellia, and when Miss Julie tried it on she acted like a girl of sixteen primping for her first beau. Her marriage to Luther, she said, would change everything. Only marriage could make her beautiful again. It would curl her hair into golden ringlets, smooth the wrinkles out of her greenish skin. On her wedding day she carried a bouquet of camellias, and tucked two of them in her hair as she had worn them as a girl. Was there ever a bride who wasn't beautiful?

In her veils, in the flickering candlelight of the church, she *did* seem lovely; but back in her house, before her rosewood courting mirror, she looked old — older than she had ever seemed: the dead white satin dress accentuated the greenish pallor of her skin, and the veil had bound her thin hair to her head in damp strings. It came to her now, with a choking bitterness, that she was not only old but eighteen years older than Luther Hicks. Then another and more shocking thought gripped her — Luther, with his shambling ways, his rat face, didn't love her! And never had. Slowly she undid Creola's invisible fastenings and locked the white satin dress in a drawer with sprigs of lavender.

Luther went down to Florida on a business trip that September. Months passed, and he didn't come back. Miss Julie seemed at once hurt and uncomprehending. She never spoke his name again. All she asked, she said, was to die. The thought of death was sweet, sweet. When she was laid out in her white satin dress, she would be the bride of death, with the carved lovely face of her girlhood. The Camellia of Alabama!

She prayed for the eating cancer to come back. But the cancer didn't come back. Years passed, and her greenish skin hung in pouches on her body, her breath stank like the weeds at the bottom of Blue Cat Pond. She sat all day in a goose-neck rocker in her bedroom, rocking gently, gently, as old mammies used to rock babies in their cribs. As she dozed off she dreamed of lying in her white satin dress in her coffin in the drawing room below, while a slow procession of beautiful girls dropped flowers in a sacrificial pile around her. The bosoms of the beautiful young girls rose and fell sharply in envy as they drew near — death, the great sculptor, the great artist, had mocked them in their beauty. She was more lovely than the loveliest of them, she was more lovely than the camellias that covered her in a fragrant pall. Miss Julie Abernathy, ladies and gentleman. The Camellia of Alabama!

One afternoon, in late October, when old Aunt Penny brought up her cup of tea, she couldn't wake her. Miss Julie sat dozing with half-closed eyes; the goose-neck rocker was still rocking, gently, gently, but she was stone dead. Aunt Penny lifted her up and laid her on the bed. She was already cold to the touch.

Dr. Grady Trapp rode out from town in his new roadster and signed the death certificate. He waited in the drawing room, while the under-

takers carried their long black satchels up the stairs, and tiptoed down again.

"I'll tell you how it is, doctor," the younger one said in his hushed professional voice; "sometimes we can fix 'em up to look real nat'rel, if the family lets us have a free hand. The undertakin' business has seen a big change in the last ten years, an' we give 'em as good service as any. But you take a case like Miss Julie, doctor —"

"We know you're the only family connection Miss Julie had, doctor," the older one interposed, "an' you know Miss Julie's been sick a mighty long time. We can't promise you much in the way of re*sults*, doctor, but we'll do the best we can. Yessuh! We'll do the best we can!"

III

OLD Captain Zack Fuller used to stop people on the street and tell them about the time he cheated the damned Yankees out of his military button. It seems that on the twenty-ninth of April, 1866, General Grant's Government passed a law saying that after the tenth of May if any ex-Confederate officer appeared in the streets wearing his uniform with the military buttons, he should be compelled by the local Union guard to cut them off; if he persisted in wearing them he was to be arrested and locked in jail, where rebels had rotted before him. That would settle him!

Captain Zack Fuller's comrades cut off their own buttons, or laboriously covered them with cloth, but Captain Zack said he'd be God-dammed if any Yankee Government was going to strip him of his personal property. On the eleventh of May, he marched down the street with every brass button shining like a diminutive sun. There was a blackguard of a Yankee officer standing on the corner under a catalpa tree and he walked deliberately past him.

"Hey, sir-r-r," the Yankee called. "Halt, sir-r-r!"

"Halt, hell!" answered Captain Zack in a voice of thunder but he paused in front of the Yankee and gave him a bitter look.

The Yankee fumbled apologetically with his sword. "It ain't my law, sir-r-r," he said, "but I got to cut them buttons off."

"All right, all right," muttered Captain Zack, "you whack 'em off. But, so help me God, when you've whacked the last one you'll wonder what struck you. If the right hand of God don't smite you down then I'm a blackleg Republican!"

The Yankee drew his sword. Its blade was razor sharp and he nipped the buttons off Captain Zack's sleeves neatly; but when he came to the double row down the front of his coat his hand shook. "These is the General's orders," he said hoarsely, "all I kin do is to ex-e-cute 'em."

"All right, all right," threatened Captain Zack, "you ex-e-cute 'em an' so help me Jesus the Lord'll execute you!"

The Yankee sawed away clumsily while the buttons rained down like chinquapins in a windstorm but when he came to the last gleaming one on the front of Captain Zack's coat he faltered. "That'll do for you, that'll do for you," he waved him away.

But Old Captain Zack planted his feet firmly on the ground and shook

his beard in his face. "Go ahead, go ahead, by Jesus, and let the Lord take a whack at you!"

The Yankee shrugged uncomfortably. "Keep the darned button. I wouldn't take it for Old Tecumseh himself. Keep the darned button!"

Captain Zack had kept it all right. As long as he lived he wore it on the front of his gray uniform. He stopped people on the street and pointed to it with his long index finger, while he recited the story of the Yankee lout. And when he died he left word that he should be buried in it, uniform and all.

There was a vault built on one side of the railroad cut in the Parksville burying-ground, where the Ku Klux met after the War, and Captain Zack commanded that his body be placed inside it in a metallic casket with a glass top, so that visitors could look down upon him in his old gray uniform with its one shining button, and recall the perfidy of the Yankee dogs. Every Sunday, the year after he died, people flocked to the burying-ground, and waited in line to see him. Old Captain Die-Hard Davis marshalled them out at dark with the butt of his gun, bawling at them until his voice drowned the roar of the Central of Georgia hurtling over the rails from Waycross.

The walls of the vault were gray with mold, and were covered with initials and Bible verses. "Jesus Wept" . . . "Prepare To Meet Your God" . . . "God Is Love." Light filtered in from the grating above and fell directly upon the glass top of the casket, but it had the strange quality of a shadow that was merely lighter than the dark of the room. It showed Old Captain Zack Fuller stretched at full length in his gray uniform with his one brass button gleaming like an eery eye. The skin had tightened over his skull in the months he had lain there, and the visitors who saw him regularly said his beard had grown a full inch, but he was remarkably preserved.

Then, one evening as he was shutting up, Old Captain Die-Hard Davis noticed a purplish splotch on his right cheek. He kept the visitors out for a week, under the pretext that the vault was being repaired, and sure enough the splotch spread until his face was as black as a crow's. Captain Die-Hard talked it over with his comrades from the Soldiers' Home.

"This ain't goin' to do," he told them, "he's turned blacker than any nigger. It ain't goin' to do atall for him to be layin' there to all intents an' purposes a Goddammed nigger in a Confederate uniform!"

When the visitors demanded to see Captain Zack after that he told them that the lock had rusted, and he was waiting for the locksmith to come out from town to fix it. People said he had thrown the key down the railroad cut, but after a while, with new industries springing up in Parksville every day, they forgot all about it and Captain Die-Hard Davis himself had been dead and buried for long years before they remembered Captain Zack Fuller and his button again.

A new sexton had discovered the key to the vault among some old papers belonging to the burying-ground, and had opened it and looked at Captain Zack. There he lay, his face as gray as his uniform, a strange chalky gray that looked as if

he had been sculptured out of ashes; and there was his button on his coat, gleaming dully, an eery eye in the darkness.

People came out from Parksville in droves, they parked their cars in the railroad cut and clambered up the incline, breathless and curious. It was April, the air was sweet with the perfume of honeysuckle and jasmine, and they made an outing of it, strewing the paper wrappings from their picnic lunches along the paths.

Some of them had come every day for a week. Among them was a tall boy named Willie Bender with a pale coffin-shaped face and a popped stare. He had worked at the Owl drug-store for a while but the manager had discharged him for reading from a book under the counter during working hours. He not only read but he collected curious objects, old coins and rocks and war relics, which he methodically labelled and locked in an old china closet at home. Afterwards, people remembered seeing him pawing over the trash in the junk piles along the river but all they remarked about him at the moment was his fascination for Old Captain Zack's button, and his long sharp fingernails that tapped the sides of the casket like a woodpecker testing for rotten wood.

On this particular Sunday in April he took his place in the line of visitors and moved slowly along with them. The man in front of him noticed that he bit his nails impatiently, but aside from that, he was utterly composed. All around them the sun sifted down in a dusty gold and birds called softly. It was a Sunday, like Easter, when the perfume of flowers mingled with the earthy wind from the graves.

Inside the vault it was dark after the sunshine. But the boy Willie Bender did not falter. He walked straight up to the casket where Old Captain Zack Fuller lay in his gray uniform, and with a sudden swoop, struck the glass with his sharp fingernails. There was a hissing sound as the air rushed in; he grabbed the button on Captain Zack's breast and tore down the hill.

Not a soul stirred after him. They stood there, as if they were rooted to the damp ground, staring in a pitiful bewilderment at the little piles of gray dust where Captain Zack Fuller had lain.

Judicious Liberty

By Chester T. Crowell

How zoning works

Back in the dark ages before we were introduced to Woodrow Wilson and the New Freedom, I was reading law. At that time there was a funny story with a moral that had long been current among Texas lawyers; and youngsters nibbling at Blackstone were certain to hear it. According to this story a boy from the remote reaches of the boll weevil belt came to town to take the bar examination and frankly confessed that his entire preparation consisted of memorizing the statutes. The chief examiner, according to the story, told him to go home and read another wheelbarrow-load of books, including the Constitution, because, "If you were admitted to the bar simply because you have memorized the statutes, the next Legislature could repeal all the law you know, and then where would you be?" This rated as a very, very funny story, and positively owlish for wisdom. I got the point at once and gave a great deal of attention to the fundamentals. They were not going to repeal the sort of law I learned. No, sir! But just the same they have been doing it for twenty years. Whole fists full of the Constitution, as it was taught to me, have been repealed.

Nowadays we are accustomed to the citation of strange laws and still stranger court decisions relating to the prohibition of alcoholic beverages to prove that the Constitution is being undermined. These are, of course, the most startling examples; but the same trend is manifest in realms that are utterly unrelated to moral or uplift legislation. Not only the nature of our Government but our conception of basic law is undergoing a remarkable and rapid evolution. To discuss this subject and use as examples any of the noble experiments flowing from that school of thought which proclaims I-am-my-brother's-keeper as the root of all law is apparently a waste of time. Such argument merely bounces off sturdy emotional resistance without reaching the cerebrum of the listener. Let us then discuss the popular plan for making urban communities better and more beautiful places in which to live — the plan that is called zoning.

The purpose back of this scheme is, of course, excellent. Therefore you are expected to overlook the fact that it introduces an entirely new and raucously revolutionary theory with regard to land titles. Briefly this theory is that the public has a

right to limit, abridge, and regulate your use of your land in spite of the fact that you may have bought it twenty years ago and hold it in fee simple. Not only may you be told that you can not maintain a boarding and rooming house or a filling station on it this year, but later the regulation can be changed. In fact it can be changed repeatedly.

Still more amazing to a senile dodderer like myself, who studied law twenty-five years ago, is the fact that the first legislation authorizing zoning was passed by municipalities without even the slight gesture of asking State legislatures for the authority. That would have been necessary even if the plan had been constitutional, which it absolutely was not. Moreover many of the municipalities which first passed such legislation are in New York and New Jersey, States that are fairly littered with law schools and cluttered with lawyers. The early efforts at zoning were resisted in the courts — by Bolsheviks no doubt — and before much progress could be made it was necessary to go to the State legislatures and obtain enabling acts. These have been obtained in ever-increasing numbers and now zoning is merrily on its way. The fact that it is as plain an example of retroactive legislation as one could hope to find seems not to have obstructed progress. All constitutions prohibit retroactive legislation, even the weird Constitution of Mexico, and for a very sound reason. If it did not the Legislature could convene next week and make a felony of something you did last year or annul a lawful contract into which you entered last month.

All land titles are, of course, limited by the superior title of the State, but in civilized countries this has always meant that the State, for good reason, could take your land away from you by paying for it. The basic objection to zoning is that it takes away a part of your title and doesn't pay you for your loss. Again let us remind ourselves that the purpose is excellent. And let us not overlook the fact that it would be very difficult, though not impossible, to accomplish zoning constitutionally. But the good work has now gone far enough unconstitutionally — that is, as we senile dodderers of forty learned the Constitution — for us to see just what comes of such short cuts.

PERHAPS it would be advisable first to examine a typical zoning law, in order that we may get an idea of the complexity of the task it undertakes to discharge. Here is one in force in a city of New York State with a population of about one hundred thousand. Its main provisions have created seven Use Districts for the city: Industrial, Commercial, Business "A," Business "B," Multi-Family Residence, Two-Family Residence and Single-Family Residence. In the first four certain specified business uses are allowed, in addition to the residential uses of the other three. The Multi-Family Residence District, besides the uses in the other residential districts, permits apartment houses, hotels, private clubs (with certain limitations as to kind), private or philanthropic institutions (also with limitations), hospitals and sanitariums (again with limitations). The Two-Family Residence Use District permits only those

uses allowed in the Single Family Residence District plus two-family dwellings and boarding houses and "community houses," provided no more than six dwellings, with party walls, are erected in a single group. And the Single Family Residence District prohibits all uses except for single family dwellings, churches, schools, railway rights of way, railway stations, athletic fields, farming, nursery and truck gardening.

Thus, by a process of continuous exclusion, we come to a district or zone where practically every use open to the individual land owner is prohibited, excepting that of residential use for a single family.

But the law doesn't stop at zoning for use. There are regulations as to the height of buildings which may be erected, varying in different zones from thirty-five feet to a fixed multiple of the width of the streets on which the property abuts. Other regulations relate to "Housing Density," under which one owner's property can be built upon only for the occupancy of a single family, while another owning a similar area may build for as many families as he can find room for. There are special regulations as to where garages may be built, and under what conditions the family may take in a lodger, and a provision requiring that the police must be admitted "at all reasonable times" to any building "whether already erected or in course of erection," for the purpose of determining whether or not the provisions of this ordinance are being complied with.

There is a provision in this law, as it was finally adopted, that the minimum plot on which a house may be located in a certain zone shall contain four thousand three hundred and fifty square feet, and if a family having only this minimum wishes to take in "paying roomers or lodgers," six hundred and fifty square feet of additional land must be provided for each one. There is a fine of one hundred and fifty dollars or thirty days' imprisonment for violation of any provisions of the act, and also for refusing to admit the police or other enforcement officers to search for violations.

Thus *all* households are subject to entry and search on suspicion of keeping a lodger without having the required amount of land, with a fine or imprisonment as the penalty if admission is denied to the searcher, and a like penalty if a roomer or lodger is found and the land area is insufficient.

A boarder, in the ordinary meaning of the word, is objectionable to the point of attempted exclusion, for boarding houses are entirely barred from this zone, together with other things, among them "any process omitting dust, odor, gas, fumes, noise or vibration comparable in character or in aggregate amount to that of any use specified in Paragraphs 1 to 15, inclusive" of Subsection C, of Section 10 of this Act. It is only fair to add that the latter are excluded from many zones, while the boarder is free to live anywhere except in "Residence S-1."

Another paragraph, however, permits paying roomers or lodgers to live in this area, under the condition as to land above cited, and still another says that "table board may be furnished" therein.

Thus, although one who acknowledges that he is a "boarder" is ex-

cluded from certain districts, he may be able to get in by claiming to be a "table boarder" under one paragraph and a "paying roomer or lodger" under another, if the six hundred and fifty square feet of additional land is provided for him by the owner of the premises. If not, out he must go, and the householder who took him in may be fined or imprisoned.

Under the heading of "Variances" there are nineteen clauses setting forth the conditions under which variations, or changes in the provisions of the law may be made by a board which the Act provides for, to hear applications from owners who wish to be relieved of all, or a part of the burdens imposed upon them by the law. It would be hard to find a change which is not authorized by some one of these nineteen clauses.

I MAY be wrong but it seemed to me as I waded through those numerous clauses, sections, paragraphs, and sub-sections that the job was a trifle complex. Others have evidently reached the same conclusion and at least a few have found ways to simplify their individual problems. Changes of zone boundaries have frequently been made amid charges of bribery, and in at least one instance reported by the daily newspapers of the city in question a zone boundary was changed for the avowed purpose of influencing votes. According to the newspapers a special meeting of the city council had been called and a parcel of land was removed from a zone permitting a certain type of apartment house, and placed in one which permitted its use for private dwellings only. This was done on petition of an adjoining property owner who had established his home there with knowledge that he was locating in a zone in which apartments were authorized by the law. When the alderman of the ward was reproached for making this change, his answer was that had he refused the request, he would have lost the votes of the interested parties and their friends at the next election. He made the further excuse that the mayor of the city had "passed the buck to him" by telling the petitioner, when he asked how the change could be effected, that all he needed to do was to get the alderman of his ward to introduce the necessary resolution and it would be passed as a routine matter under the comity rule which prevails in aldermanic boards, and that he (the mayor) would sign it, and the desired result would be accomplished regardless of the objection of the owner of the neighboring property, who, it happened, was a non-resident and consequently had no political influence. The change was obtained in exactly this manner, without regard to the loss to the owner of the property which was thus suddenly deprived of the use which the law had previously allocated to it.

That such power has been used in a scandalous manner in some places, and in a manner to disturb the natural and normal growth of the community in others, can be no surprise to any thinking person. As far back as four or five years ago, the *Searchlight*, the official organ of the Citizens' Union of New York, declared that the zoning law had become "almost the football of politics." At that time the reputed price

for which a variation permitting a garage or filling station in a prohibited district could be obtained was five hundred dollars. It now costs as much as ten thousand dollars, according to testimony given in a recent law suit. This testimony caused two separate investigations by Federal and county prosecuting attorneys and these have led to one indictment.

HOWEVER, it is not the purpose of this article to dwell upon the scandals which are, and always will be attached to zoning, but to call attention to the arrogance of the law itself. If the theory of zoning is sound, it should be possible for experts and local officials to allocate a use to each section of a community which would require no variation. Why is it necessary to provide for changes of allocation, and why should they so frequently begin almost immediately after adoption of the law?

The answer, I suspect, is that no law of this nature will work satisfactorily until it bestows upon its administrators not only power but omniscience. For them to understand the present conditions in their community is not sufficient. They must be able to forecast the future as well. But while they deliberate, however honestly, the future becomes the present and proves all factions wrong. If the chosen use is not the best use for all time, how can any apportionment of it to a part of a city, or to a particular parcel of land, by law, be just or fair, or for the best interest either of the landowner, or of the community? Zoning gives no real protection even to those who seek it as a means for keeping their neighborhoods exclusive; nevertheless in many cases they abandon the certain security of deed restrictions for this protection which is so illusory.

How, then, it may be asked, shall a man protect himself when he has erected his house in surroundings that are agreeable to him, and finds that his enjoyment of it is threatened by some unpleasant, and even unsuitable use proposed for adjacent land? This is a fair question and worthy of a plain answer. In the first place, if a residence district is threatened with invasion by enterprises that will "emit dust, fumes, vibration, etc.," it already has a remedy at law. If by any chance it hasn't, it should correct the error immediately. Such nuisances can usually be stopped by injunction.

Next, many residence districts are already protected by clauses in the deeds. If they are not, or if it is desired to extend the restricted districts, the owners can give mutual guarantees and even incorporate these in their deeds. If they are already harassed by objectionable gasoline filling stations or fruitstands, they should buy them. They have no moral right to confiscate them by retroactive legislation; and they should have no such legal right, either. To accomplish zoning in this manner would cost more pains, but probably, in the long run, less money. Assuming that there is sound reason for marking out the exclusive residence district, upwards of ninety per cent of the persons in it should be already complying with the proposed restriction. In that case to buy out the others by apportioning the cost ought not to be too expensive. If it is, some doubt arises as to the soundness

of the proposed restricted district. In any case, however, to take a short cut in the form of confiscation is wrong. Which reminds me of the story of a pioneer Texas judge who was strongly urged, almost to the point of threats, to uphold an obviously unconstitutional statute born of hysteria. "If you don't sustain this law," shouted the advocate, "this state is going to hell." And the judge replied: "Well, if it does, while I'm on the bench, it will go according to law."

Examination of the attitude of the courts toward zoning discloses that they are disposed to apply the same "rule of reason" which the United States Supreme Court has adopted in construing the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. No point has yet been brought before the courts, since the enabling act was thought of, on which they have been disposed to set zoning legislation aside, but it has been announced in more than one decision that each zoning matter will be dealt with on its merits. This leaves a powerful instrument in the hands of the politicians with which to harass their enemies and reward their friends. However, it is not my intention to suggest that all zoning boards are venal, or influenced by political considerations in making their decisions. On the contrary, it is assumed that in the greater number of cases, these boards are composed of honest, informed men, sincerely desiring to make just decisions. Their handicap is that the great power given to them does not carry with it a grant of omniscience.

The authority they exercise must not be confused with that of a judge, charged with deciding according to the law and the facts, for they are given the power to say who must comply with the law, and who may be excused from its provisions. In New York City zoning changes are freely applied for, and frequently granted. Business interests of the highest character have asked for and been granted relief from the hampering restrictions of the law. Recently a vast street frontage on Park Avenue was changed from a residential to a business zone. A conservative estimate of the value of this land, of which the owners were deprived by the passage of the law, runs into millions. All of this value has been restored by a board acting under authority of the very law which took it away from the owners. No one can dispute that this property is suitable for business, but it was equally so when the law was adopted.

STRANGELY enough, although there has been legislation on this subject by thirty-nine States and more than five hundred municipalities, there has been almost no important public discussion of it, and such literature concerning it as is available is almost entirely of propagandist character. The ugliness of the gasoline filling station is a favorite subject of pro-zoning publicity and beyond question there is an oversupply of these stations. But there is also a war in progress for control of gasoline distribution and that is why we have too many stations. Millions beyond estimate are at stake in this war. That is one reason why venal politicians quite agree with civic bodies comprising our "better elements" that zoning is an excellent idea. It could play a part in the war.

For the rapid expansion of zoning much credit is due the United States Department of Commerce which has been issuing since 1916 inspirational pamphlets, setting forth its advantages, and explaining the details of procedure. One of these is entitled *A Zoning Primer* and under the heading, "What is Zoning?" appears the following juicy essay on Liberty:

> Zoning is the application of common sense and fairness to the public regulations governing the use of private real estate. It is a painstaking, honest effort to provide each district or neighborhood, as nearly as practicable, with *just such protection*, and *just such liberty*, as are sensible in *that particular district.*

(The italics are just as they appear in the pamphlet.)

The suggestion in the quoted paragraph that zoning is merely a change in existing public regulations with respect to the people's use of their land, is clearly disingenuous. That the Department at least suspected the absence of such public regulations, and no existing principle of law giving sanction to the property regulations contemplated by zoning, is shown in another part of this document; under the heading "Enabling Act" it advises as follows:

> Before any community undertakes zoning it must make sure that it has the power to pass a zoning ordinance. A general State enabling act passed by the State legislature is always desirable, and while the power to zone may, in some States, be derived from Constitutional, as distinguished from statutory, home rule, still it is seldom that the home rule powers will cover all the necessary provisions for successful zoning. This Department has issued a standard State Zoning Enabling Act which contains all provisions needed.

Another pamphlet says:

> That a good city plan should not stop at the city is obvious. . . . There is no real line of separation, no "Twilight Zone," between the interests of the city and of the country surrounding it. . . . Orderly development from the point of view of the region as a whole must come eventually through comprehensive planning by regional commissions, which define and analyze regional problems, and devise practical measures for carrying them out. . . .

And in pursuance of the "orderly development" thus outlined by the Department we now have semi-official bodies which are busily engaged in planning and zoning the countryside as well as the towns and cities. The official "Regional Commission" proposed by the Department has not yet arrived, but it is plainly visible in the offing. Our Federal Government, through this Department, is helping the advancement in both city and country. In fact, the Division of Building and Housing of the Department of Commerce has called this help "its field of work." And the news that a "field of work" of the Department of Commerce of the United States Government is the promotion of legislation to give to its citizens "just such liberty" in use of their land as is deemed "sensible for their particular districts" is certainly worthy of notice.

That its labors have borne fruit is proved in the fact that its standard State Zoning Enabling Act has been used as the basis of legislation by eighteen States, which it names; and it gives twenty-one others in which zoning is authorized by some form of act. It also gives a list of over five hundred cities, towns and villages which have adopted zoning under authority of such enabling acts.

The statement, in the Department's *Zoning Primer*, that the practice of zoning is comparatively new

"in America" leads one to wonder where else its like is to be found since the fall of the Russian monarchy and the end of the "pale" restricting the Jews.

England and several other countries protect property owners against their neighbors under the ordinary law. For example, in London you could not put up a building that would cut off your neighbor's building from light or air or both. He has what is called an "easement" with regard to your property so far as your activities upon it may restrict his natural right to light and air. If you wish to interfere with that right you must pay him by purchasing his easement. That settles about two-thirds of the problem which zoning tackles. We inherited the English legal theory of the easement in most of our older States but we threw it away, partly because it interfered with skyscrapers. Our idea was that if your neighbors built twenty-story buildings around your bungalow and made it a dark, damp, unhealthy shack at the bottom of a canyon, that was your hard luck. Now it seems that we have changed our minds. But instead of permitting the owner of the threatened bungalow to sell his easement as he would do in those unfortunate countries not blessed with zoning laws we send him before a board to argue that his home is in a residence district when other men wish to invest millions there in tall buildings. If any collecting is done incident to the settlement of the argument his chance to be on the receiving end is poor.

England made her experiment with zoning under the Norman kings. Then (according to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*)

> The legal conception of a forest was that of a definite territory within which the code of the forest law prevailed to the exclusion of the common law. The ownership of the soil might be in any one, but the rights of the proprietor were limited by the laws made for the protection of the king's wild beasts. These laws, enforced by fines often arbitrary and excessive, were a great grievance to the unfortunate owners of land within or in the neighborhood of the forest. The offence of "purpresture" may be cited as an example. This was an encroachment on the forest rights, by building a house within the forest, and it made no difference whether the land belonged to the builder or not. In either case it was an offence punishable by fines at discretion. And if a man converted woodlands within the forest into arable land, he was guilty of the offence known as "assarting," whether the covert belonged to himself or not.

King John lost his zoning privilege at Runnymede. However, Charles the First revived it. But later he lost his head. "Since then," says the learned *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "these laws have fallen into complete disuse." Speaking of English kings, I wonder if anyone nowadays can identify the following paragraph:

"He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance."

No, I guess not.

Industrialism Near Journey's End

By S. McClatchie

What new fields are left to conquer?

"That's the uncanny thing about the present depression," my friend, manager of the X Electrical Manufacturing Company, was saying, "there isn't any new line for us to take up. Times certainly have changed in my twenty-five years of experience. Why, before the War there were any number of new things in our line waiting to be exploited; vacuum cleaners, electric cookers, table lamps, X-ray outfits, attachment plugs . . . Now all those fields are filled up and overcrowded. There is practically nothing new in sight today. We electrical fellows seem to have run out of ideas. But I guess the situation in the other industries is pretty much the same. We're all just waiting for something to turn up."

Waiting for something to turn up, waiting for a new job to do! I have visited many factories in the course of the past few months, and nearly everywhere the story is the same.

Of course, there are exceptions. One concern which I have known intimately for years told me that they have experienced the depression only through hearsay. They are making electric washing machines. This field is not yet exhausted, and in hard times many people buy washers to save laundry bills.

Then there is the electric refrigerator. This field is comparatively fresh. Moreover, since the coming of the obligatory cocktail, a constant supply of ice is almost as important as a stove. The electric refrigerator is one of those rare "new things" for which industry is scanning the horizon. General Motors pounced upon this device several years ago, as a means to bolster up the flattening curve of auto sales. One of the largest radio concerns has taken up refrigerators to piece out the slackening radio business.

This sort of thing is an old story to industry. When the business curve flattens out in the old line, you start a new one. It is thus that the prosperity ball has heretofore been kept rolling. The meat-packer takes up canned pineapples. The bicycle manufacturer designs airplanes. The telephone interests take up talking pictures. The explosives manufacturer takes to making cellophane. The railroad company goes into the bus business. The magneto manufacturer goes into radio. One of the main reasons why the farmer has not duly shared in the modern tide of pros-

perity is that he could not or would not look for new fields to conquer.

Prosperity is but another name for the rising exploitation of new things. Cut off the supply of novelties and every business in the land soon sinks to a dead level. We call this dead level "depression," but it is such only by contrast to what is really an abnormal boom.

The way out of a depression is to create new wares and with them new jobs. Industry did this in the past decade, first with cheap closed cars, then with radio and finally with the talking pictures. The new auto industry alone gave employment directly and indirectly to millions of wage earners. Such new developments arouse a wave of buying enthusiasm throughout the population. Such a wave spreads outward from a few centres and soon encompasses the whole of industry. When people get their fill of the novelties which industry for the time being has to offer, the general enthusiasm dies down. Thus functions the so-called psychological factor in business cycles.

President Hoover strikes at the root of the problem when he urges industry to create new things by forcing research and engineering development. But most of the business doctors put less faith in the patient's ability to cure himself by his own efforts. Their opinion is gradually crystallizing about two points: First, that the present depression is unique, that it is not just another "panic," but the beginning of a new era of "simpler thinking and simpler living." This is just their euphemistic way of letting the patient know that the age of youthful excesses is past and that there is no elixir of youth which can recall it. The second point follows from the first: the patient must not try to work so hard. Industry must reduce its pace by adopting a six or seven hour day. Already the industrialists themselves are beginning to advocate this course.

Reduction of working hours! Remember how in the old days this was the objective of the labor-unions and socialists, fought for tooth and nail in the interests of the working-man! Remember how the eight-hour day was won in the face of the most determined opposition of the "capitalists." Now it is the capitalists who are talking reduction of hours. Today industry is confessing itself unable to provide every man a forty-eight-hour job, yet it must give every man a job of some sort in order to sell its wares and to justify itself before the world.

A profound change has come over industrialism since the old days. The first signal of this change was the throttling of immigration. This alteration in the policy of the "melting pot" was a forerunner of the present movement for decrease of working hours. For years the tide of new inventions and developments rose so fast that America needed every man it could press into service. Our industries even sent agents to Europe to persuade Poles and Italians and Hungarians to come and work for new masters in the new land. They even went so far as to pay the way of the immigrants. Anything to get fodder for the fast-growing industrial machine!

Then came the change of front. First the Government forbade the

practice of soliciting immigration through agents. Then it passed the quota laws. And finally, with the coming of the great depression, it has cut off the flow almost entirely. We have stopped the influx of new workers, but we have not stopped the on-march of technological unemployment. Now we would be glad to ship back a few of those millions whom we invited in to do our chores.

We have built our railroads and our factories; we have provided a telephone, an automobile and a radio for nearly everybody; we have good roads, warm housing and cheap clothing; our mechanized farms provide us more than enough to eat with a minimum of effort — now what else is there left for us to do?

There still remain a few odd jobs for industry. America can use about ten million more radio sets and electric refrigerators. We can all buy orange-juice extractors, bakelite cups and dishes, rustless cutlery and a few more such knick-knacks. We will probably get bigger and better talkies. Television will attract a few of us, as will also the autogyro. But the main job, the biggest part of the task is accomplished. We have at least three-fourths of the things which industrialism is prepared to supply. The future's job is to create the remaining fourth and to make replacements. Industrialism is slowing down. This is the great lesson of the year of depression 1931.

INDUSTRIALISM is slowing down. How does this come to be? To get an answer we must first examine its place in history.

Counting from its beginnings, the industrial epoch is now about 150 years old. To get your time perspective, take this bit of human experience and lay it down somewhere along the scale of the past, say over against Athenian history from 650 to 500 B. C. In this period you have the rise of Hellenic art and culture from crude beginnings to dazzling brilliance. Thereafter comes the era of self-criticism, decadence and final decline. Or take your measure along the scale of the Italian Renaissance from 1400 to 1550. Here again is the story of a rise from crude beginnings to a brilliance which precedes decline. Or consider the swift rise of the British Empire between the early Seventeen-Hundreds and the late Eighteen-Hundreds, preceding the disintegration and decline which is taking place today.

The one constant factor in the history of the West is change. Only the Orient has achieved stability. The West is perpetually experimenting with new forms. A couple of centuries usually suffices for one of its experiments. We may be sure that even now some new epoch is germinating in the womb of western civilization. Another century and the terms "industrialism," "mass production" and "prosperity" may sound as antiquated to our descendants as the phrases "divine right," "stage-coach" and "*laissez faire*" sound to us.

Up until 150 years ago the great experiments of western civilization had been made in the fields of the fine arts, statecraft, conquest, religion and philosophy. Then suddenly the restless western soul began making a grand attack on the problems of mechanics. It had just finished the discovery, exploration and conquest

of the Americas. Hungrily it looked about for new worlds to conquer. And it hit upon the idea of conquering some of the physical secrets of the universe.

The driving force back of this new flush of activity was the desire to save time and labor, to be relieved of the curse of Cain and of the sweat of tedious toil. And the first sortie proved a grand success; otherwise the rest might never have followed.

Industrialism was born of the steam engine. The engine was reduced to practical form by the Scotchman Watt in the year 1765. Suddenly the West had on its hands a source of limitless power. First it hitched the new engine to pumps to keep the coal mines dry. This was necessary to provide fodder for the new monster. Then it hitched the engine to looms and spinning-wheels — and soon one man was able to do the work of ten. Then it built the engine into ships and carriages — and men and goods were whisked over land and sea with unheard-of ease. These achievements fired men's imaginations with visions of unlimited technical progress.

In America, Whitney conceived the cotton gin, McCormick invented the reaper, Morse created the telegraph, Bell the telephone, Edison the electric light, Selden the automobile, the Wright Brothers the airplane, de Forest the vacuum tube.

The activities of the industrial era are so complex that we may easily lose ourselves in their ramifications. But the tasks which this era has set itself to perform fall into a few main categories.

As I have said, the primary problem of the new age is that of labor-saving. The movement begins with the release of the majority of the population from the tasks of spinning and weaving. Next the farmer is relieved from bondage to scythe, flail and plodding ox-team. Thus his sons are left free to migrate to the cities and operate the new factories. Then the tasks of the shoemaker, the mechanic, the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker are all enormously simplified. Then the housewives' tasks are lightened by gas-stoves, central heating, running water, vacuum-cleaners and washing machines. Thus the daughters are released to do the clerical work of the new order. And finally the whole trend issues in the present era of mass production, with conveyors, automatic machinery and Taylorization.

The second great problem of the new epoch is to develop swifter, more commodious transportation. Thus arose the railroad, the steamship, the automobile and the airplane.

The third wish is for swifter communication of intelligence. So the telegraph, the telephone and the wireless were devised.

The fourth desire is for better and more abundant fuels, materials, and compounds, such as Bessemer steel, aluminum, oil, gas, bakelite and the thousand and one articles purveyed by drug, paint and department stores.

The fifth wish to be fulfilled is for better preservation and distribution of food. So the packing, canning and refrigeration industries sprang up.

The sixth desire is for better housing. The most noteworthy developments along this line are the

modern apartment houses and office buildings.

And finally, the seventh and latest demand is for entertainment. This is the natural culmination of all the rest. Labor-saving spells leisure. The question, "What shall we do with our leisure time?", is answered by the phonograph, the radio and the motion picture.

All these physical developments create a need for new human organizations to rule the machine. Thus there have arisen corporations, trusts, labor unions, communism and innumerable other social institutions.

INDUSTRIALISM has struck out along many paths of development. But each path has an ending.

Take for instance the path of steam and electric transportation. The main development of our railroads, steamships, street-cars and electric lines has long since been completed. For over a generation expansion has been slight and improvement has been only in details of design. No new empires are to be opened up and conquered by the building of new lines, as once in the days of the mail packets and of the Union Pacific boom.

Then there is the path of automobile transportation. The motor-car has already nearly reached a maximum of usefulness. America has as many cars as it has families; the market is nearly saturated. Moreover, traffic congestion, parking limitations and speed and safety restrictions set a bar to further progress.

We are just entering upon the path of air transportation, but here the limitations are well defined in advance. The plane is not an everyday vehicle as is the auto, but a special carrier for long trips. As a personal or family possession, it is in a class with the speed yacht. Moreover, landing and parking limitations and high hazards limit its general usefulness.

Here we come to a factor which is characteristic of all development. The line of evolution through ox-carts, stage-coaches, railroads and automobiles, on up to the latest 300-mile-an-hour hydroplane is obviously one of steadily multiplying difficulties and dangers. At the upper end of the scale of development we get to a point where the results achieved are out of all proportion to the effort and risk involved.

This point is also well illustrated in the field of electrical communication. This includes all electric signaling, from the simple telegraph to the extremely difficult art of television. The basic problem involved is that of handling ever higher and higher electrical frequencies. The hand telegraph involves frequencies of less than ten per second. Automatic telegraphy may involve hundreds of impulses a second. Telephony demands the undistorted transmission of a whole band of frequencies, ranging from 200 to 2,800. Broadcasting demands a band extending at least from 100 to 5,000 (which is approximately the gamut of the piano).

The demands made upon human ingenuity by television are tremendous. The television which has for years been heralded as being "just around the corner" has only the crudest of pictures to offer, and the chances that the pictures will ever even approximate in quality those of

the common movie are negligible. To transmit a television motion-picture measuring only four by six inches with a clarity equivalent to a newspaper cut would require the use of frequencies running into seven figures. The difficulties in the way of designing apparatus to handle such speedy alternations are formidable, but they are as nothing compared to the main problem, which is to transmit the frequencies involved. Wire transmission is completely out of the question. Radio transmission would involve the use of several hundred wave-bands or channels. To transmit but a single television scene with the amount of detail above indicated would require the monopolizing of substantially the entire band of frequencies now available for commercial broadcasting of all sorts. There would be room for nothing else on the air.

We will undoubtedly eventually have commercial television of a sort, just as we have racing hydroplanes, but the usefulness of both must necessarily remain quite limited. In every line of development we eventually reach a point where the game ceases to be worth the candle. Sooner or later we have to admit to ourselves that we are not gods, but simple mortal men.

Then there is another formidable bar to progress. This is the ever present tendency towards standardization.

Standardization simplifies and cheapens both production and product — as well as, incidentally, human thinking. Looked at from another angle, it means that when human beings finish a job and get used to doing things a certain way, they are not inclined to begin all over again and do the same thing in a different way — even if the different way happens to be very much better. This is just as true today as it was 10,000 years ago. It is comparatively easy to get people to adopt something useful which they never had before, but it is next to impossible to get them to make any radical changes in an everyday article with which they have become thoroughly familiar. The process of getting thoroughly familiar takes about one generation. After two or three generations the case is hopeless. Witness the futile efforts to put across so simple a thing as spelling reform.

Standardization is the handmaiden of mass production. This is the final step in the progress of the industrial arts. The present age of mass production was ushered in by Henry Ford. And with it he ushered in the era of unemployment — or leisure, according to the way you take it. The Ford plant is a job producer as long as it is creating a new market. After the market has been built up, the further evolution of Fordism spells either fewer jobs or shorter hours. This is as true of volume-controls as it is of automobiles. The same trend is at work outside the factory, in the automatizing of telephoning exchanges, in the speeding up of freight trains, and in nearly all the services of everyday life.

But there is a way out of the predicament. If we have come to the end of the journey in the paths which we have heretofore taken, let us strike out in new directions and create fresh paths. If we were to make a few more revolutionary inventions and create with them new industries,

we could start out all over again on fresh adventures.

Uncharted paths! Previous generations were eager to pioneer. It was that spirit which created the industrial era. But have we in us today that pioneering blood which coursed in the veins of the great inventors and discoverers of the Nineteenth Century? I am afraid not.

The great age of invention ended a generation ago, after a life of 140 years, a life which was about equally divided between England and America. The English phase drew to a close in the middle of the last century. Since then the Britishers have contributed no further great inventions to the world. The machine has there long since tamed the master.

The American era of revolutionary inventions dawned some two generations later than the English era, and it also came to a close about that much later. It reached its height in the Seventies, with the herculean achievements of Edison, Bell and Westinghouse. Since then we too have lost our fierce individualism. Our manner of life has become as standardized as our manner of production. The few rebels who refuse to be subjugated have taken refuge in rackets, in the pages of the liberal press and in oblivion. For industrialism will have none of them. Modern industry can use only routine engineers and research men. If any one doubts this statement, let him go out and try to get a job as an inventor.

TRANSPORTATION and communication are nearest to journey's end. At the end of the one line of development stands the airplane, at the end of the other television. Neither the one nor the other opens up any such vistas of expansion as did once the railroad and the telegraph.

In the category of labor-saving devices we will find only aggravation of our present ailment. Not that labor-saving is not in itself desirable; the problem is only to turn it to good use. In any case, it will go on in spite of whatever we may say, for it is forced by the irresistible pressure of competition.

The fourth of our categories was that of fuels, materials and compounds. Under this last head there is indeed a field which is quite unfettered by technological difficulties. No genius or great discoverer is required to pipe Oklahoma's natural gas to Chicago's millions. The plodding, methodical research laboratory is an ideal place to develop new materials and processes, such as cellophane and chromium plating. It is characteristic of such patient development methods to evolve new and better lubricants, paints, artificial silks, floor coverings, glass, packages and so forth. Here the engineer, the chemist, the physicist and the research man are in their own element, and in their hands industrial progress rests today.

Improvement in the packaging, preservation and refrigeration of food is also quite in line with the genius of the modern age. Here there is room for some further exploitation and expansion.

We are still in the midst of development in the entertainment field. The radio industry has a number of new things up its sleeve — automatic phonographs, home talkies and electrical musical instruments, among

others. The motion-picture industry also has some improvements to offer. These industries are not quite at journey's end. They are the latest comers and their wares are most in demand. The world will be amused. *Panem et circenses!*

Housing is the one remaining category to be considered. Improvement in this field appears to have run up a blind alley. We have invented plumbing, central heating, electric lighting, the apartment, the kitchenette and the elevator, and called it a day. Aside from these amenities our housing is hardly better than that of ancient Rome. Present-day Europe, with its garden colonies, is doing better than we are. If we could set ourselves to transferring the urban population from the present incredibly ugly flats and frame houses to rustic garden colonies, there would be no unemployment problem for generations. Here it seems to me is the best answer to the problem of how to keep ourselves busy.

No traveler from Europe can fail to be impressed by the unspeakable ugliness of American habitations. Aside from a few dwellings of the well-to-do, they bear the unmistakable mark of makeshift. It is the makeshift of the transient, the exploiter, the gold-seeker. Nowhere in all America is there to be found the snugness of an English village, the artistry of the Bavarian Highland town, the fitness of the Swiss chalet. We boast of American architecture, but this art has thus far been at the disposal only of the rich. For the commonality there is only the world's worst drabness. With a little community planning, the genius of our greatest architects could be drawn upon for the creation of charming, garden-bowered homes for every one.

In any case, the ultimate sense to the reaper, the railroad and the automatic machine is that they set men free to do things more worth while than forever to plod the clods or tread spinning wheels or nail shoes. We have today plenty of free labor. We have a surplus of food and clothing, of all the necessities of life. What we need is to set to work doing something worth while with our surplus. What could be more worth while than to build ourselves a paradise of bowered homes? Our pioneering days are over. It is time we settled down to *live*.

Belles at the Bargain Counters

By Frances Drewry McMullen

Regiments of Southern girls descending upon New York prove that even the last stronghold of conservatism is turning modern

A new note sounds in the symphony of New York, a soft, musical tone, caressing, sometimes confusing, to the unaccustomed ear — the drawl of the Southern girl. In the Babel of a myriad well accentuated tongues, it rises at times and in places to a crescendo in the composition, having become almost as common as the Mid-Western girl's roll and perhaps commoner than the Down-Easterner's twang.

With the slack complacency of mild nights in mellow climes it comes over the counter of your favorite department store. Or perhaps you catch it in a string of "you-alls" and "reckons" behind you on the bus, or maybe at your elbow in the lobby of the theatre. Yet again it may float in crooning melodies of broad cotton fields across the brief breathing space of your apartment house court. It is bound to reach you somewhere if you frequent New York. It pervades the very atmosphere. And once having caught your attention, it will claim it over and over again until you know beyond a doubt that Southern girls are swarming into town.

A decade ago it was not so. The stream of young womanhood then turned upon the city in search of fun, fame, fortune — what you will — came from the Middle West, where girls traditionally are at liberty to act more to suit themselves and by immediate heritage are possessed of the pioneer turn of mind. But today that stream has spread. A fan-shaped tide rushes in. From Georgia, Florida, and Texas, from South Carolina, Virginia and Kentucky, as well as from Iowa and Kansas, Indiana and Minnesota, they pour upon Hell's Kitchen and Beekman Hill, Chelsea and Greenwich Village.

It has not remained for Southern girls of the moment to discover New York. For years past a sprinkling of them has been percolating in, and here and there they have demonstrated that the hard-hearted city is not impregnable even to the daughters of chivalry. Two of Fifth Avenue's biggest department stores have vice-presidents who are Southern girls; one heads the merchandizing division, the other manages advertising and sales promotion. A Southern woman is a director of a leading

advertising firm; another, who came to New York characteristically, if vaguely, to write, runs a woman's department for one of the world's largest banks; another is a gynecologist of note. Down in the thick of the financial district a firm shipping magnesite, wood flour and stucco dash to the corners of the globe has a partner who grew up a girl of Tennessee. Over a gracious home in the midtown residential district presides another woman who has penetrated to the world's remote places and brought away from them a name as an explorer of perseverance and scientific spirit; she was born and reared in a Virginia village. Another Southern woman is the financial executive of an important philanthropic organization; another, an editor on a metropolitan newspaper. Another has scored success with a cafeteria of her own. Any number have made their places as educators in institutions of the highest standing; others are esteemed social workers.

These all arrived as isolated adventurers and hewed their way by dint of their own efforts. A movement entirely different is the current onslaught of the masses, coming generally in groups and pairs and offering, for the most part, nothing in particular. Among them are many with the calibre of that vanguard. They come to New York to express themselves and they stop short of nothing at all. In practically all of the 150 different vocations listed by the American Woman's Association as followed by its New York membership, Southern representatives are cited as apparently permanent factors. The bulk of the influx, however, is more or less transient, sooner or later swarming back again whence it came. Some go painfully enough, having learned that New York requires a definite quality they do not happen to possess, or having realized with chagrin how far short falls the adequate preparation of the home town's point of view in comparison with what others may offer in the most keenly competitive market in the country. Many more go blithely. They came with no illusions, no dreams. Their objective was a fling, and this New York amply supplies.

When the leaves begin to turn in the fall they descend upon the city's multiplying residential hotels and clubs for girls, their compromise with parental authority that advocates some ultra-respectable, if obscure, boarding house or other run by a lady of Southern extraction and Nineteenth Century standards. From there they launch their campaigns upon employment agencies, department stores and offices, seeking most often they know not what, provided only it is the means to stay a while in New York. Presently they drift out into apartments, their own idea of the ultimate in emancipation, creating whole colonies on some streets in keeping with the natural gregariousness born of the front porch habit. And those who are lucky enough to land jobs before their funds run out, or whose funds are ample to admit of pursuing studies alternatively, proceed to plunge into the midst of the whirl that is the metropolis.

They run the gamut until they've had enough. It may be the first wreath of artificial holly hung up

in a Fifth Avenue store that speaks to them imperatively of the South; it may be the first new blades of Riverside Park grass and a balmy gust of Hudson air. Magnolias will soon be blooming on Carolina lawns and unquestionably it is time for wanderers to go home. Those who turn a deaf ear to such summonses and stick it out through that first summer are more than likely lost to the South, but these are exceptional. The masses trek back whence they came and they return satisfied.

The New York experience has been but an interlude — but multiplied by the thousands who of late have sought it every year, its significance is marked. The very coming of these mild-voiced multitudes from across the Mason and Dixon line and their tarrying, if only for a little while, are signs that the Southern girl — the average — has new aspirations and that somehow or other she has managed to acquire new freedom. A one-time Southern girl whose New York residence had given her some insight into the ways of youthful compatriots in the city commented, "My mother never would have allowed such things." But then would her mother have allowed the flight in the first place, or would it ever have been made unallowed?

Follow the returning hordes back again and the noted signs of change are corroborated by further evidence. On home soil, too, Southern girls are branching out. Here where their mothers, perhaps even their elder sisters, could hear only "ladies do not work, my dear," no obstacle of tradition now proves completely effective. In an Alabama city a woman practises as a children's dentist; in a small town in Mississippi a woman is her husband's law partner. Tennessee has a woman railroad president. A New Orleans girl who had to fight her family for consent to take a stenographic course is now accountant for a large lumber association, a specialist in taxation. A young Virginia woman has built up one of the largest direct mail advertising concerns in the South, of which she is president and treasurer. A Texas miss has gained recognition any man might envy in the insurance business. Women doctors are finding State and city positions in the South; women proprietors of dry goods stores, laundries and cleaning establishments are no longer accidental. The records of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs show that girls Southern-born and Southern-reared are filling all sorts of occupations at home from lineotype operator to chiropractor, from mortician to electrologist. And even if they are not doing things especially unique, they are more than likely holding down jobs of some sort; and that in itself, compared with the none too distant past, is more than a bit out of the ordinary.

WATCH them go their brisk way and wonder, can these be of the same species of femininity as those languishing creatures sentiment has painted with the pastel tints of romance and fondly labelled "Southern girl"?

I can see her well, that now only occasionally surviving Southern girl of yesterday — in her crisp frock and floppy hat. (Were crisp frocks

and floppy hats always in style when I was a child or did the Southern girl just hold to them regardless?) She was a summer girl, an inveterate visitor. With her trunk and her boxes she came and stayed, and people were glad to have her around, this ornamental flutterer with the winning ways. The sweet-smelling moonlight night was her best milieu, and the throbbing of a guitar. Sometimes she herself strummed it languidly with her leisure-white fingers, lifting what she had of softly modulated voice, and there was summer in her heart. Living to adorn and adorning to live, she asked of life adoration simply, and adoration was what she got, abundantly. She paid for it with sweetness and charm, with glances that spoke volumes more than they meant and patter that kept the pace. Her tactics might alarm young Lochinvars from afar, but the swains of her own locale knew how to take her. They swallowed her line, hook and bait, and danced attendance, and she clung and clung gracefully.

This girl was the creature of her men folk for the most part. Fathers and brothers had definite ideas of what girls should be, and getting ahead in the world for her meant being that as nearly as she could. And so she danced along her butterfly way as pleasingly as she was able until some other male came along to relieve father and brothers of the responsibility. Failing that — for not all Southern girls of the passing school were belles by any means — she settled down to lavish herself on "mamma," a mission to which the left-overs have always shown themselves peculiarly devoted. If, by any chance, circumstances were such that she had to earn a living, so much the worse, for little if at all had that idea ever entered into the calculations of her rearing.

As far back as half a century ago such a thing as a first class school for girls in the South existed, but up until recent years these were exceedingly scarce. In the past it was not unheard of, either, for a girl of the South to be sent as far as necessary, where the best sort of education was available. But such a thing was a rarity and regarded as a risk, liable to tag the girl unenviably, "blue stocking," and so destroy what were considered her best chances (*i.e.*, matrimony). Most people were content to intrust the instruction of their daughters to a little learned maiden aunt or else to send them off to mediocre boarding establishments. Not leading to anything in particular, this matter of girls' education was taken lightly.

Since then the background of the Southern girl has altered vastly. Good schools have multiplied in the South; colleges for women have come to maturity there that rank with the country's best, and the South fairly clamors at their gates. Look over their campuses and what do you see? Not the pedantic type of yore in full possession, but belles such as only a few short years ago would have been home at their age, schooling finished, embellishing the parlor. The South has lost its awe of higher education for its daughters. In consequence the potentialities of their future have greatly broadened. At the same time various influences have been working on fathers and brothers. Perhaps they have wearied of control with the burdens it carries.

At any rate, they have grown lax. Their natural predilection to indulgence plus the spirit of the age has resulted in girls getting a freer rein. And given their choice, the girls have elected to stand by themselves. Having once begun to get away from the leaning posture, immediately the run of the species started to vault over inhibitions. They have bolted through changes one after another until now the sectional label is scarcely applicable any longer.

Men are important to this girl. Don't believe they are not. But she sees them in a new light and assails them with modernized technique. Her initial concept is of comrades to be interested rather than admirers to be strung, persons with whom she stands on an equal footing instead of gazing down upon from an eminence at one moment and looking up to from the dust at the next. And there are other things in life for her, besides — first of all, her life itself, to be lived as she likes. She wants to rub up against the world and she is doing it, brushing some of the star dust off her wings, to be sure, but developing a go-to-it-iveness that is decidedly in contrast with the Southern girl's former wide-eyed helplessness. Her new vigor inclines even to the hard-boiled; but what of it? She is being herself, she says, no longer conforming slavishly to an outmoded pattern; and self-assured accordingly, does she proceed to heckle tradition and blast custom.

For one thing, society, vocation once preferred of all others in the eyes of the Southern girl, is losing its lure. In a city where social life is formally organized and débuts have long been something of a fetish, I was surprised to learn of the status to which débutantism has fallen. Daughters are still presented there, much as their mothers and grandmothers were before them, but how different are their extra-ballroom hours. Some of last winter's buds were at the same time almost full-blown academic blossoms, sandwiching in parties with lectures and operating simultaneously in the marriage market and college. Others had jobs on the side. Once the gravest thing in life, the "coming out" begins to be regarded as but a playful interval. Domesticity, too, is becoming less adequate. Being a "girl about the house" is a status that no longer attracts; girls prefer finding their niches outside. And such mild adventures as journeying to the springs with "mamma" or doing a periodic season in the local metropolis, even "sponsoring" a reunion of Confederate veterans or dancing at the Mardi Gras, pale utterly before vagabonding to New York in quest of a job.

THE completeness of the severance of the emerging from the vanishing type of Southern girl may bowl over the reflective spectator. Parents particularly are bewildered. In the general jostling that parents everywhere find themselves in for at the hands of modern trends, Southern parents undoubtedly get by far the worst of it. The natural conservatives of a predominantly conservative land, they find it more difficult than most to alter ideas; and particularly hard does it go with them to see changes in their girls, those daughters whose conduct and destiny until just now they were able to

control with such satisfaction. So amenable was the Southern girl of yesterday to what "mamma" liked and "mamma" thought that "mamma" can scarcely realize daughters may think and act for themselves.

There remain Southern parents who pray fervently for those daughters who have drifted off to New York, pray for them *because* they are in New York, though they may already have been there so long as to give every indication of thorough acclimatization to Sodom and Gomorrah. And wistfully most of them speak of "young life" (meaning beaux, mother's wing, rounds of parties, the "good times" the passing type regarded as a birthright) as dominating their ambition for daughters, however callously indifferent those daughters may appear. Among Southern parents persists, too, a strong feeling that a daughter about the house is a comfortable state of things, to which they feel themselves entitled at least until the offspring are claimed by homes of their own. They even go about with an aggrieved air when the feminine factor of the younger generation sees fit to break, prior to matrimony, with the nest. By what they hear from the world beyond even Southern parents have become somewhat prepared for the upheavals in manners and morals that have come. They are gradually becoming resigned to the fact that times have changed and parents must change with them. But this new feminine independence is too baffling to comprehend.

Yet take her not too seriously, this changing type of Southern girl—you who hanker after the passing image. How much of the fervor for this thing she calls a life of her own is no more than fashion? Fortified about as she has been by potent restraining influences and a certain innate disinclination to hurrying, she has been a bit belated in coming to it; and now that she has got into the full swing of its gait, already rumors are afloat that Miss Modern Young America, grown a bit weary, is beginning to look about for oaks on which to lean.

True, a fond farewell must be bidden to the Southern girl as sentiment has her, who most likely never existed anyway. Her successor will never again be quite the same sweet creature of clinginess and charm that she was. But let the mold not be broken, only laid away, a precious memory, fragrant with cape jasmine and lavender. The new model may yet have use of some part of her. In any event, pedestals still count for something these days, and Southern women of all time have made too good use of theirs for their daughters to kick them over utterly. These may yet discover for themselves that there are more ways of taking the world than by storm or that taking the world perhaps doesn't amount to so much after all. The Southern girl of today in time will settle down into the Southern woman of tomorrow, and the chances are that she will by no means be altogether unrecognizable as the daughter of her mother.

The Bar and the Bank

By Henry A. Shinn

A viewpoint on the hot dispute over corporate interference in lawyers' privileges

Before the industrial revolution all things were hand-made. The wheelwright built wagons, the blacksmith fashioned tools, and the cabinetmaker turned out furniture. All goods carried an individual stamp. But with the advent of machinery these individual tradesmen became, in the course of time, the servants of large corporations. Sensitive machinery, division of labor, and mass production under corporate management have made the tradesman a mere cog in the great industrial wheel.

In the past decade the industrial revolution, which had its beginning over one hundred years ago, has broadened so as to include new fields. The corner druggist, the grocer, the clothier, and the banker are rapidly becoming employes of large corporations. Corporate management of Main Street is the 1931 counterpart of the industrial revolution. And one of the chief concerns of the legal profession is to what extent this corporate movement will encroach upon the protected privileges of the bar.

Two very recent opinions by courts of the last resort concerning the right of banks, trust companies, and title companies to draw wills, trusts, and other legal papers have added more fuel to this already heated controversy. The Supreme Court of Georgia in a 1931 decision says: "In the light of history of the legislation on this subject, the restrictions upon the right to practise law refer to practice in the courts." And the Court goes on to say that a corporation may "prepare any and all papers in connection with conveyances of real or personal property that it may be requested to prepare by a customer."

The other decision is by the Supreme Court of Idaho, which, in a 1930 case, held: "Where an instrument is to be shaped from a mass of facts and conditions, the legal effect of which must be carefully determined by a mind trained in the existing laws in order to insure a specific result and guard against others, more than the knowledge of the layman is required; and a charge for such services brings it definitely within the term, 'practice of the law.'" Under that definition the Court decided that a trust company which held itself out to draw wills and trust

agreements was practising law and under the laws of Idaho its acts were in contempt of court. These decisions are at the two extremes, the former holding that one is practising law only when he is in the presence of the court, and the latter holding that the preparation of any legal paper for compensation is within the term and prohibited to all except licensed attorneys.

The Appellate Court of Indiana supports the Idaho decision in defining "practice of the law" to "include legal advice and counsel, and the preparation of legal instruments and contracts by which legal rights are secured although such matter may or may not be pending in a court." The Appellate division of the Supreme Court of New York followed the Indiana case in holding that practising law is not confined to performing services in actions or proceedings in courts of justice, but also includes the drafting and supervising the execution of wills. The State of Missouri by statute has given the term its broad meaning so that in that State the drawing of a will or any other legal document would likely be held to be practising law.

For the past ten years or more increasing lay encroachment has been the lawyer's nightmare, galloping away with his fees. And yet the bar, active in many States in its struggle against so-called unlawful practice, has been successful in throwing off this nightmare in only a few of them. One State bar president, Charles A. Beardsley of Oakland, California, in explaining to his associates why one could not be successful in curbing lay encroachment, said: "I have yet to find a district attorney who thinks he could get a jury of twelve laymen to convict another layman of a misdemeanor because he does the things of which we complain. I first tried the district attorneys in the larger cities. They thought it could not be done in the larger cities, but said that perhaps it could be done in the country towns. So I tried in the country towns, but with no better success. The last one I talked to was up in Del Norte County. There were six attorneys in the county and three of them were running for district attorney. I asked the district attorney if he thought he could get a jury of twelve laymen to convict a real estate broker who drew a deed or a chattel mortgage. He replied that he knew that he could not and that he certainly was not going to try while he was running for office." The struggle is beyond the contestants; it is up to the people. The bar and the bank are the people's servants, and it is indeed the public who must be the final arbiter.

It is readily admitted that the privilege to practise law is an individual right and for that reason can not well be performed by corporations. As an officer of the court, the lawyer is individually liable for any contempt of court, is individually responsible for the high privilege which the State has reposed in him, and is, above all, individually responsible for the high moral character which fits him to be an officer of the court. It is submitted that these individual responsibilities can not be shifted, that a corporation can not stand before the court and

assume the privileges and duties of an attorney. That is the gravamen of the opinion of the New York Court when it held that "the right to practise law is in the nature of a franchise from the State conferred only for merit. It can not be assigned or inherited. . . . No one can practise law unless he has taken an oath of office and has become an officer of the court, subject to its discipline, liable to punishment for contempt in violating his duties as such and to suspension or removal."

The conflict between the bar and the bank is one of definition. What does the term "practice of the law" include and exclude? Expand the meaning of the term, as the Idaho Court did, and there is lay encroachment; contract it, as did the Georgia Court, and there is none. Is it to the advantage of society to curb lay encroachment or to extend it? This is the day of competitive service. The public demands it, and, if the trust companies can render a particular legal service better than any one else can render it, the courts must in the end so define the term that that privilege will not be denied the corporate servant. The survival of the fittest operates in the laws of business as it does in the laws of nature. Let the bank or the bar render a service, lay or legal, better than any one else, and the public will declare it the victor. In the end the public will bestow its favors upon that agency which serves it best.

The privilege of practising law is not irrevocable. The growth of title companies, industrial commissions, and arbitration boards is evidence of the public's dissatisfaction with the service rendered by the bar and the bench. State legislatures, hearing the demand of labor for justice and compensation at less expense and delay, created industrial commissions to hear the layman's complaint. Many State legislatures are now considering the creation of automobile accident commissions whose work would relieve the lawyer of a large percentage of negligence cases. Since many lay encroachments have been legalized, may not others be? The public is coming to think that justice, like food and raiment, should be purchased in that market which gives the best service at the least expense.

Inasmuch as the bar is leveling its guns more directly at banks and trust companies than at any other of the lay encroachments, let us consider their case more in particular. What does "the man from Nebraska" or the resident of Main Street think of the services rendered by these two public servants? Is he interested in granting special privileges to either the bank or the bar? In considering these questions, let us examine the functions of a modern trust company.

No one who has an estate, large or small, can escape the executor or administrator any more than he can the undertaker; neither can one spend a lifetime building up an estate without concern as to the manner of its administration. In a nation-wide survey conducted by the American Bankers' Association it was learned that 29,814 persons in 1927 appointed in their wills banks and trust companies to act as the executors or trustees of their estates. This number grew to 44,375 in 1928 and jumped to 60,000 in 1929. While the cor-

porate executorship idea is spreading by an almost geometric ratio, its growth is not in numbers only. In 1929 banks and trust companies were named executors or trustees in over one thousand estates, each of which amounted to a million dollars or more. When we consider that this billion dollar trust business is yet in its infancy and that its room for expansion is practically unlimited, since about every twenty-seven years the wealth of the nation passes through the hands of administrators or executors, we can by stretching our imagination to the *n*th degree comprehend the importance of this struggle between the bar and the bank. But before going further in this discussion, let us consider the position of the trust company as a corporate executor or trustee.

A TRUST company occupies a unique position. In its close association with the commercial department of the bank, it stands at the gate where the commerce of the world must pass, ready to give aid to those who need its services. There are no barriers before its doors, such as the austerity of a lawyer's office or the fear that each word of advice may be accompanied by a fee. It never dies, goes abroad, retires, or becomes incapacitated, but is ever ready at any moment to assume the duties of the executor or trustee. Its investments are guarded by State laws, scrutinized by State examiners, and protected by bonds held by the State. Men who have seen the savings of others lost through the bad faith or poor management of relatives, friends, or devisees hail the trust company as a guardian angel to protect their families from a similar fate.

The administration of an estate is no longer a side line but the work of a specialist. The inheritance tax laws, the income tax laws, and the Federal estates tax have all tended to complicate the accounting as well as the legal work of the executor. Whether "rights" issued on stock are income or principal and what distribution as between the life tenant and the remainderman should be made of stock dividends are perplexing problems which require special study. Consider the following case in which a trust fund of one hundred shares of X Company common stock was created for a mother and her son. The mother was to receive the income during her life and upon her death the remainder was to go to the son. Rights were declared, giving the holder of each ten shares an additional share at twenty points below market. The trustee sold fifty of the rights and exercised the other fifty in purchasing five shares of stock. What accounting should be made as between the two estates? Later the company issued a one hundred per cent stock dividend. Should this dividend be given to the mother or held in the corpus of the trust for the son? And are these rights and stock dividends subject to the income tax? The law and the accounting of such problems and many others are constantly before the modern trust company. Their officers have become specialists in doing this particular kind of work.

The investment of the assets of an estate involves many factors, such as the amount of the estate, its present condition, the income

needed to care for the life tenant, long or short time investments as related to the time for the final distribution of the estate, and the economic condition of the country. Such a study can be made only by a group of specialists. It is in the trust company that accountant, economist, lawyer, and business administrator come together to discuss the investments that should be made for the estate. In this manner the relatively small, as well as the large, estate may receive the same consideration and advantages as large corporations enjoy through their highly specialized executives. The public is turning to the corporate executor for the same reasons that have turned it to the corporate management of capital and big business.

On account of these many advantages, corporate trustees and executors have enjoyed a phenomenal growth, which has excited the attention and, in many States, the opposition of the bar, whose members contend that this unusual expansion of trust companies represents a corresponding loss to the legal profession. Such reasoning is based upon the assumption that every one's gain is another's loss. A close analysis, however, will show that trust companies are partners, not competitors, of the bar; that they are stimulating new business, not stealing it; and that, paradoxical as it may sound, a victory for the bar in this struggle would be its own defeat. Primarily, the interests of the banks and the bar in this matter are the same. Both wish to erase intestacy. It is to the common advantage of banks and bar that wills be drawn, so that the one may act as executor and the other as attorney in the administration of estates. In many States the fee is the same for either service, and neither can collect double fees for performing both services. Consequently, the executor, whether corporate or individual, secures an attorney to represent him in court. Hence, every probated will is to the bar what grist is to the miller.

In this common adventure the trust company is the business-getter for both bar and bank. Through the many contacts which the bank has with the public and through national advertising, the public has become aware of the necessity of making a will, so that testacy is the rule, not the exception. While the bar will admit that its members are drawing more wills than ever before, yet complaint is made that some of this business is going to the trust companies that stimulated it. Even though the layman may see no wrong in the trust company's reaping a part of its own harvest, nevertheless, some members of the bar maintain advisedly that neither the trust company's attorney nor the "friendly" attorney, to whom they regularly send their customers, can be a disinterested adviser to the will-maker. This is the contention made by the Honorable George A. Slater in the July issue of the *American Bar Association Journal* in which he says: "Is not the lawyer's allegiance a divided one? Does he not undertake an impossible task when he attempts to represent and advise the will-maker? No man can serve two masters. If the lawyer owes any

duty to the bank, how can he impartially serve the bank's customer as his lawyer?"

No member of the bar will question that the undivided allegiance of the attorney to his client is one of the cardinal principles in the lawyer's code of ethics. He can not serve two masters. Neither can a trust company recommend itself as an executor or trustee and at the same time disinterestedly draw the instrument which appoints it to that office. Some corporate executors may honestly advise their clients, as many of them do, but can this be done disinterestedly? Without attempting to defend trust companies that draw wills for their customers or employ outside attorneys to do it, it may be suggested that the bar should consider carefully both edges of this undivided allegiance sword which it holds over corporate executors. The ethical argument is just as potent when applied to individuals as when applied to trust companies. Is it the custom of lawyers, the layman may ask, to send a will-maker away when he reveals that he wishes his attorney to act as his executor or trustee? Furthermore, may not the attorney, as well as the trust company, suggest this idea with an interest just as large and certainly more direct? In such a situation which, until the recent advent of the corporate executor, has been the rule rather than the exception, is not the attorney serving the same two masters which have divided the allegiance of the trust company or its employed attorney? Can the bar successfully condemn in another that which it condones in itself and freely practises? If the bar were to make the divided allegiance argument its main issue in curbing the unlawful practice of some trust companies, the layman might well ask us to remove the beam from our own eye.

HONEST, efficient service to the public is the ultimate issue in this struggle between the bar and the bank. If the code of ethics of corporate executors and their methods of serving the public prove to be higher and more efficient than those of the bar, trust companies will grow and flourish. The attorney has only a revocable privilege, not a vested right. Through its several State legislatures and courts, the public may guard and protect this privilege from lay encroachment as it has in Idaho and a few other States, or it may revoke it in part as it has in many States where insurance commissions, workmen's compensation boards, and other agencies of the State have shorn the attorney of much of his licensed privileges.

"If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted?", is just as potent and timely a question to the bar as it was to Cain. The bar should cut through red tape and legal forms to a practice more in keeping with modern business methods. Can the bar be heard in its cry against lay encroachment so long as its own efforts are encumbered by precedent and machinery centuries old? If any great barrister of two centuries ago were to awaken in a modern courtroom, he could address the judge and proceed with the trial. Could a Rip Van Winkle in any other profession or business do as well? Lethargy, not encroachment, is the bar's problem; reform, not opposition, its solution.

Tennis—a Voice from the Past

By Harald S. Mahony

Just prior to his tragic death in 1905, Harald S. Mahony, who had won the Lawn Tennis Championship at Wimbledon in 1896, was asked by *Field* of London to answer some criticism of the English game. The original incomplete manuscript was handed to the Editor during his recent visit to Ireland, and because of the international character of tennis and its wide appeal as a sport, he presents it as a tribute to some of the former giants of the game, who were troubled by the American invasion with its "slogging"!

In his article on "English Grip" Mr. Vaile seeks to explain the paucity of strokes in English lawn tennis as being due to a faulty method of holding the racket. He also cites Messrs. Doherty as users of this bad grip and consequently possessing but few strokes. Barring the few base line players who use nothing but the forehand drive there is no paucity of strokes in English lawn tennis, neither is there any "fixed grip" invented or adopted by the Dohertys. Every good player changes his hold of the racket for each more or less separate stroke, even in playing different forms of the same stroke. Messrs. Doherty, who differ decidedly in their methods of grasping their rackets, are in my opinion possessed of more variety of strokes and greater resource than any players I have ever met, save possibly Messrs. Pim, Baddeley and Lewis.

But Mr. Vaile would seem to think that Messrs. Doherty play a soft game and content themselves with merely returning the ball over the net. It is almost inconceivable how any one can labor under such a delusion, unless the easy effortless style of the Brothers impresses the onlooker that there is no pace on the ball. As a matter of fact there are no two more attacking players existing. But to return to the grip, great emphasis is laid upon the advantages of keeping the forearm and racket in one straight line in a horizontal plane and the disadvantages of keeping the head of the racket up. If instead of the human hand we were provided with the joint of a fishing rod at the extremity of the forearm, no doubt this might be the natural and best grip, but not being so provided this method is cramped and unnatural. I can not call to mind any great player who uses it, yet whether these methods are used is not of very great importance, provided the

racket and forearm are in line in the vertical plane at the moment of striking the ball; otherwise the hand comes through before the racket or the head of the racket comes through before the hand. Mr. Vaile seems to have overlooked the whole crux of the question, i.e. whether, to use tennis phraseology, it is best to play with an open or closed racket. For the benefit of the uninitiated I may explain that playing with an open racket means grasping it in such a way that the face is laid back like a lofted golf club; the closed racket being, of course, laid forward with the face pointing more or less toward the ground, the former tending to impart "cut," the latter "rolling spin." I think there can be little doubt that Mr. Baddeley is right when he advocates the intermediate position, the head of the racket being always held, if possible, above the wrist. This insures a large margin of safety, and though the ball be not perfectly timed or accurately struck, yet it will often still clear the net. This is where Mr. Vaile's concept of a lawn tennis stroke and mine are at variance, his chief desideratum, in common with most critics of the present day, would seem to be pace, or indeed violence.

If a ball be perfectly timed and struck in the center of the racket, it may be played in any style under the sun. This is the reason why one sees so many strokes score and be called "brilliant" by the critics, though played in a style that makes one shudder even to think of. But this perfect timing can not be depended on and the penalty of a very low margin of safety will have to be paid in the shape of a large number of unnecessary mistakes. Why should accuracy be described as "mere accuracy," as the modern game has reached such a pitch of violence that mistakes are the rule rather than the exception? Mr. Vaile would seem to think that accuracy meant simply returning the ball over the net indefinitely; such a game could only spell instant disaster against even a tolerable volleyer. He also talks of the modern "safe game." I have seen no such safety; if I were asked the drift of modern lawn tennis I should say it lay in the direction of wild slogging, and as it is impracticable to do so on the back hand, the votaries of this method rush wildly round the ball in the vain hope of becoming an S. H. Smith.

Mr. Vaile's next point is of great interest as his criticism is very similar to Dr. Dwight's, when commenting on Dr. Eaves' volleying in America. They say that English players volley too far from the net and are unable to "kill." I suppose every tyro knows that the nearer he is to the net the easier it is to volley, for even if the ball be struck with the wood or handle, a "kill" will probably result. Against rough, clumsy players, such a form of attack is most effective, especially if combined with the centre theory, but when a finished player is the antagonist such tactics only court disaster, as it is easy to lob the ball just clear of the volleyer's racket onto the base line. I know from experience that one can judge after a time how "close in" it is safe to venture against each individual player, some of them seeming to neglect the lob altogether, others always on the watch for that fatal step too near the net. This distance

will naturally vary according to the player's reach, quickness and excellence in the overhead stroke. Eaves' overhead stroke, being weaker in proportion to the rest of his game, induced him, quite correctly, to volley rather far from the net. From this position he could "kill" as well as any player closer in and ran no risk of being lobbed, whilst Wrenn, who was much quicker at getting back, was able to volley closer in. Each player would then seem to have his own position in the court for volleying which best suits his style of game and no fixed rule can be laid down on the subject. It might be well to ask, where are the superiors of the Dohertys? H. L.'s win of the American championship, without the loss of a set, and the brothers' easy retention of the doubles would hardly seem to indicate that they are in America.

As this is a vexed question, perhaps a clear statement of three general principles, which do not admit of question, might not be out of place:

(1) The worse the volleyer the closer he must be to the net.

(2) It is a great advantage for even a good volleyer to be "chock in," always provided he does not get lobbed, as this means a strong attack, converted into an almost hopeless defense.

(3) To be able to "kill" from "far out" is of enormous advantage but is very difficult; yet W. Renshaw Lewis used to win the point outright, time after time, volleying from two to three yards behind the service line. This was not because this was considered the best position from which to volley, but because it was impossible to get closer in, the alternatives being a half volley or ground stroke. Since that time Eaves has used this method of pressing home the attack with great skill, and the Dohertys are also masters of this stroke. Hence the criticism that, especially in doubles, they "volley up." Less skillful players would, in a similar position, have to play a ground stroke or resort to persistent lobbing in the American style, both alternatives yielding a less efficient and less artistic game.

In conclusion, Mr. Vaile says there are few promising "colts" coming on at the game. This is quite true, but the reason he assigns is absurd. It is not due to any methods of play or grip but to the unreasonable and unsportsmanlike attitude of the public schools, who not only provide no coaches for the game but actually forbid it altogether. If there was a good coach such as Burke or Hirons at some of the public schools there would be no lack of young players, but the bugbear that the cricket fetish might be slighted effectually prevents this.

In strong contrast to this intolerant attitude is the action of the American schools, with their Interscholastic Championship attracting much interest and attention.

This year we have been challenged for the "blue ribbon" of lawn tennis by America, Australia, France, Belgium and Austria. Surely no such international competition has ever been held before at any sport. At present I have little doubt that we shall hold our own, but when the present generation of players retires there will be lawn tennis "ashes."

Immorality and the Future for Farmers

By Ralph Aiken

Agricultural progress may free us from organized virtue

This morning 450 people left their farms and moved into the cities. Every morning, including Sunday, about 100 families pack up their goods, leave their mortgages unpaid and their taxes in arrears, perhaps, and come to town. In 1930 the farm population diminished by 151,000.

Why do they do it? Aren't things bad enough already in the cities? Aren't there enough unemployed looking for jobs or idling about city streets without adding farmers to their number? Does the city, in spite of hard times, still lure country people with a promise of ease and excitement?

It is not likely and yet something lures them. Look at the farm population movement in the past five years: in 1926 the cities gained 1,020,000; in 1927, 604,000; in 1928, 598,000; in 1929, 619,000, and in 1930, 151,000. There has been a drop recently because of the depression, but even today, when things are worse in industry than for many a year, men continue to move from agriculture to the shaky shelter of industrialism.

The move continues because many farmers seemingly find it impossible to make a living on their farms. And they are smart enough to know that in the big cities life, though precarious, is still possible.

For one thing, there is always food in the city. At times there is no food in the country right where food is produced. A man can't eat wheat or cotton or barley as it comes from the earth and he faces want when he can get no prices for his crops. The modern farmer's food supply comes largely from the country store and the storekeeper has to be paid, ultimately, in cash.

But in the cities there is no question of food shortage. In the vegetable stores, in the groceries, at the butchers', food is cheaper than in many years and prices could not be so low if there was not an ample supply of provisions on hand. With bottled milk at nine cents a quart in Southern and Western towns and eggs at eighteen cents a dozen, the supply must indeed be abundant.

The country districts, like the rest of the world, seem to be suffering

from the Twentieth Century malady: too much progress. Men know so much about selection, cultivation, and soil fertilization that a dozen things will grow now where one grew before. That is why one man in the year 1931 will raise as much farm produce as five men did in the year 1831, and that is why the cities are overfed, the farmer underpaid, and labor must leave the country for the town even in hard times.

But this progress in agriculture, if it is progress, is recent. As late as 1800 the only actual machines on the farm were the plow, the harrow, and the wagon. A few tools such as hoes, rakes, and scythes were ready for hand use, but those were all. The hay was cut with a scythe, raked into cocks by hand, tossed on a wagon by hand, hauled into the barn by horses, and pitched into the mow by hand. Then in the Thirties a machine was invented to cut grass — a mowing machine. And from that time onward mechanical invention has been busy lessening labor and increasing production.

How they take it easy today! The mowing machine, drawn by horses, cuts the grass; a horsedrawn rake collects it into rows; a mechanical loader picks up the hay from the ground and piles it on the wagon. When the load reaches the barn a mechanical fork takes up great batches of hay and a tractor supplies the power to lift it and spread it in the mow. The only human labor needed is in driving the horses and forking the hay evenly on the wagon as it comes from the loader.

No wonder that in 1831 a man should be needed for every twenty acres of dairy farm while in 1931 two men, with a helper for six weeks in midsummer, manage to operate two hundred. The number of men needed to produce milk has been reduced from about five per hundred acres to 1.065 per hundred acres.

From the three agricultural machines of 1800 we have grown to the use of some three hundred today. A list of these implements gives 290 different and distinct pieces of agricultural machinery and the list is not complete. There seems to be no sort of farm work which has not had a machine invented to lighten it, removing the human element and increasing efficiency. From stump-pullers for new-cleared land to "combines" that cut, thresh, and sack the wheat all at one time, all sorts and varieties of devices are at the command of the modern farmer.

Indeed, the farmer today needs to be almost as much a mechanic as he is an agriculturist and the farm machine shop is far more important than the harness room used to be. And yet the application of scientific knowledge and engineering to farming is just beginning. Farm machinery has until recently done little more than handle the products of Nature. Take hay, again, for instance. Although it is handled mechanically from field to bale, the sun is still largely depended upon for drying it out, for changing the cut grass into hay.

But not on all farms. There is now in use a grass dehydrator or haymaker. It is a long tunnel with drying heat maintained inside, into one end of which the green grass is thrown and slowly conveyed to the other, where it comes out hay. No dependence on the sun, no fear of wet

weather, no possible loss of an important crop. Even in the rain hay can be cut and manufactured.

This is only one step, but it is a serious one. Little by little men are taking up the slack in Nature's manufacturing. They have done much already in some lines as, for instance, with chickens. Egg production can be operated on a factory schedule with things running as smoothly as in a Ford assembly plant. In a modern poultry establishment neither sunlight nor green fields are necessary for the healthy growth of chickens or their rapid production of eggs. The chicks are baked out of their shells by electricity, mothered by warm electric units, fed vitamins through cod liver oil in the place of sunlight and green grass, and generally prepared for market by mechanical methods. They never run outdoors.

When the young hens commence to lay they are pushed to the limit by special feeding and exercise, and an egg a day from every hen is almost a requirement for months at a time. The chickens clucking around the door, fed from kitchen slops, have no place in the modern egg factory. Results only are wanted and scientific methods bring results, boost production, kill chance and save labor.

But even more far-reaching changes are due in general farming. The plant physiology department of the University of California has found it possible to discard soil as a bed for raising crops. Water may be used instead and the results are far more uniform and reliable with bumper crops the rule.

The necessary elements of plant food are dissolved in shallow tanks of water wherein the plants are suspended. Drought then becomes a matter of no moment as a small well will supply water for ten acres of cheap concrete tanks.

The plants, with roots in the water, secure food in abundance without interference from weeds or weather, and they produce enormously. Cotton, rice, and wheat yield twenty-five per cent to fifty per cent increase over the normal for earth-grown, unfed plants. Tomatoes yield forty per cent more than usual. Beets and carrots are ready for harvest twenty to thirty days sooner than is ordinary. The whole process tends to increase production, shorten the time of harvest, and turn out a superior quality of produce.

THIS is a revolutionary interference with Nature's haphazard methods and the results must be happy in almost every respect. We get more food, better food and cheaper food. The toil of plowing and cultivating disappears. The broad acres shrink to concrete tankage.

But something else disappears, too: namely, the old-fashioned farm and the farm laborer. Every time an easier way to do a thing is discovered some man drops out. With every advancing step in the application of invention and discovery to the farm some hundreds of acres are abandoned. Machinery and scientific knowledge have been used more than ever since 1920 and the exodus of human beings from country to city has been continuous. In the midst of plentiful production, with farming becoming more and more of a sure thing, the actual farmer is being

slowly starved out. As an agriculturist he disappears; as a plant physiologist he may, in small numbers, survive.

He has shifted over from scarcity of production and abundance of laborious toil to abundance of production and scarcity of laborious toil. He has changed his rather dreary life of hard work into a mechanized round of successful accomplishment. With his machines he is doing better work now than ever before and producing better food, more food and — unfortunately — cheaper food than ever before.

That's where the rub comes in — the farmer is not getting paid for his progress. He has progressed perhaps more in the past twenty years than in the whole history of agriculture, but he has not prospered according to his deserts. If he buys a new machine that enables him to raise more wheat, the price of wheat goes down. If he finds a way of cultivating forty acres of corn in one day with one man, when he ordinarily cultivated ten, the price of corn goes down. All along the line increased production and better production merely results in a slackening of demand.

A carload of wheat comes into Salina, Kansas, and a truckload of it sells for the price of a pair of shoes. When wheat falls to twenty-five cents a bushel, as it did in July, the grain is practically worthless; $1.90 is not an exceptionally high price for wheat, but when it comes to exchanging a bushel for three loaves of bread, the exchange is a disastrous one from the farmer's viewpoint.

The farmer can not be blamed for feeling that something is wrong somewhere. If there is no return for growing things, why grow them? Work without reward is the most fruitless thing in the world and the farmer is not equipped to find an æsthetic pleasure in his production. Cabbages may be beautiful, as Edna Ferber assures us, but at a dollar a wagon load they are the ugliest, bitterest things that ever came out of the ground.

In a large sense the farm problem seems to be merely a problem of changing vocation. Farmers must seek out other trades. New inventions in farm machinery are certain to continue; new ways of increasing crops are sure to be worked out. Production of food stuffs remaining the same, the farm population must continue, with much complaint and misery, to decrease. The farmer has been without a problem on his hands — he has been making money — only when there was a shortage of food due to the weather, or when he was having his entire production taken up at a good price because he was feeding most of the world, as during the recent European War. In normal times the farm problem remains constant, and it is exceedingly doubtful how it will be solved. The present method consists in waiting for the people engaged in farming to have done with it and try something else — a painful method, yet on the whole a sure one.

But where is this shift in occupation leading us? Even the hardship of vocational change for many individuals can be overlooked if it is to work out well in the end. But will it work out well for the 27,000,000 of farm population? And will it work out well for the country?

Considering the advance made in agricultural art in the past fifty years, there is every reason to believe that further developments will be steadily manifest. In time farmers may be able to live in modern city apartments, control the early and late operations of their livestock and chickens from long distance and drive out merely to set their machines in motion and attend to their maintenance and repair. A field would be plowed without the presence of a plowman, manure spread, seed sown, and crops cultivated and harvested without a farm hand being on the job. The question in the future may be not how many acres a man can farm but how many acres a mechanic can attend to.

However, such a highly comfortable mechanization of farming has certain obstacles to its easy progress. If under ideal mechanical conditions one farmer becomes able to do the work of many at present employed, a great part of the 27,000,000 farm population will find themselves quite unnecessary except as consumers of farm products.

But neither will their consuming ability be permitted to display itself unless they may make some return for the things they wish to consume. In that case, unable to work and unable to eat and quite unable to squeeze all of their number into city bread lines, a great many may take to growing a few potatoes for themselves alone to eat, raising a few sheep for themselves alone to shear, and living by and large in defiance of modern progress, ease from toil, and coöperation.

An experienced farmer can raise almost everything he needs if he is pushed to it. He can plant a proper amount of garden truck and preserve a sufficient amount of fruit and raise just enough corn and wheat and limit his cows to one or two for his family and so remain alive. He can even take to home spinning and weaving if he has to. If world bankruptcy dislocates his markets beyond repair, he may very well adopt such a plan of salvation all at once. Or if his markets are destroyed gradually by scientific super-production, he may from one unrewarded harvest to another slowly shrink his efforts to the needs of his own household.

Such a rank retrogression on the part of the farmer can be accomplished only in desperation. Much depends on how far the machine will push him, on how far scientific farming will displace his labor, and how far he may have to go without governmental assistance in some form of subsidy. If the Government will arrange things so that people may live and consume without making a return for the privilege, there will be no need for the displaced farmer to think of setting out like Adam from paradise to wring a reluctant living from the soil.

But no one has yet figured out a way of giving something for nothing to the satisfaction of all concerned. If farmers occupy any land, they must be driven to use it for their own support. And if they take to supporting themselves alone, their standards of living must inevitably fall. Men will make a long struggle before they give up automobiles and radios and electric power and the other advantages that have made farm life almost as pleasant as life in a city. Still — of the 27,000,000 farmers and their

families at the present moment actively tilling the soil, about half have none of these advantages, and these poorer farmers would make a shorter struggle against the interlaced existence of today.

To bring such a result to pass only the most dire economic conditions will serve, but what proof have we that such dire conditions are not approaching? The present tendency is to make production easier and easier in all lines of work, but the products are not therefore made easier to obtain. No matter how readily the farmer may plant and reap forty acres of wheat when a hundred years ago he handled one, he can not give the grain to people unless they give him other necessities in return.

Before the end of the Twentieth Century it is possible that we may see a reversion on the part of many millions of people to the sort of life lived two hundred years ago and still lived in isolated regions of North Carolina and Kentucky — a life of complete independence of the rest of the world. It would hardly be a happy occurrence. The Kentucky mountaineer is not a fortunate figure and if a great part of the country lapsed into his condition of mere persistent existence, the change that would come over American life would be drastic.

The incredible solution of the whole problem of modern farm production seems to be less physical work for everybody. Scientific progress has decreed it and the whole world baulks at it. Farmers have always had to work hard for a living and they wish to keep on working. They are loath to believe that machines can do it for them. Indeed, our economic structure requires that one man work steadily all day with his tractors and reapers and two men do nothing instead of permitting the three to share their labor and machine management between them.

WHETHER an equable distribution of labor can be accomplished gradually and peacefully or whether it will never be accomplished, remains to be seen. But the steady decrease of farm population, while it has yet effected no marked change in the economic condition of the country, seems to be assisting in a very curious alteration of what one might call the morals of the nation. The change is going on at the present time and is not difficult to observe.

Many of our customs and many of our laws have been originated to meet the needs and desires of a farm-minded populace. Not until 1920 did the United States change from a country whose citizens were mostly rural to a nation with a majority of town dwellers. And all the long years from 1776 to 1920 and, indeed, even until today the voice of the farmer has been loud in the land.

Whether it has been a voice for good or for bad is a matter of debate, but the farming population undoubtedly tends to preserve certain qualities of no mean value, although city people often deride them. A farmer, for instance, has to have a home and children to help him and the result has been that the domestic morals under which large families thrive are most rigorously upheld in agricultural districts. Perhaps for this reason, too, religion counts for more in the country than in the city.

Whatever the economic roots of these ethical tendencies, it is fairly evident that the rural population approves and upholds restrictive measures that are looked upon lightly in the cities.

Just as broad-mindedness in the body of the populace leads to easy-going laws, so narrow-mindedness, if the possession of a rigorous set of eminently practical morals can be so called, leads to the enforcement of legal restraint upon those who are considered weak or immoral. America has had a number of tabus wished upon it by its farmers. They are most of them in harmony with the farmer's moral code and are the result of pursuing socially stabilizing tendencies to a natural conclusion.

If our farmers did not feel themselves responsible for the moral welfare of the nation we would be minus several features of present day life. It is unlikely that we would still have severe Sunday laws. It is most certain that we would not have a prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. It is certain that laws against divorce, against gambling, against aliens, against Communists or other querulous political types, could not come readily into being or be maintained without the support of agricultural communities. Not that the farmer is backward — it is doubtful if such a forward issue as woman's suffrage could have been adopted without his help — but on all questions involving a moral point the tendency of the farmer is restrictive.

If the power of the agricultural vote is waning, and if the farm population continues to decline, which must be, we may in the future look for a change in the attitude of the Federal Government on these moral issues. There may come a time some day when the inhabitants of cities will sufficiently outnumber the country dwellers to nullify all acts that cities find it difficult to stomach. A day and a year may arrive when the citizen, long used to living in a wide-open town, or a town as open as it may be pried against Federal decree, will declare for a wide-open nation and spill our old ideals overboard.

Even today, without a control of Congress, the cities have fostered a steadily growing freedom in all matters of morals and manners and, as the farm population dwindles, this freedom will become not only practical but legal.

Whether we would lose or gain by the change is a matter of personal opinion. That we would have a different world is a matter of fact and there is the possibility that it would be a world in which license (or freedom, choose your own term) would be accepted as the right of a broad and happy life.

These moral changes may have an astonishing effect upon American life within a few decades. Combined with the economic changes that are approaching, we may live to look upon a rural world either retrogressive in economic despair or more easy-going, zestful and daring than our ancestors would ever have thought the Deity could permit.

How Pay the Doctor?

By R. L. Duffus

The average man's heavy share of our three billion dollar medical bill can be, and in some places has been, lightened

Compared with what it might be if all that is now known about medicine were applied to all those who are physically below par, the United States is a sick nation. The fact that it is not as sick as it was a hundred, fifty or even twenty-five years ago is beside the point. It is sicker than it need be. It is sicker than any civilized nation on the threshold of the year 1932 has any right to be.

The statistical evidence to prove this statement is not lacking, for a number of studies of illness have been made, and these have been gathered, analyzed and added to in recent publications of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. The average American, it appears, suffers from a disabling illness at least once every year. The average woman is sick nearly twice a year, the average school child more than twice a year. The adult male worker loses seven or eight days each year from his job because of illness, the adult woman worker from eight to twelve days. "In general therefore," to quote from one of the Committee's reports, "the above data indicate that the 36,000,000 wage earners in the United States lose at least 250,000,000 work days per year and the 24,000,000 school children lose 170,000,000 days per school year."

How much of this illness is preventable and what is being done to prevent it? The first part of this question is difficult to answer statistically. The mere occurrence of such diseases as typhoid fever, diphtheria and hookworm disease is, of course, proof of a failure of our medical organization. Yet, as nearly as can be estimated, there are, on the average, about 50,000 cases of typhoid in the United States every year and nearly 350,000 cases of diphtheria, and hookworm disease, many years after sure means of preventing it were known, is endemic in large portions of the South. Experience has shown that the incidence of tuberculosis can be greatly reduced if proper precautionary measures are taken, and there is pretty general agreement that regular physical examinations will reduce morbidity and mortality from nearly all diseases, including heart disease and cancer. Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow, Professor of Public Health at the Yale School of Medicine, has estimated

that the rural health demonstration put on with the aid of the Milbank Memorial Fund in Cattaraugus County, New York, has brought about "an annual saving of five lives by reduction in diphtheria, of fourteen lives by reduction in tuberculosis and of twenty lives by reduction in infant mortality." Apply these figures to the whole rural area of the United States and the possibilities of medicine will be manifest. If Cattaraugus County is typical of rural America as a whole, there is a possible annual saving of 26,000 lives now lost from the three causes mentioned alone.

If we turn to the facilities we now possess for preventing and treating illness, we find them imposing enough in the aggregate. More than one out of every hundred Americans is now engaged, effectively or otherwise, in the warfare against disease. We have about 143,000 physicians, 67,000 dentists, 200,000 trained nurses, more than 150,000 practical nurses, 550,000 persons working in hospitals, 100,000 pharmacists, and 11,500 employes of public health departments. We pay about $3,000,000,000 a year for all varieties of medical care, and we have about the same amount invested in hospitals with a total capacity of about 850,000 beds. But our medical facilities are very unevenly distributed. For instance, the South and South Atlantic states have but one hospital bed for each 539 of population, whereas the North and North Atlantic states have one bed for each 245 persons and the Far Western states one bed for each 232 persons. Both hospitals and physicians tend to crowd into the wealthier and more thickly settled districts. In 1927 there were 126 physicians for each 100,000 of population in the whole country, but the ratio ranged from 71 per 100,000 in Montana to 200 in California and 342 in the District of Columbia. There is an unmistakable tendency for the physician to drift away from the country town, and a failure on the part of younger men to replace the general practitioner in the rural districts when the latter dies, retires or moves away. Many a rural community has poorer medical facilities today than it had a generation ago.

THE same thing can not be said of the cities. There has been a decline, indeed, even in cities in the proportion of doctors to population. But this decline, it seems certain, has been more than compensated for by the increased efficiency of the individual physician, and by the development of laboratories, clinics and hospitals. The city dweller can now obtain excellent medical care if he can pay for it or if he is willing to take the pauper's oath and accept charity. But the financial problem is the nub of the whole matter, both in city and country. Any rural district could have adequate medical facilities if it were able to pay the market price for them, just as can any urban district. But the market price, as medical practice is now organized, is, from the patient's point of view, high. Medical costs the country over are, on the average, about twenty-five dollars per person per annum. Presumably the mythical average man can pay this much, since he actually does pay it. But the average man is as imaginary as the Golden Age. Actual records, selected

at random from families the country over, show a range of payments for medical care from a few dollars in a given year to more than $2,000. In one of the latter instances the medical charges were nearly fifty per cent of the family income.

No one, rich or poor, is exempt from the possibility of serious illness. The rich, presumably, can face this possibility — financially, at least — with perfect composure. To perhaps ninety per cent of the population, however, illness may mean not only pain and sorrow but also financial distress. One run of sickness may wipe out the savings of a lifetime, permanently reduce the family standard of living and spoil the prospects of the growing boys and girls. The actual costs of medical care are not the whole of the loss, for the stoppage of earning power has also to be considered. But medical costs do ordinarily have to be paid at the very time when the patient or his family can least afford to pay them.

Must we infer that these costs are excessive and that the remedy lies in putting a stop to medical over-charging? That such over-charging occurs can not be denied, doctors being almost as human as the rest of us. But there is conclusive statistical evidence that neither doctors nor hospitals are, on the whole, profiteering institutions. A physician is the product of an expenditure of thousands of dollars and at least eight years of higher education. He must provide himself with an expensive equipment and perhaps for several years earn less than the amount it costs him to live. He must be a selected man, above the average in intelligence. Yet his average earnings are low compared with earnings in business or in some of the other professions. In Philadelphia, according to a report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, the median net income for all physicians was $4,207, and for general practitioners $3,744. In Detroit, which the Committee also surveyed, the corresponding incomes were $4,548 and $5,000. In Shelby County, Indiana, the average net income of thirty-two physicians was a little over $3,400. The average net income of American physicians as a whole probably falls considerably under $5,000 a year. It would be a niggardly patient indeed who would call these rewards excessive in view of the services the physician performs.

With hospitals the case is even clearer. According to Dr. C. Rufus Rorem, a member of the research staff of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, ninety-one per cent of all the money invested in American hospitals is provided either by governments or by non-profit associations. In Philadelphia only fifty-one per cent of the operating expenses of fifty-three hospitals was received from patients. 147 hospitals in thirty-nine cities reported in 1927 that patients paid sixty-eight and a half per cent of the total operating costs. The average may be higher or lower in other communities, but there can be no doubt whatever that the patients in American hospitals do not, as patients, pay for all they receive. They may, as citizens, make up the hospital deficits by gifts or taxes, but that is another story.

It should be clear from the foregoing that we are not, as a nation, adequately protected against either

illness itself or the costs of illness. It should also be clear that the trouble lies in a defect of organization. Undoubtedly it would be profitable for us to spend more than we do on the care and prevention of illness. Dr. Winslow thinks we might very economically increase our annual expenditures for rural health services from the present level of $5,000,000 to $100,000,000. But an immense step forward would be taken if we planned an effective expenditure of the funds now available for medical care, and if we contrived so to distribute the costs that they would not fall with their present crushing weight on those least able to bear them.

We have, fortunately, some precedents to guide us. Though medicine remains the most individualistic of the professions it has not been impervious to modern ideas of organization. The very existence of the modern hospital and clinic is evidence in point. There are striking instances of efforts to reconcile the financial interests of patients and doctors, so that adequate service could be provided and suitably paid for without hardship. (We have space to glance at a few of these instances.) Some ninety-five American universities and colleges now provide complete medical service for their students on an annual fee basis. At the University of Michigan, for example, the needs of more than 12,000 students are looked after by six full-time physicians, ten part-time physicians, one part-time dentist and twenty social workers, laboratory technicians and other employes at a total cost to each student of ten dollars a year. Many industrial corporations furnish medical service to their employes either free or on an annual or monthly payment basis. Not all of these services can be commended. One, that of the Endicott Johnson Corporation, covering 15,000 employes and their families in five New York towns, deserves mention. It includes complete medical care for a group amounting, in normal times, to more than 41,000 persons. The Endicott Johnson employe, or any member of his family, is entitled to the services of a general practitioner, dentist, nurse or any specialist needed for any kind of illness. If hospital care, home nursing or rest in a convalescent home is required, it is furnished either by the company or by outside agencies paid by the company. The actual annual cost for those families who used the service was, when the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care reported on the plan, $25.49 per annum, or very nearly the average per capita cost for medical care in the entire United States.

It is, perhaps, of minor importance to our argument that the Endicott Johnson company finds it a worth while investment in good will to provide its medical service free of charge. The experiment demonstrates on a fairly large scale that such a service, described as reasonably satisfactory, can be maintained in Binghamton and similar communities for approximately twenty-five dollars per person per annum. In other words, if the Endicott Johnson medical organization could be reproduced by some other group of 40,000 individuals in a small American city they would probably be able to rid

themselves permanently of the financial risks of sickness at a cost of about twenty-five dollars a year each. The "if" may be a big word in this connection, but there is no reason to believe it insurmountable.

Some imposing figures of medical care on an insurance or annual payment basis might be rolled up if we included the various industrial plans, insurance furnished by labor unions to their members, and the so-called "lodge practice." It has been stated, for example, that a total of 2,000,000 individuals is covered by industrial insurance or medical service set-ups. Where occupational diseases are concerned workmen's compensation shades into sickness insurance. But merely quantitative measurement in this field is misleading. Labor union health insurance does not cover the entire scope, even of organized labor; it is usually payable in money rather than service, and it is commonly inadequate. "Lodge practice" — the provision of medical service by fraternal organizations at a fixed fee per member — has fallen into disrepute because the fees, fixed competitively, are too low to attract experienced and competent physicians or to ensure good work. Such practice represents a good idea gone wrong.

More hopeful are some of the experiments being made by individual practitioners, by medical organizations or "private group clinics," and by hospitals. Pediatricians often undertake the care of babies during the first one or two years of life at an annual rate. A few general practitioners have applied the same idea to adult patients. A number of "private group clinics" or organizations of physicians, usually including most of the ordinary specialties, accept patients on an annual contract basis. In some cases they contract with groups, usually employes' associations, at a monthly rate as low as seventy-five cents or one dollar for a limited service. An incorporated concern in Los Angeles has undertaken, apparently with satisfaction to its patients and profit to itself, to furnish both medical and hospital care for an annual fee.

Some community enterprises have been notably successful. In Grinnell, Iowa, the Community Hospital offers hospital care to the extent of board, room and regular nursing, at eight dollars a year for each individual, or twelve dollars for man and wife, five dollars for one child and two dollars and a half for each additional child. In Brattleboro, Vermont, a hospital association charges five dollars an individual or $7.50 for a couple a year to members, in return for which it pays hospital costs, surgeon's fees, and all other expenses of an illness or operation costing more than thirty dollars and not more than three hundred. Under governmental control yet having many of the aspects of a coöperative community enterprise, is the "municipal doctor" system of Saskatchewan. Here, about a decade ago, the farmers, many of them Americans who had migrated across the border, found that the country doctor was moving away, was giving unsatisfactory service or was discontented with his lot. A rural municipality in Saskatchewan, it should be noted, is the equivalent of an American county. One after another, thirty-two Saskatchewan municipalities secured legislation enabling them to tax

themselves for the purpose of securing medical attention, and proceeded to hire doctors on an annual salary. The tax was usually laid on the land and in most cases the doctors served the rural population only. In some instances the physicians were allowed to charge fees for first visits, for operations, and for service to persons residing outside the community. After ten years, as Dr. Rorem reports, both patients and doctors seem well satisfied with the system. With salaries and incidental fees the doctors are able to earn net incomes ranging in some cases above $5,000 a year, while the average family pays a medical tax levy of from seven dollars and a half to ten dollars a year. As hospital care and operations usually come extra this may not represent the entire cost of a serious illness. Apparently it would not be difficult to include these items at a proportionately higher cost, nor is there any apparent reason why the same system should not work well in rural communities on the American side of the line.

THESE illustrations are perhaps hardly more than straws in the wind. Yet their very diversity, both geographically and otherwise, is of the utmost significance. They represent a growing desire, sometimes effectively expressed and sometimes not, to escape from the vicious circle of medical bills which do not overpay the doctor or the hospital, yet which are more than the average patient can afford to pay. In most cases they have been managed without a serious breach with the traditions or the ethics of the medical profession. In practically every case they involve an application of the simple principle of so spreading the financial risk of sickness that it will not fall too heavily on any one pair of shoulders. In few of them is there any essential modification of the personal relationship between doctor and patient, which is probably necessary if the best results are to be obtained. In most of them it is to the interest of the physician to prevent illness as well as to cure it.

Such is the trend. It can hardly yet be called a movement. What American medicine most needs, on the face of the evidence, is a multiplication of these experiments, together with a careful study and determination of the standards by which they should be guided. The present chaos in medical practice needs a guiding leadership, which may well be composed of representatives both of the medical profession and of the laity. Unless this leadership develops, one of two things is likely to happen. Thousands of Americans will continue to suffer and die for lack of that medical attention which it is the duty and the desire of the medical profession to give them. Thousands more will be ruined by the unpredictable and crushing cost of serious illness.

Or — and this is a possibility which should cause the medical profession serious thought — America will turn in desperation to those European systems which have until now seemed repugnant to American ideals and traditions. More extensive medical care we must have. It will be voluntary and coöperative in its organization or it will be bureaucratic. Pure individualism has had its day.

The Mistake about Hemingway

By Arthur Dewing

A new analysis of the man who wrote "A Farewell to Arms"

For better or worse, Ernest Hemingway, who a little more than five years ago was quite unknown, has influenced the younger American writers as much as any author of the Twenties. No small amount of fiction appearing in the magazines is in style patterned after his. Such imitation is nearly always enervating. Hemingway himself put the matter neatly when he wrote that prose not one's own is of no value. But those attempting to copy Hemingway's are singularly unsuccessful. They fail because they do not comprehend what his work represents. Unfortunately, most of Hemingway's critics have praised or decried only superficial qualities of his style and moods, with the result that neither Hemingway's contribution to contemporary fiction nor his limitation has been understood.

Hemingway's talent is as original and spontaneous as Stephen Crane's. His laughter at professional litterateurs and evangelists of culture is always bubbling over. Life in itself affords Hemingway amusement. He relishes the impressions of his acute and healthy senses. He savors activity and finds it to his taste. "The element of sensuousness in every aspect of life is the foundation of his huge enjoyment in living," writes his friend Margaret Anderson in her entertaining autobiography, *My Thirty Years' War*. "Hemingway is so soft-hearted that it must be as much as he can bear to beat a punching-bag, and he is so afraid of falling often in love that he doesn't go about as blithely as he used to. . . . If I had to choose a single adjective to describe Hemingway I should choose 'simple.'"

Margaret Anderson chose her adjective astutely. Simple. Just that. Hemingway's feelings, thoughts, reactions are spontaneous and simple. Fundamentally his style and structure are simple too. Hemingway looks at life clear-eyed and writes down what he sees. He approaches life with fresh, quick senses and writes down what he feels. He describes principally from the outside characters almost as simple as the words he uses. He expresses without artifice his impressions of by no means unusual experiences. The merest commonplace provides him with a story. Everyday life is for him dramatic. He rejects all excrescences, but never anything necessary to make his picture convincing. Always

he tells a story well. For contemporary fiction, such writing is a healthy tonic.

During the last twenty years or so, writers of fiction have increasingly devoted themselves to studying the mind. The popularizing of psychology, like that of evolution in the Nineteenth Century, caused speculations to be swallowed whole as truths. Man jumped to the exciting conclusion that the sensitive, intricate, and fugitive impressions of his mind could be explained, perhaps controlled, and certainly expressed. Authors gave themselves up to thinking unhappily about their thoughts.

This emphasis on mind was heightened by the World War. The disillusion of the Twenties was a whole generation's disillusion with the false ideals, false beliefs, and false practices of its elders, with the false way of living which had brought about that vicious, incomparable, unpardonable folly, and which still inexorably controlled the destinies of the men and women who survived. The false concepts of human life and nature on which the young men and women of the Twenties had been brought up no longer held for them meaning or significance. They sent them by the board. In reaction to the emptiness of idealized conceptions, they exaggerated the reverse. That was not what they needed either. Like Krebs of *Soldier's Home* in *In Our Time*, they "acquired the nausea in regard to experience that is the result of untruth or exaggeration." Their thoughts were forced in on their minds.

As a result of these influences, Twentieth Century novelists have attempted to analyze and to portray the delicate workings of the mind. They have tried to represent life by representing their characters' thoughts. More often than not the means by which the mind receives its impressions (i.e., sense experience) and the end for which a healthy mind works (i.e., robust activity) have been minimized in contrast or left out. "Reality," authors have proclaimed omnisciently, "lies within the individual mind."

Nevertheless, it still *seems* to lie outside. In living, what we are concerned with mainly are human actions and reactions, not the thought processes by which actions and reactions are produced. What matters to us, what is reality for us, is what men *do*, not what they think. Under normal conditions, the mind is in a state of inconceivably spontaneous flux. We can not say at any given moment what our unresolved thoughts may be. If I am reading and take out my watch, I seldom know the mental process which made me want to know the time. Our mental processes are too spontaneous, too fleeting to be caught. What we are usually aware of is a general impression conveyed to us by sight, sound, touch, smell, taste — a general impression sometimes dominated by a particular impression, emotion, or impulse. The exception occurs when we are under some kind of emotional stress. The forces of the mind are then concentrated on a single objective, and the mind then records its impressions with mechanical regularity almost in words. But under ordinary circumstances our minds are conglomerations of impressions synthesizing unconsciously.

Clearly, if novelists were to incorporate the ultimate reality in fiction, they would have to give us not conscious expression of the unconscious, but the *unconscious expressed unconsciously*.

Theories accounting for the locale of reality interest Ernest Hemingway as little as the workings and possibilities of the mind. He finds too much delight in living to be concerned with introspective thought. In his own life, he is said to start for somewhere else at a moment's notice if it offers an experience he wants to have. What he enjoys most are the impressions of his healthy senses. His attitude toward life is active, to say the least. For him reality is what he sees and feels.

To contemporary fiction, Hemingway has contributed the steadying influence of one who approaches life with zest and level eyesight and depicts with understanding human experience as it seems to be. He shuns false yet superficially attractive sentiments. He eschews sordid exaggeration as well. He emphasizes healthy sense impressions. He tries to express experience in terms of speech and action, as it exists. Hemingway pays little attention to the minds of his characters. He is concerned with what they feel, with what they *do*. One of his distinctive merits is his persistent unwillingness to account for actions and reactions — to explain. He meets life with gusto; he writes of it pointedly with evident delight. Now this same relish for living is the basis of sound thought. Without it, thought is unwholesome, not robust. Yet Hemingway's enjoyment of life for its own sake is generally overlooked.

Ludwig Lewisohn, for example, in writing of the fiction of the Twenties (*Blind Alley*) grouped Hemingway with Cabell and the disillusioned, and declared that he lacks joy and vigor. Were such an estimate correct, Hemingway could never have produced the work he has. He could never have written *Big Two-Hearted River*, a story about the lone character's delight in a solitary fishing trip, or *Cross Country Snow*, of a skiing trip in Switzerland. Both appear in his first volume of stories, *In Our Time*. A disillusioned writer creates introspective characters and exalts them. Hemingway's characters are matter of fact. Though they have cause and opportunity, he seldom allows them to think about themselves. A disillusioned writer tends to dwell on an experience and to extract a moral from it, as Cabell does with the top of a cold cream jar in *The Cream of the Jest*. Hemingway neither dwells on experiences nor moralizes. At the end of *A Farewell to Arms* he writes that Henry, after Catherine's death, simply "walked back to the hotel in the rain."

The Sun Also Rises is usually considered in terms of the futility of the life it portrays. Its importance lies in Hemingway's method of portrayal. He dwells on no emotions. He shies away from introspective thought. He concerns himself mainly with the speech and actions of his characters. Sense impressions of every kind fill the book. The characters — except Robert Cohn, whom the rest dislike — waste small time on regret. In their own ways, they are living to the limit. They react to their experiences

with keenness, sometimes with zest. Hemingway makes them interesting by moving them swiftly on from one experience to the next.

When Hemingway finishes one experience he is ready for the next. In a sense, that is his strength. But it reveals his weakness, too. A great artist never dwells on an experience sentimentally, never lacks joy and vigor for greeting what may come. Sooner or later, however, a great artist interprets, suggests by implication whatever human significance any experience he employs may have. Hemingway has been content to sketch with startling clarity and gusto the real feelings of his livelier contemporaries toward active experiences. He never plows the surfaces of life with his imagination. He rarely suggests the implications of events. When he does, he is unnaturally clumsy, like a man walking in the dark.

HEMINGWAY'S ability to catch the feelings of his own contemporaries is one reason for his wide appeal. In tone and meaning every sentence is of the time he writes. No other period could have produced the style any more than it could have produced the thought. His characters, their speeches, actions, and reactions, are always up to date. Hemingway writes of them almost in the everyday language of the hour. What his method fundamentally amounts to is this: he says nearly everything the way we might see it, the way we might feel it, in the *rhythm* of our everyday speech and thought.

His characters are revealed to us by what they say and do, to some extent by what others say of them, only occasionally by what they think, and rarely by description or analysis. Not always. The first chapter of *The Sun Also Rises*, of course, is devoted to a description of Robert Cohn; and five chapters later Jake, who tells the story, sums him up objectively in about two hundred words. There are others, too, as Krebs, the soldier who came home to Oklahoma and "wanted his life to go smoothly"; Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, who "tried very hard to have a baby"; and the Nick of *Now I Lay Me*. But Brett Ashley, Bill Gorton, Mike Campbell, Catherine Barkley, Rinaldi, the minor characters of the novels, and most of the characters of the short stories are shown to us largely through their speech and actions, as are the people whom we know in life. Frederic Henry, who narrates *A Farewell to Arms*, and Jake both shun introspection, delight in sense impressions, and possess that mental awareness which skilfully perceives the significant in an Alpine landscape or the footwork of a matador, in a fishing trip or a woman's agony in childbirth. When Hemingway does go inside Henry's mind for an effect, Henry himself is undergoing an experience so powerful that his mind, as ours would be, is for the moment clarified, unified, made almost mechanical by its concentration on the circumstances it confronts. That is why Henry's stream of consciousness while Catherine is in childbirth rings true.

Not only does Hemingway avoid explaining characters: he reduces almost to a minimum his descriptions of scenes and events. He never dwells on either. Making his way

across the Italian countryside, Frederic Henry gives us only a general impression, such as we ourselves would have, of the mountains, the towns, the low wet plains, the roads and rivers, with only an occasional effect in detail — the roofs of houses, a campanile, a bridge, or trees — such as we ourselves might receive. Jake describes the Basque country with the same restraint. Apart from its war interest, *A Farewell to Arms* is chiefly concerned with the love of Catherine Barkley and Frederic Henry. Henry first knows he loves Catherine when she walks into his room in the hospital in Milan. Hemingway writes: "When I saw her I was in love with her. Everything turned over inside of me." Then he gives us their mutual attitudes, reactions, in some three hundred words, principally dialogue. He omits nothing relevant. We lose only explanation, only inconsequential details of which we ourselves in such a situation would not be aware.

The use of isolated yet more or less related details to build up an impression of reality is of course by no means an original technique. But in the hands of most authors (e.g., Arnold Bennett) the result is monotonous, ponderous, oppressive. It is as though sitting at home they laboriously imagined *all* aspects that a *complete* picture might be achieved. The result is complete enough, heaven knows, but its downright completeness makes it seem unreal. In actual life it is impossible for us to receive an entirely complete impression of anything at all. What we receive are related aspects, and nothing else.

Hemingway never makes the mistake of attempting complete representation. He renders not all aspects but merely the most significant, those most likely to impress themselves upon an active mind. He gives us not photographs but impressions as we might experience them in life. His characters, scenes, and events are rendered by means of carefully selected general impressions unified, permanently fixed, by significant details. That such impressionism sometimes causes each character, each scene, each event to appear differently to different readers is an advantage rather than not. So do each character, each scene, each event in life.

The narrative style Hemingway has chosen, that of everyday speech and thought, necessitates extreme simplicity of syntax. Our everyday speech and thought are normally specific and concise. It is when we deliberate that thought and speech become confused (see Henry James), and Hemingway has little interest in deliberation. Unlike his imitators, however, Hemingway does more than write short concrete sentences. By the wording of his sentences he gives them movement, life. Consistently he relates his passive elements to active. He writes: "There were many more guns in the country around *and the spring had come*. The fields were green and there were small green *shoots* on the vines, the trees along the road had small leaves *and a breeze came from the sea*." Figures of speech appear rarely in his writing, as they do in our own thoughts and conversations. He uses them principally to emphasize carefully selected points.

Every sentence of Hemingway's follows the *rhythm* of ordinary conversation and thought. To capture rhythm in this way requires extraordinary sense perceptions, which he, again unlike his imitators, possesses. The power manifests itself clearly in the speech of Bugs, the negro of *The Battler* in *In Our Time*, where without using phonetic spelling Hemingway communicates the special quality of negro speech. His later work shows improved command of the technique. By also writing his descriptive passages in the rhythm of everyday conversation and thought, Hemingway makes us feel that we are actually experiencing what he describes. We get thereby a truer effect of reality than any attempt to represent mental processes could achieve.

There is perhaps something to be said for Lewis Mumford's unnamed friend who complained that "everything he (Hemingway) writes sounds like a crisis in a cable." There is truth, too, in Mr. Mumford's own pronouncement of Hemingway's prose as "impassive, undemonstrative." But neither is quite just.

Writing such as Hemingway's must overcome two constant dangers. It must be so controlled that one sentence does not seem to tread upon the next, and it must be relieved of the monotonous rhythm which short sentences, practically unvaried, always cause. Hemingway accomplishes the first by cutting each sentence as cleanly short as any of his sense impressions. His treatment of the second is a mark of his development as a writer. To rhythms he is peculiarly sensitive, and in each successive book — more particularly in his transition from the experiments of *In Our Time* to the more finished *The Sun Also Rises* and the most successful of all, *A Farewell to Arms* — he shapes his prose to more distinctive rhythms. In *The Sun Also Rises* sentences long yet essentially simple appear more frequently to vary the monotony of the short. In *A Farewell to Arms* Hemingway seems to do this more easily. What is more important, he here builds up rhythms of significant words and phrases. In the hands of others (e.g., Gertrude Stein), such repetition has been used deliberately to destroy the meaning. Hemingway, by repeating only the most important, heightens, even clarifies, the effect he wishes to communicate. Frederic Henry's impressions as he is being wounded show this plainly. The same passage, by the way, does not seem "impassive" prose to me. I am inclined to believe it as "demonstrative" as good art permits — no more, no less. But the point I want to make is that Hemingway's earlier books do not contain such writing.

To read his books in sequence is to see Hemingway profiting by the lessons to be learned from each. Taking the two extremes, *Indian Camp*, the first story in *In Our Time*, deals fundamentally with the same subject as the last chapter of *A Farewell to Arms*. The first is gauntly horrible. I know few passages of prose so moving as the second, infused with sympathy, understanding, relentless precision in every line. Even the fooling of *The Torrents of Spring* seems to have strengthened that facility, that ease of expression which makes *A Farewell to Arms* splendidly

lucid reading. In technique *A Farewell to Arms* is an improvement on everything that came before.

Consequently it seems to me unlikely that "for the moment he (Hemingway) is caught in the cage of his style," as Mr. Mumford put it in an excellent article on the *Predicament of Emptiness*. Mr. Mumford finds still further promise in his work. I am not sure I do. In Hemingway's style and method, I find proof of development and indication of more. But of the penetrating insight and imaginative interpretation of the important artist, I find little more evidence in Hemingway's last book than in his first.

By stressing the vitality of physical activity, of sense experience, of living, as opposed to the deadliness and unreality of comparatively isolated processes of thought, Ernest Hemingway has given contemporary fiction a healthy and much needed stimulant. He has recalled our attention to varied incident, to the essential story in a work of fiction. He shows us what it means to live with all one's senses; he gives us impressions through touch, taste, smell, sound, sight, whereas few authors range beyond sight and sound. He writes a sturdy, vigorous, lively prose which is in no way literary, artificial. His characters approach life, any kind of life, with intense awareness, not infrequently almost with gusto. He depicts sense experience as it seems to be. He stirs us to appreciate being alive.

What has enabled Hemingway to do this is his own personality, his instinctive emphasis of sense impressions. "The element of sensuousness in every aspect of life," which Margaret Anderson says "is the foundation of his huge enjoyment in living," admirably fitted him to produce the work he has. But it may quite as surely prevent him from approaching what Mr. Mumford calls the "large tracts of life" he has not treated. Hemingway has turned the lessons of his earlier books to his special purpose of fixing for us sense experience through well constructed narrative. If his later books show more skilfull handling of his characters than the first, they show little more interest in the effects of their experiences on the characters, in the human significance of events.

Hemingway, as I have said, writes in the rhythm of everyday speech and thought. To make such writing easier and more convincing, he usually employs the simple trick of telling his story through the impressions and reactions of a single character. For his narrator he always selects a character who may have some feelings and possibly some abilities above the average but who nevertheless receives impressions in the manner of an ordinary if lively man. This enables us to experience the story through a single individual whom we can easily understand. It makes the narrative seem real. Yet the nature of this character limits the amount of imaginative interpretation the story can present.

Now whether this narrator be called Nick or Jake or Frederic Henry, I fancy he contains much of Ernest Hemingway himself. The "limit" in Hemingway's writing, sometimes attributed to his style, I find here. For me it is the limit most likely to keep him from complete

success. Nick, Jake, and Frederic Henry have almost no interest in the relation of man to life. Occasionally it is borne in on them, but when it is, they soon put it from their minds. So, I think, does Hemingway himself. His writings hold little which suggests that he is interested in the human implications of experience, in the "large tracts of life" he has not treated.

For Hemingway to treat life in its broader aspects and with deeper penetration, it would be necessary for him either to forsake the narrative method of his novels or else to create some such intellectually perceptive character as Conrad's Marlow. In the short stories that Hemingway tells objectively he gives us less interpretation than in the novels. Their appeal is kaleidoscopic. In the novels, Hemingway's attempts at interpretation are excursions inside his narrators' minds. If Hemingway can combine his own impressionism and the stream of consciousness method, employing the latter with characteristic sureness of selection, he will make an important contribution to the art of narration. He well may. But to interpret life imaginatively, from either inside or outside his characters, Hemingway's own perceptions must develop. And I am not sure that Hemingway can develop in that way or that he wants to if he can. When Margaret Anderson told him that *A Farewell to Arms* would have been "an altogether remarkable book if, instead of dealing with a purely accidental instinctive love, it dealt with something a little higher in the scale — say a love experience with some quality of awareness in it," he is said to have replied:

"I don't get you. Those two people really loved each other. Gee, he was crazy about her."

From his own point of view Hemingway was right. And his point of view is valuable. Not many contemporary writers are as vitally alive.

Rime for a Swimmer

By Frederic Prokosch

Aldebaran is captured in the glass
Of this warm water. Do not break
The treachery of this mirror. Wait,
Wait. Now it is broken and the lake

Is once again a lake. The stars are shattered.
Your body's plunge again has set them free.
Aldebaran has flown into the sky again: but you
Are lovelier than he.

Permutation in Suburbia

By Stella Baldwin

Whose golf-widowed years have brought her faith, hope and charity

Ten years ago golf crossed the threshold of our home and took as its toll my husband. The condolences of friends and relatives failed to cheer me, for I had lost my husband to a cause which I could not see was worthy of the sacrifice. Had he been taken in middle life or advancing age, I should have felt less grieved, for I knew of golf then only as an old man's game.

As I look back upon this decade of golf-widowhood, I find that time has healed my wound and I have evolved metamorphically into a happy golf-widow. Call me a rationalized golf-widow, if you will, but whatever it is, I am now strongly on the defense of the golfing husband.

At college, my husband had been a crack tennis player, captain of his team, and a good all-round athlete. After a number of years of confinement to an office life, he found tennis unsatisfactory. It did not get him out into the open for a long enough period, and after three or four sets he was through for the day. Golf beckoned and John succumbed to its lure.

Engrossed in the care of a new infant at the time, I was not able to share in this new diversion with John. I had always been a firm believer in separate holidays for husbands and wives. We both agreed that occasional separations were healthy for the endurance of any intimate human relationship, whether it was husband-wife, parent-child, brother-sister, or otherwise, for too constant association leads to exaggeration of petty vexations and a periodic separation clears the atmosphere. From the beginning of our marriage we had always indulged in short vacations apart, if only for a few days. John would go off on a fishing trip with his friends, while I would sojourn elsewhere. But along came this new institution of week-end golf.

Though my outlook has mellowed, I still remember how I dreaded the approach of Sunday in the city, with a perambulator to navigate about the park. At every turn, I saw fathers and mothers together caring for their children; but mine was a one-man job. However, while these women had compassion for me, the deserted wife, their husbands wore a yearning, far-away look, that seemed to say, "Lucky fellow, I wish

I could get away, too." I also recall that their children were at no greater advantage for care than my own little golf-orphan.

On the surface, this picture of mother tending the baby and father off for a day of golf seems unfair, but let's analyze it. John is a professional man, who puts in six days a week of hard labor. He works in an office in the heart of the city. He returns at night too fatigued to step out of doors for a short walk. The only fresh air he is exposed to is on his way to his office and back again. Many days he is even forced to forego his lunch. Wouldn't you grant him a Sunday in the sunshine, free from irritations, diverting enough to make him forget his daily cares?

Consider my side of the picture. I have always had a competent maid to relieve me of the household drudgery. I chose to rear the children myself, because I felt that I was more capable of that job than any one else. While I was curious to get out and discover this royal game for myself, I felt that this would come later and satisfied myself with "time off" afternoons to pursue my own hobbies.

The difference between our two jobs, as I see it, was that mine was part time and John's was full time. I had any afternoon I desired for outside interests while John had but one day. I chose my own hobbies, why shouldn't he choose his? John's golf did not inconvenience me. It merely deprived me of his company, which I enjoyed. Knowing that golf contributed to John's general health and happiness, should I not coöperate in every way possible to make his day of relaxation a successful one?

What would it have availed me if I had said, "No, John, it's not fair. I have the baby all week and now you take care of him on Sunday!" I have heard this attitude expressed by many women. They are resentful of their husband's day of freedom and much unhappiness results. The weaker ones succumb to their wives' pleadings, forfeit their golf and regret it the rest of their lives. The stronger ones win out but are branded as brutes who neglect their wives.

WHEN our first child was a few years old, I took to golf myself. It appealed to me immediately. Though I was not constitutionally an athlete, it satisfied me because it was a game that one could enjoy without having to excel in it. I played about once or twice a week, not enough to become adept, but enough to realize why men leave home. I found myself on the golf course forgetting that I had a home, a family, or a care in the world.

Another infant interrupted my golf, but John's went on and on. Playing at public golf courses became unsatisfactory, so he joined a club. A year or two later we moved to the suburbs and found ourselves just a few minutes from the club. Golf was now accessible to both of us at the slightest whim. John played regularly and I went over occasionally. With the children growing I found that I could even get away on Sunday and play a round with John if I chose. But, strangely enough, I chose not to. In the first place, John played in the eighties and I was a "duffer." Why spoil his game, and, incidentally, his good humor?

During the week, while the children are at school, I run over to the club occasionally. I enjoy the game fully, but it does not obsess me. It has made me understand its appeal to the tired man. John returns home from his golf, and chuckling, tells me, "You know that tenth hole with the water hazard, par three? Well, I landed on the green in one, just two inches from the hole — two inches more and I'd have had a hole in one." Instead of wondering what it is all about and looking bored to boot, I have a vicarious thrill myself.

Everybody's husband plays golf in the suburbs. While the selling bait for moving the Lares and Penates from town to country has always been the wide, open spaces for the children, one soon discovers that it was the "wide, open fairways" that broke down the sales resistance of one's husband.

One can not escape observing family relationships at close range in the suburbs. Life is much more intimate here than among apartment-dwellers in the city. Homes in a typical suburban locality such as ours are of three kinds: First, there is the home where the husband once entertained fond hopes of becoming a golfer. He was forced to suppress his desires in this direction and became inhibited because his wife prohibited. If you will drive through the country of a Sunday, you will find this man weeding the garden, fixing the leak on the roof, sweeping the walk, or taking Aunt Jane and Uncle Harry for a drive. This poor soul is usually very handy around the house, good at heart and sensitive, and rates about fifty per cent in happiness. His wife rates one hundred per cent. She gets what she wants out of life.

The second type of home is one where husband has a burning fever for golf and wife tries her best to abate it, but is unsuccessful. She becomes a golf-widow for life, but is never resigned to her lot, and continues to hope that golf will one day go out of her husband's life. Hers is the husband who imbibes on the "nineteenth hole" to prepare himself for the offensive when he reaches home. His is the wife who always phones the club from five o'clock on, to see if her George has left for home. But George has the locker man trained to recognize her voice, and inevitably when she phones, she hears, "Mr. Brown is on his way home, ma'am," while, in reality, he is out starting on another round. I should rate his happiness about seventy-five, and his wife's fifty. George, at least, can slough off his troubles on the golf course, but Mrs. George can not forget her rôle of neglected wife. Unfortunately, this species of golf-widow is predominant and more deadly than any other. Her husband *will* play his golf, no matter what the domestic hazard.

Which brings us to our third home in this classification. Here and there, sparsely dotted, one finds a home where man can sow his golf oats at will, and where the family unit still remains intact. The wife usually has an absorbing interest outside of the home which forms an outlet for her spare time. She is not dependent socially on the members of her family. Her own self-respect rates high and likewise the respect of husband and children for her.

From the opposition comes the argument that golf deprives the home of its *pater familias*. "But what of those poor children who will grow up not knowing the influence or companionship of a father?" they cry. Have you ever observed a complete family of father, mother and children of a Sunday? Father will play around with the children for a little while in the morning, until you hear, "Now, Junior, run along and let father read his paper." And Junior is glad to run along, because he doesn't get the same fun out of playing with father as he does with his chum, Billy.

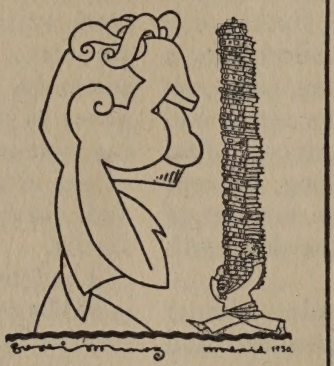
The traditional Sunday dinner with all the family assembled and father at the head of the table may have its merits. We solve that problem by having ours in the evening.

Fred, one of our friends at the club, is known as the "model husband" among men. He insists on "having that celebrated Sunday dinner at home with his family and spending the afternoon with his children." His wife tells me another version of the story. Fred plays golf "only in the morning." He comes home to dinner at two or three (the cook had it scheduled at one). The children are "starved" and irritable from waiting, wife is cross and cook threatens to leave. Dinner is eaten solemnly, the children go out of doors to play, and Fred, tired from his morning's golf, naps for the rest of the afternoon. But Fred is satisfied. He spends his Sunday with his family.

The tranquillity of the golf-widow is of her own making. When golf enters her home and absorbs the interest of her husband, she may meet its intrusion with resentment or perverseness, or weigh values and welcome it with liberality. There is no evading it; when it comes, it endures. If she resists it, the props are removed from something more vital.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by
HERSCHEL BRICKELL



HOME is the traveler, to find that indefatigable and ever-interesting anti-American Stuart Chase again in the limelight, this time with a corking book on Mexico. Why does the Landscaper call Mr. Chase anti-American, do you ask? Perhaps because he is so violently opposed to the current culture of our country; because a good many years ago he helped to write a book called *Your Money's Worth*, which was a most vigorous assault upon the high-pressure advertising and selling that helped so much to bring us to the crash of 1929. Because, when the rest of the economists of the country, or at least the vast majority, were announcing publicly that with the aid of Mr. Henry Ford we had discovered a new system which guaranteed prosperity for all evermore, Mr. Chase was saying just as publicly that we were headed for disaster; that, indeed, the System just then being worshiped not only failed to guarantee peace and prosperity to all, but that it did not even promise a reasonable measure of human happiness at the top of its efficiency. This merry iconoclasm goes right on in the new book, which is published by Macmillan at $3, and the full title of which is *Mexico: A Study of the Two Americas*, with many illustrations by Diego Rivera and written with the help of Marian Tyler, who is Mrs. Stuart Chase. Would we have listened in patience three or four years ago to the argument that the republic to the south of us actually had more to offer us in the way of real civilization than we had to offer it? One is privileged to doubt it. Most Americans of that period would have hooted and jeered, and continued to think that the cause of culture in general would best be served by our taking possession of the country, putting all the Indians on reservations, and turning loose our magnificent exploiters upon the vast natural resources. Now we are more patient. We know there is a considerable amount of unhappiness in this country, and some of us are willing to admit that even in the boom days there was less of real joy than we were led to believe.

A Mexican Village

MR. CHASE went to a village of 4,000 inhabitants, Tepoztlan, and made a study of a people still in

the handicraft stage of development, contrasting their situation with that of the inhabitants of the American Middletown. In most respects he found his Mexican friends living happier, fuller lives; more colorful existences, with less worry. Naturally they have to do without many of the blessings of the Machine Age; not every home has a sunken bath in pastel shades, and there are very few automobiles. There are also very few nervous breakdowns. The striking contrast between Tepoztlan and Middletown is, Mr. Chase says, that the people in the Mexican town live to play, while the people in Middletown live to work. Apparently the Mexicans have never heard of John Calvin . . . There is a temptation to go on writing about Mr. Chase's book, not only because it is excellent reading, done with spirit and understanding, but because its theories find so much sympathy in the bosom of the Landscaper, another anti-American of the same breed as Mr. Chase. But there are other books to be discussed, several of them bearing more or less on the same general problem. Please do not miss Mr. Chase on Mexico. If this sympathetic reviewer found anything to quarrel with in the book it is that so much of what Mr. Chase seems to regard as typically Mexican is just as typically Spanish; there are spots in Spain as blessed as Tepoztlan, and not an Indian in a good many thousand miles of them.

Not a Tourist's Paradise

More than one tender-hearted reader has expressed the pious hope that Mr. Chase's exciting book will not start a tourist rush to Mexico. It will undoubtedly arouse interest in the country, but your real tourist is unwilling to put up with the minor discomforts and inconveniences in order to obtain the major spiritual satisfactions. Mexico has in this respect the same protection as Spain; the Mexicans are apparently able to resist any invasions without altering their essential characteristics very much, and this tourists in the large do not like. There is very little in Mr. Chase's book to indicate that the Mexicans are likely to become a nation of innkeepers, and it is the nations of innkeepers that entertain the crowded charabancs . . . Along with the Chase book there is a steady word-of-mouth propaganda in favor of Mexico that has been going on now for several years; one of the Landscaper's good friends, who has worshipped Italy from childhood returned from Mexico not long ago with the startling statement that he had never loved a land or a people so much before. Those who care to pursue the subject further, before taking a train or a ship south, will find a good recent history of the country in *Liberalism in Mexico* by Wilfred Hardy Callcott (Stanford University Press, $5), a volume that covers the period from 1857 and the new Constitution to the administration of Emiliano Portes Gil in 1929.

A Frenchman on America

If, by implication, Mr. Chase lets us know that he is not entirely satisfied with contemporary American culture, there is a foreign critic about who is far more outspoken in regard to many of our idols. This is Georges Duhamel, whose *Scenes from the Life*

of the Future has been a much discussed book in its French version for a good many months. It has now been translated and published as *America the Menace* (Houghton Mifflin, $2). This is a long way from being another André Siegfried's *America Comes of Age;* Mr. Duhamel did not remain very long in this country and he brought his preconceived opinions with him. His book is sweeping and superficial, but it is interesting because it was written primarily as a warning to his own people of the danger of falling completely under our influence. Perhaps he became alarmed while going about Paris, where the American influence seems to grow stronger and stronger with the passing of the years. At any rate, he is very much upset, and his book will not be read at any D. A. R. conventions this year. It is our standardization that most alarms him, and while we may differ in point of view as much as we like, it would be hard to disprove the general truth of the charges he brings. There is nothing malicious about his criticism; he is honestly frightened of what we may do to the world. On the other side of the question is a small volume, *America We Need You*, by E. Muller-Sternheim (Houghton Mifflin, $1.75), in which a German declares passionately that we have within our power the control of the world for its own good. This is a very comforting sort of book to read after some of the others mentioned. Those looking for further comfort will find it in *Modern Civilization on Trial* by C. DeLisle Burns (Macmillan, $2.50), a survey of the industrialization of the world, with a good deal of optimism in its pages.

The Youth of Germany

ANNE MERRIMAN PECK has written a highly interesting book on one of the European movements that is giving color to a whole civilization in *Young Germany* (McBride, $2.50), which is a story of the famous Youth Movement. Fortunately for the success of this plan, Germany is still in a state where simple pleasures are possible, where hiking and camping and swimming are all inexpensive, and where sports of most sorts may be indulged in within a quarter of an hour of the centres of great cities. There is nothing more striking about the Germany of today than the health and vigor of the young people, and the Youth Movement has played no small part in this situation. There might be a Youth Movement in Mexico, if one were needed, but anything of the simplicity of the German scheme would be out of the question for us; we are much too advanced, even in our present poverty-stricken condition to enjoy simple healthful ways of spending time in which very little money is involved. Miss Peck's book is written from close observation, and is well worth reading.

Some Books on Russia

ANY current discussion of such matters as civilizations and cultures is bound to lead sooner or later to the Russia of the Soviets, and the presses continue to grind out books on this subject. One of the newest of the journalistic volumes is *Seeing Red* by Eve Garrette Grady, the subtitle of which is *Behind the Scenes in Russia Today* (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $2), which is distinctly anti-

Soviet. Mrs. Grady had her chances at observation as the wife of an American engineer in the employ of the Soviets; she was invited to leave the country because, it is reported, a joke about Stalin appeared in an article of hers. Mrs. Grady was intensely annoyed by the Russians, and is unwilling to grant them very much of anything. She makes a great to-do because a friend of hers was arrested in a public bath for using soap; the Landscaper read a day or two ago of a seventeen-year-old girl who was arrested at Coney Island because the shoulder strap of her bathing suit slipped down, and not only arrested, but imprisoned. It seems to this observer that Mrs. Grady was temperamentally unfitted to make a real study of life in Soviet Russia, and that her book is prejudiced and superficial, but it should be a great comfort to those who are sure the Russian experiment is doomed to complete failure.

After these comforting assurances, those who can stand a bit of a fright might turn to *The Soviets Conquer Wheat* by Anna Louise Strong (Holt, $2), which is a first-hand account of the first great wheat harvest under the collective system of farming. Miss Strong, a well-known American journalist, is quite frankly in favor of the Soviets, but her book is carefully written, and whatever statements she makes are susceptible of proof. News reports are that this year's harvest will be far greater than the first, about which Miss Strong writes so graphically and dramatically, and the bearing of this stupendous experiment upon the daily life of a whole section of the American public — the wheat-growers — gives everything she says a direct emotional appeal. The sheer size of the collective movement and its vast sweep, together with its potentialities for the future — there is, for example, the Soviets' plan for cotton growing in Turkestan on an enormous scale — make the book exciting reading.

The Breshkovskaia Diaries

Those who are interested in the historical side of the Russian situation will find two highly interesting books available just now, one of them *The Hidden Springs of the Russian Revolution: The Personal Memoirs of Katherine Breshkovskaia*, edited by Lincoln Hutchinson (Stanford University Press), and the other, *The Real Romanovs* by Gleb Botkin (Revell). The Breshkovskaia memoirs, which make fascinating reading, have been brought out under the auspices of the Committee on Russian Research of the Hoover War Library of Stanford. Mr. Botkin's book has for one of its most important features a long discussion of the Anastasia problem. There is not the slightest doubt in his own mind — he knew Anastasia and the rest of the royal family in Russia — that the young woman whose presence in New York a few years ago aroused so much controversy, is the daughter of the Czar, and he explains most interestingly why the remaining Romanovs and other Russian aristocrats turned their backs on this pathetic refugee. This is an intimate personal narrative that will hold the attention of any one who picks it up; it appears to have no small historical value, and is certainly highly readable. Mr. Botkin is a novelist of attainments; his family in Russia was associated

with the ruling house for generations. He brings out many points in connection with the history of the Romanovs that will be new to most readers; the book is worth reading for the extraordinary chapters on Anastasia alone.

Miss Cather's New Novel

Two novels seem to be dividing the attention of the serious-minded followers of fiction at present, and one of these, *Hatter's Castle* by A. J. Cronin, has already been commented upon at some length in these columns, as it was well on its way to a world-success when the Landscaper left England some time ago. It is now being translated into most of the languages of importance and is certain to sell into the hundreds of thousands. It is a striking example of the uncertainty of the publishing business; the author is a Scotch doctor, and it is a first book, a long, rather melodramatic and tragic sort of novel that would hardly be expected to arouse a great deal of interest during a time of depression. It had an extraordinary press in England, but this does not always mean large sales. Very apparently, the book has the mysterious something that makes people want to read it, and talk about it. The other novel mentioned is, of course, Willa Cather's *Shadows on the Rock* (Knopf, $2.50), a story of Quebec in the early days of its settlement. It goes without saying that any novel by Miss Cather is a major event in any publishing season; there is no doubt that a great many people will find pleasure and satisfaction in the lovely prose of *Shadows on the Rock*, and in its beautiful descriptions. It is historical tapestry wrought with all possible artistry, Puvis de Chavannes frescoes in words. This much for the credit side. It is a paler and less dramatic novel than *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. Is there significance in the fact that Miss Cather has done these two historical studies in succession? Is she abandoning the contemporary scene altogether for this sort of tapestry-weaving? If so, for all the beauty of the books, some of us will feel a definite loss. However, even if she plans to retire to an ivory tower, what issues from it will be stirring to the soul, and the Landscaper is not one to quarrel with the production of things that hold their own beauty, however much he may wish that all the good novelists might come to the aid of their country . . .

A Variety of Fiction

There are a number of other novels to select from, and the variety is wide, as usual. Those who have followed the career of Willie Maddison, the poet-hero of Henry Williamson's tetralogy, *The Flax of Dream*, will be interested in the revised version of the third part of the long story, *The Dream of Fair Women* (Dutton, $2.50). Mr. Williamson has completely rewritten this story of the period immediately after the World War, and has improved it in its organization and style. Maddison's love affair with a married woman, who is as faithless to him as she is to her husband, makes what plot there is to the tale. It has the usual descriptions of nature and discussions of animal life that mark this author's writings; the Landscaper's objection to it is its sentimentality. Maddison is not a

satisfactory protagonist for a drama as sweeping as this, for the very simple reason that he is defeated from within, and is not the victim of circumstances beyond his control. Any student of psychology might have known from the novel of his boyhood, *The Beautiful Years*, that his chances of standing up the world were small, and however hard Mr. Williamson tries to convince the reader that Maddison is a sort of Christ-Shelley, destined to lead the world into brighter times, he can not escape the charge that his hero is guilty of the awful sin of self-pity. Maddison and Eve, his mistress, are given to dissolving into tears a little too often for most of us, also.

And More Novels

A good, solid, thoughtful novel from the other side of the Atlantic is *The Pastor of Poggsee*, by Gustav Frenssen (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), the story of a German parson in Holstein between the fateful years 1914–1920. In short, a war-book, if you like, but of a very unusual sort, and well and interestingly written. *Silver Trumpets* by Lucille Borden (Macmillan, $2.50), is a romance veiling a violent attack upon the Soviets, and especially upon their anti-religious activities. As a novel it is fair; as propaganda it is weakened by the emotional state of the author, and also by the reader's knowledge of the futility of her attack. *Seven Days* by Andreas Latzlo (Viking, $2.50), is a novel of life in Berlin, in which the lives of several families of varying social importance become entangled, a swift-moving and readable tale of scandal and tragedy. An important fictional study of Jewish life in America is David Pinski's *The Generations of Noah Edon* (Macaulay, $2.50). Mr. Pinski is a distinguished writer in Yiddish. In his novel he has attempted to show the life of three generations, acting upon and being acted upon by America. The first generation suffers a breaking down of old ideals, the second is caught in the lust for material gain, but the third regains a spirituality that has something in it of the ancient Jewish tradition, and more, perhaps, of modern social justice. It is an interesting and successful attempt to set down a family history against an environment at first alien, and steadily becoming more homelike, until family and environment are one.

God in the Straw Pen by John Fort (Dodd, Mead, $2), a young Southern novelist whose development the Landscaper has followed with keen interest, is a story of a religious revival in a Georgia community, which while set down in another period, might have happened last week. No doubt Mr. Fort has had some first hand experience in revivals, as most of us have who come from his part of the country; he knows the subject. The novel is well done, good reading, and indicates that its author is developing rapidly. His first published work of fiction was the usual autobiographical story, and had little else except the quality of the writing to distinguish it, but he seems to be on his way now. A light-hearted, but shrewd story of American youth, is Emily Hahn's *Beginner's Luck* (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $2), the first novel by the author of *Seductio Ad Absurdum*. A solid piece of English fiction, with homely quali-

ties, is *The Bending Sickle* by Cecily Farman (Morrow, $2.50), with its background shifting from the Victorian to the Edwardian and down to the Georgian period. It centres around the character of a woman, who realizes her destiny through her father, her lover and her younger brother.

Two Good Novels

And not to be overlooked in the rush is Edward Thompson's *A Farewell to India* (Dutton, $2.50), which is a brilliant novel of somewhat the same significance as E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*, in that it is an interpretation of the Hindus and the English in their relation to each other. It is a novel of contemporary India, with some of its most striking passages concerning Gandhi; any intelligent person interested in India will find it worth reading. It is also by accident that another of the better current novels wandered down to the end of the fiction section. The book referred to is *New England Holiday* by Charles Allen Smart (Norton, $2), which is a first novel of very decided power, the story of a week-end where seven young people are present, each facing an emotional crisis. These are very real young people, not the kind one meets in the magazines, and Mr. Smart has handled his problems of character with real skill. His book has the advantage of many advance blurbs from distinguished people, which is not so unusual. But it deserves the ballyhoo, and this is somewhat out of the ordinary. He has hit upon a technique which is unusual, and he handles it with a marked degree of success.

A Zweig Novelette

Two novelettes and a book of short stories remain to be commented upon. One of the novelettes, Stefan Zweig's *Amok* (Viking, $1.50), has made its appearance recently upon best-seller lists, which is an unusual state of affairs. It is the story of a physician in the East, who, worn out with lack of society of his own kind, meets a white woman, and runs amuck, bringing ruin to himself and the woman, a violent bit of tragedy superbly handled by the author, who seems to have unusual skill with this difficult form of fiction. The other novelette is by Thomas Burke, and is called *The Flower of Life* (Little, Brown, $2). It tells the story of Jane Cameron, who is introduced to us entering the workhouse, and a touching bit of narrative it is. The collection of short stories is Ben Hecht's, and is called *The Champion from Far Away* (Covici-Friede, $2.50). It is evident that Mr. Hecht finds time from his controversy with Maxwell Bodenheim to turn out some excellent short fiction. The latest chapter in the Hecht-Bodenheim feud, in case you have overlooked it, is called *Duke Herring* (Liveright, $2.50). It is a reply to Mr. Hecht's *Count Bruga*. Neither book is of any greater importance than the controversy itself, it might be added. But Mr. Hecht can write short stories.

Stories of Real Life

There are a few books about that are true narratives more or less in the form of novels. One of these, *God Have Mercy on Me!* is by the author of *No Bed of Roses*, and continues that

tragic and sordid story of the life of a prostitute; another is Pauline Leader's *And No Birds Sing* (Vanguard), the story of a girl who lost her hearing at an early age, and who suffered many other handicaps, but who would not let any of them defeat her, a really stirring personal narrative; and still another, is *Caviar for Breakfast* by James N. Gifford (Sears, $2), which is an account of the reputed goings-on in high society in New York and Palm Beach. Mr. Gifford is said to have gathered his material as a tutor in the homes of the very rich. The trouble is, of course, that reading about their lives is as dull as the lives themselves, and no more need be said.

For those who wish to escape their troubles by burying themselves in books about other times and other places, there are several promising volumes at hand, among them *A Yankee in Patagonia* by Robert and Katherine Barrett, with a foreword by Rockwell Kent (Houghton Mifflin, $4), the tale of one Chace, from Taunton, Massachusetts, who became a sailor, sheep-herder, and many other things, and who finally settled in the distant country named in the title. This is a book rich in adventure and local color. Then there is *The Great Plains*, to come nearer home, by Walter Prescott Webb (Ginn, $4), a full, rich story of the settlement of the West, and a notable addition to recent literature of the American frontier. And *The Road to Oblivion* by Vladimir Zanzinov, with the collaboration of Isaac Don Levine (McBride), a wild and thrilling book about Far Siberia, filled with fresh information, and containing many tales as strange as Ossendowski's, but apparently more accurate. The mercury frequently falls to 95 degrees below zero in this curious land, and a pleasant place it is to think about in the middle of a New York summer. Then there is Alvin S. Harlow's excellent *Old Bowery Days: The Chronicles of a Famous Street* (Appleton, $5), a rich and racy chapter from the history of New York, fully illustrated from contemporary prints, and excellent reading, and for the more serious minded, *Caribbean Backgrounds and Prospects* by Chester Lloyd Jones (Macmillan), a complete account of the situation in the northern part of Latin America, with especial respect, of course, to relations with the United States.

Our Monkey Ancestors

THE Landscaper's own book-of-the-month from the miscellaneous division is Dr. Ernest A. Hooton's *Up From the Ape* (Macmillan, $5), an admirable account of man's relationship to the lower animals, packed with information very unpedantically imparted. The anti-evolutionists will not enjoy it, and if it has not yet been censored in some of our Southern States, it will be. But it is as interesting a book on this general topic as any one might wish, and very good indeed for straight reading. Its agreeable lack of dogmatic statement is one of its principal charms. Another of the miscellaneous volumes that is worthy of attention is Lewis Browne's *Since Calvary* (Macmillan, $3), an interpretation of Christianity from the Crucifixion down to the present—at least as far as the anti-Soviet campaign against religion. This book sets forth the liberal point of view, as those who

know Mr. Browne's other volumes, such as *This Believing World*, will know, but its bias is not too strong, and its author has a great deal of skill in covering a large amount of territory.

A New Life of Osler

THE biography shelf is not exactly creaking and groaning this month, but there is a new and delightful life of a great man available that ought to go far to make up for the lack of quantity. This is *The Great Physician: Sir William Osler* by Edith Gittings Reid (Oxford University Press, $3.50), a brief and very readable account of the career of this splendid human being. The author knew Dr. Osler and his family well, and she has done a rounded portrait of the man within the limits of her short book, which is not meant to conflict in any way with the big Harvey Cushing biography, but which may lead many to read the larger work. There is a volume of Osler essays just now published, for those who wish to discover another phase of a many-sided mind; the title is *The Student Life and Other Essays* (Houghton Mifflin, $2). Supremely important, of course, to all students of international affairs is the first volume of von Bülow's memoirs, *Memoirs of Prince von Bülow, 1897–1903* (Little, Brown, $5), a brilliantly written volume packed with historical matter and filled with sketches of interesting human beings as well. It is perfectly frank, and its style alone would make it stand out among memoirs, even if its substance were not so important. Much new Whitman material appears in Clara Barrus's *Whitman and Burroughs: Comrades* (Houghton Mifflin, $5), including a great many unpublished letters of the poet, and the book also furnishes a vivid picture of the entire American literary scene between 1850 and 1900.

A Book about England

SPACE grows short, but the Landscape can not quite be closed without some mention of a fine book on England called *England, the Unknown Isle*, by Paul Cohen-Portheim (Dutton, $2.50). The author is a young Austrian who was interned during the War on the Isle of Man. Speaking as one who thinks he knows a little about the English, the Landscaper found this book extremely good, intelligent and understanding, and penetrating. Then, for those who can envisage the day when airplanes will be as thick as Fords, Juan de la Cierva, the young Spanish inventor of the autogiro, has told its story in *Wings of Tomorrow*, with the help of Don Rose (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $2.50) and a thrilling story it is.

North American Review

November

England Decides
By Warner Marshall, Jr.

Fever in the South (*A Story*) . . . . . Winifred Sanford
Why Not Another War? . . . . . G. Peyton Wertenbaker
Mr. Wickersham in Retrospect . . . . . R. L. Strout
Myths of the West . . . . . Carey McWilliams
Mark (*A Story*) . . . . . Josephine Johnson
Our Scrambled Local Government . . . . Lane W. Lancaster
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Ship's Bread (*A Story*) . . . . . Captain William Outerson
The Lady and the Peddler . . . . . Eudora Ramsay Richardson

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ONE-HUNDRED-SEVENTEENTH YEAR

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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

England

All other events of the month, economic or political, were overshadowed by England's temporary abandonment of the gold basis. There are few economists really versed in the intricacies of foreign exchange, probably none who can accurately foresee the consequences of the Bank of England's move. A great deal will depend, of course, on the political results. Even the event itself is puzzling: it can be looked at from so many angles. Historically, September 21, 1931, will, I feel, be marked as the day when the financial centre of the world passed from London to New York. This can not but have been a blow to England's pride, but there are things more important to a nation than its pride. England, bravely and fortunately, faced the facts.

The prestige of the New York Stock Exchange was clearly enhanced by its ability to withstand the selling of the world. The market chose to interpret England's move bullishly — a correct diagnosis, I believe, for the abandonment of the gold basis, necessary though it was, removed an important impediment to England's economic recovery. With a depreciated currency, she will soon be in a position to undersell her competitors and recapture lost foreign markets. The apparent corollary is that this will hurt our foreign trade, but I do not think that this will be the case. It is not improbable that England, finding commerce once more profitable, will embark upon a period of inflation, which, if not carried to excess, will benefit us in two ways. First, nothing would be better for the psychological condition of world business than a prosperous England. Second, during the process of industrial expansion, England would have to buy materials from us. Of course, the one great remaining obstacle to all of this is the dole. England is like a very fine thoroughbred which might have been the favorite for a given race were it not carrying an excessive weight.

There are probably some people who believe that England's abandonment of the gold basis was a great departure from her long standing economic custom. To them it should be pointed out that once before, in 1919, the gold standard was given up, and only reinstated six years ago. Events have proved merely that at that time England was not ready to return to the gold standard. Her political leader, Churchill, was animated by a sense of pride and a natural desire for glory. Had his policy been more self-effacing, England's pride would not have had to suffer the blow of September 21. How the Soviet officials must have rejoiced at England's distress!

From a long pull standpoint I consider the concentration of the world supply of gold in a few countries — the United States, France, and the Argentine — as highly dangerous. It is conceivable that the remaining and greater part of the world, having no gold, will simply cease to regard it as the most desirable medium of exchange. If, on the other hand, gold is to remain the basis of credit, it must be more evenly distributed. Prosperity can only come when you have something desirable to sell, and customers rich enough to buy it.

Wages

I have frequently stated my belief that the Administration's attempt to peg wages was unsound and one of the principal causes of the severity of the present depression. Business leaders generally have at last been forced to cut wages to a level commensurate with the lowered cost of living and prevalent volume of business. This move will soon be reflected in improved corporate profits, which, in turn, will stimulate business psychology as nothing

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else can do. It is interesting to remember that the low point of the 1921 bear market occurred two days before the Steel Company's announcement of a general wage cut.

Construction

CONSTRUCTION appears to have taken a turn for the better. Preliminary figures for new construction contracts let in September indicate that they will be ahead of those of August. This rarely happens, September usually being considered a poor time for initiating building operations. The present upturn therefore is extra-seasonal and may indicate that in August new construction had reached the irreducible minimum. Of course the September figure will be far behind that of last year, and the volume of construction initiated during 1931 the lowest in many years. If, however, it should soon become apparent that an uptrend has at last begun, the present low ebb would rapidly lose its discouraging significance.

Agriculture

IN SPITE of prevailing prices and drought in the Middle West, the prospects favor bumper crops. In general, the Department of Agriculture reports, considering both acreage and yield per acre, the combined production of the principal food crops is expected to be somewhat above the usual average. The 1931 probable production of all wheat, including 775 million bushels of winter wheat, now totals 886 million bushels, compared with 863 million harvested in 1930 and the five year average production of 822 million bushels. Presumably then, Farm Boards and panaceas notwithstanding, the price of wheat has yet to go still lower. Nobody can help a man who is unwilling to help himself. If in spite of a price below the cost of production the farmer persists in planting bigger and bigger crops, and the country banker lends him money to do it with, the result is inevitable. One of the major political crimes of our history was spending money raised by taxation in the Eastern States to reclaim Western waste lands and consequently make Eastern farms less valuable. But the deed is done, and there is no solution of the farmer's dilemma but by reducing acreage. A possible solution would be the reforestation of vast areas, protected by an adequate tariff on pulp wood. Of course such a tariff is one of the hardest to put through, because all editors want cheap paper and are in a position to oppose anything that might affect their profits adversely.

The corn situation appears to be not unlike that of wheat. The Department of Agriculture forecasts the crop at 2,715,357,000 bushels. This is only 45 million bushels under the five year average, and is 622 million bushels or 29.7 per cent larger than the production of 1930. The remarks made above concerning the wheat farmer apply emphatically to the cotton farmer.

Metaphor

I HAD a friend who wanted to give a party. It was to be a tremendous party, one that people would remember and talk about for years. He did not at the moment have enough money on hand, so he mortgaged his house, arranging to amortize the mortgage from his ample income. Hard times came and he lost his job. Being unable to collect the interest payments on the mortgage, the creditor foreclosed. Now my friend has no home, no job and no resources, but people are still talking about the party.

People are still talking about the World War, too, but every nation which participated in it is in grave financial condition. The position of the United States is more complicated than that of my friend, because, besides being one of those who gave the ghastly party, it holds the mortgage. And further, as everybody knows, the mortgage can not be foreclosed. Sooner or later the American taxpayers are going to pay for the War, and the sooner they realize it, it seems to me, the better.

Business

THE *Annalist* index of business activity made a new post-War low early in September. Improvement since that time has not been anything like the normal seasonal improvement, and the prospects for the remaining months of the year are not bright. The one individual who above all others bears watching at this time is Mr.

(*Continued on page XV*)

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By VIRGINIA BARNEY

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Torchlights to the Cherokees. By *Robert Sparks Walker.* New York: Macmillan Company. $3.00.

An account, based on original documents, of the work of the Brainerd Mission with the Cherokee Indians, before they were forced to give up their land in Tennessee and Georgia and move westward.

Guests of the Nation. By *Frank O'Connor.* New York: Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A stirring narrative of the chaotic events in Ireland during the Rebellion.

TRAVEL

At Home in China. By *Esther Frayne Hayes.* New York: Walter Neale. $3.00.

Miss Hayes visited China without preconceived prejudices. Her sympathetic approach made possible her contact with the Chinese in their homes and daily lives. She found an appealing people in a country of beauty, against a background of a glorious civilization.

Trails to Inmost Asia. By *George N. Roerich.* New Haven: Yale University Press. $7.50.

The life of the Nomad tribes in the vast deserts and mountain ranges of Central Asia is described here as it was seen by the five-year Roerich expedition. Some of the illustrations are from the paintings of Nicholas Roerich, Russian artist, and leader of the expedition.

OUR TIMES

My Fight for Birth Control. By *Margaret Sanger.* New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $3.00.

The history of the birth control movement is the story of the life of Margaret Sanger. Here she gives her background as one of eleven children, and recounts her struggles and her victories.

Social Politics and Modern Democracies. Two volumes. By *Charles W. Pipkin.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

This survey of social legislation in France and England since 1900 shows how these countries have tried to apply their principles of political democracy.

The Prohibition Experiment in Finland. By *John H. Wuorinen.* New York: Columbia University Press. $3.50.

This is a thorough and unbiased account of what Finland has done in liquor legislation and of how the present condition of Prohibition actually works and is regarded.

The International Court. By *Edward Lindsey.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.75.

A study of the development of international law and a review of what the Court of International Justice has accomplished since its foundation in 1922.

FICTION

The Wild Orchid. By *Sigrid Undset.* Translated by Arthur G. Chater. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The story of a young man and his striving in love and religion. Miss Undset has left her medieval world for modern times, and intends to stay in this setting in a sequel, *The Burning Bush.*

The Wolf in the Garden. By *Alfred H. Bill.* New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

A prowling beast and murders terrify an otherwise peaceful Post-Revolutionary village. Young Farrier struggles to win Felicity from the mysterious French count. Here is a tale of strange events with a setting rich in atmosphere.

Basque People. By *Dorothy Canfield.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

The author has lived among the Basque people. Her intimate knowledge of this race, unrelated to other peoples, gives vitality to this collection of stories.

VARIED OTHERS

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A practical discussion by twenty-two authorities of the leadership demanded by present day business and the problems that must be met to attain it.

Founders of Great Religions. By *Millar Burrows.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

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The Theory of Drama. By *Allardyce Nicoll.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. $2.50.

A critical study of the various branches of drama, and a survey of the history of the stage.

My South Sea Island. By *Eric Muspratt.* New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

The author spent six months running a cocoanut plantation in the Solomon Islands. Here he gives an interesting account of the natives and the life he found.

The Burro's Money Bag. By *Margaret Loring Thomas.* New York: The Abingdon Press. $1.00.

This story of a Mexican boy, Pedro, will interest children, as will the descriptions of the scenery and customs of the people in Mexico.

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("AGUECHEEK")

Foreword by Henry Garrity

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DECEMBER 13—20

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DECEMBER 13—20

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

There are few people who follow the trails of the sea, actually or in their mind's eye, who have not at some time or other paused with a certain amount of wistfulness over the glamorous words — the Spanish Main. They seem to embody so much of rollicking freedom, swashbuckling adventure, the achievement of discovery, the glitter of gold. And, though the motives of many of those untamed buccaneers who sailed into its ports may have been tinged with the sordid, their manner of carrying out their nefarious schemes was the way of high adventure. Down through the years the tales of their exploits still form the fabric of the background of the countries where they left their marks, and it is not without a sense of quiet delight that the traveler through the West Indies and along the Spanish Main traces their deep scarred trail.

Along the Spanish Main

Carácas and Cartagena then as now were centres of interest. We have written before of Cartagena, so this time suppose we set sail straight for La Guayra, the port for Carácas, and as the ship slips silently along the coast, you will single it out from the jungle by the scarlet roofs of the houses which cluster like bunches of berries against the rich green of the tropical foliage. These dwellings hug the sea-rim as if frightened by the steep red and dull green cliffs which rise from the water's edge behind them. A decrepit old fort bristles uselessly from the hillside, all its fierceness offset by the long friendly breakwater which stretches out into the open roadstead like an encircling arm, and makes it possible to land with pleasant facility. There is little, however, to intrigue your fancy in La Guayra, unless it be *Iglesia de la Santísima Carramba* — the Church of the Most Holy Damn — which was built, so the story goes, by an enterprising local priest who raised the necessary funds by fining his parishioners for swearing. La Silla, a mountain nearly 9,000 feet high, seems to have succeeded in shutting the little town off almost entirely from the rest of South America, which lies so alluringly hidden behind it. Thus whetted, curiosity inspires you to arrange with all speed to journey on to Carácas either by motor or rail, the latter road being considered one of the finest scenic routes in South America. It twists and curves through ever rising mountains, darts in and out of tunnels, and gives you surprising glimpses of the Caribbean in its cool blue beauty miles below, or perhaps of patient little burros toiling over the endless hills followed by their equally patient masters in their high-peaked hats and gay ponchos.

A Glimpse of Carácas

Then, all of a sudden, you are in Carácas — and the rest of the everyday world is shut away by a rim of cool green-blue and purple mountains which encircle the city completely — and you are glad. Carácas is a picturesque and wholly delightful little city. It is Spanish to its elegant fingertips, in spite of having been the birthplace of that democratic liberty-lover, Simon Bolivar. Its women wear their graceful Mantas, its men the narrow-brimmed high-peaked hats of straw, unless of course, you frequent the more fashionable resorts, when in an indescribable sort of way you are aware of little things that remind you of Paris. Its streets are typically Spanish in their temperamental meanderings — sometimes crooked and pinched, again spreading themselves in the luxury of plazas and parks. If you walk along the streets the soft nose of a little donkey is apt to jostle you as he makes his way under an unbelievable load, and you wish you had remembered a piece of sugar.

Lingering in the shade you will espy that familiar phenomenon of many Spanish countries, the itinerant lottery-ticket vendor. On Sunday morning, if you get up early and wander over to the Plaza Bolivar, which is the centre of Carácas, you may be able to see the result of his labors and share the general excitement of the drawing of the national lottery. If you can, make a point of visiting, or better still, being invited to visit a sugar or coffee plantation in one of the outlying districts, for here you may learn much of that side of the life of the people you will never find in a country's cities — an aspect which is replete with color and grace, and speaks eloquently of the hospitality of Venezuelans.

Sailing Up Main Street in Curaçao

ANOTHER of those places that stand out all by themselves on a West Indies cruise is Curaçao. It is not a bad thing to talk about these two places (Carácas and Curaçao) at the same time because the similarity of their names is a little confusing, yet they are so entirely different. Curaçao is an island just north of Venezuela, a natural stopping place after leaving Carácas on the return to the Caribbean islands. It belongs to the Dutch and it is Dutch. Its port is Willemstad, and in order to be quite the way it should to live up to its name, it has a canal. Smiling Dutch houses with old-fashioned peaks and gables, roofs of red, and fronts of many colors share the borders of the canal with wharves. As the Canal is really the entrance to the harbor, you may indulge in Willemstad in a new sport — sailing down main street.

It is not unnatural to wonder why this small island, which is almost barren, has scarcely a single spring of fresh water stream on it, and is dependent entirely upon rains for drinking water, comes to have such a large population (Willemstad has 15,000) and is such a thriving port. The answer is — OIL. Curaçao was very much of a Cinderella who spent most of her time in the ashes until oil was discovered in Maracaibo about a dozen years ago. Maracaibo, only an over night run from Curaçao, is itself rather off the usual steamer lane, but Curaçao is directly in the path of the Trinidad-Panama lines and those running from New York to Venezuela. This gave Cinderella her chance and she

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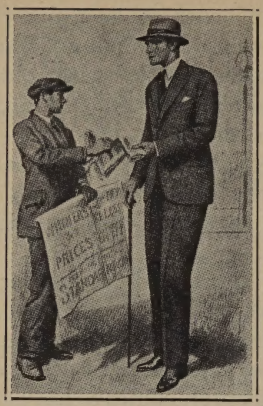

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seized it. Willemstad has become the fueling station *par excellence* for the Caribbean, and one of its most active ports. Its shops are strange and various because the shop-keepers are of so many nationalities. Chinese, Spanish, Dutch, Venezuelans, and Portuguese and Spanish Jews offer bargains, and they usually are bargains because Willemstad is a free port to which goods may be brought without duty. Many American articles are cheaper than they are at home, and it is an excellent place to purchase tropical clothing.

Third Olympic Winter Games

WINTER this year is going to mean more to sport lovers in this part of the world than ever, because the Third Olympic Winter Games are to be held right at our own Lake Placid, February third to thirteenth. In 1924 the First Olympic Winter Games drew all the sporting world to Chamonix, and four years later to St. Moritz. But there is nothing quite like having the best sport in the world right in your own front yard, as it were, and Lake Placid, having been the winter sports centre in this country ever since the turn of the century, naturally assumes the rôle of hostess for the Olympic Winter Games.

Lake Placid — Sophisticated Yet Simple

LAKE PLACID and her twin, Mirror Lake, dart like shining shafts of looking-glass through their quiet valley, forever tempting the encircling mountains to repeat their glorious colors and majestic outlines in their hidden depths. About their shores are scattered clusters of houses — here the little village whose streets begin quite courageously and wind up in pine-clad forest trails, there magnificent camps and the hunting lodges of summer and winter sportsmen. This rendezvous of the smart world is a product of our times — a product which demands all the luxuries of civilization in the very heart of a wilderness — and gets it. Lake Placid may be a village, yet you will find branches of many of the same shops which line Fifth Avenue strung along its unpretentious little streets. And, not to be eclipsed by women's interests, the men may saunter a bit farther along the main street and foregather around the "Big Boards" accommodatingly maintained by Wall Street brokerage houses for the convenience of their ever insatiable clients. If occasion demand a speedy return to the city, airplane service is available at the Lake Placid Airport which will carry you back to New York or Boston in two and one half hours and to Montreal in an hour. Still, happily, all this that belongs to our effete civilization may also be quite blotted out, and swift on the flying wind comes a cloud of soft white snow blown straight from the passes in the pine-clad hills, and you are once more in the big, still outdoors with its freedom and fragrance.

It was way back in 776 B.C. that the first Olympic Games were held by the Greeks

who gathered at Olympia thus to honor Zeus, for their games were closely interwoven with their worship, and they flourished for a thousand years. Today men are still striving for perfection as did the Greeks, and in the competition afforded by these games, it may be noticeable that the struggle is still not so much between individuals as it is to attain perfection.

Mount Van Hoevenberg's Classic Bob-sled Run

GREAT preparations have been going forward to make the Games this February a success, and the first bob-sled run of international specifications ever built on the North American Continent has been completed for the Olympic bob-sled races. One of Europe's foremost engineers, Stanislaus Zentzytzki of Berlin, who designed the famous Schreiberhau run in Germany and other well-known European slides, planned this American run which has been dug and blasted out of rock and forest on the slope of Mount Van Hoevenberg. It was built last fall by the New York State Olympic Games Commission and contains seven major curves including Zigzag, the principal "S" curve, and Shady Corner, a hairpin turn preceded by a reverse curve which makes one of the most thrilling points along the entire run. A speed as high as sixty-five miles or more an hour can be made by the great steel bobs used on this run which in the case of the four-man bobs weigh 485 pounds. The run is patrolled constantly, so that no loose snow or obstructions may mar the course of the sled, and that even the suggestion of an accident may be avoided, telephone stations and operators are maintained at seven stations along the run. If some one has a spill, the operator who has been advised that the bob has left the station above him, notes that it has not past his post, telephones the starter and the run is immediately closed. Not until "clear track" is reported by each station to the starter at the top does another bob speed through the crisp air.

It is a far cry from the lowly home-made bob sleds we used to know, jogging lumpily over uncertain terrain, behind some not too frisky horse, to these slim flyers, racing like mad over their runs of glare ice, but each in

Be thankful this Thanksgiving

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American and European Plans

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UNITED HOTELS

their time held their own peculiar thrill. And it seems just as far from coasting down hill with its long upward climb, for even the climb up the hill has been eliminated from this modern masterpiece, and riders are now carried to the top over a specially built return road in a thirty-passenger heated bus, the bobs being ignominiously put in sleds and hauled up by powerful motor tractors. Thus do we progress in the Machine Age.

All the Sport World Makes for Lake Placid

AT THE Games this winter it is expected that at least twenty-one teams will compete in the bob races, and these will represent among other nations besides ourselves Austria, Canada, England, Switzerland, Belgium, France, Czecho Slovakia, Germany, Italy and Roumania.

But of course the bob-sled races are just one of the major sports that will come in for their share of acclaim at the famous meet. Skiing is a close second in popularity, and the ski jumps will be held at the Intervales Ski Hill, one of the finest Ski jumps in the country, opened for the Games by the Lake Placid Club. Five thousand spectators can be accommodated in the stands, and there is parking space for thousands more. Then, when you grow tired of playing spectator, you may go back to the hotel, don your own skiis, and before you know where you are, you can be lost to the world in the immensity of a world all your own on some of the ski trails that lace back and forth over the hills in the gleaming frosty woods.

Hockey will be played by the leading college teams in the new Olympic Stadium, built expressly for the Games, as well as the speed and figure skating contests.

Arranging For a Big Crowd

PARTICULAR arrangements are being made to handle the throngs of sportsmen who will pour into the little village for the Games, and just as the friendly folk of Oberammergau threw open their doors to accommodate the visitors on the occasion of their play, so have the good people of Lake Placid come forward in offering hospitality for this unique event. Lake Placid has always afforded unusual hotel accommodations to a

distinguished clientele, and these will be more than ever in demand for this international meet. The community has even arranged to have special sidings for private railway cars and pullmans, because they anticipate many sport clubs turning out *en masse* and wishing to live in the pullmans while there. Indeed nothing that Lake Placid can think of to do for that part of the world that will come clambering at her doors in February has been forgotten, and the success of the Third Olympic Winter Games seems well assured.

Cuba Grants Greater Facilities to Visiting American Motorists

AMERICAN motor tourists in Cuba are steadily increasing of late because of the greater facilities granted by the Government regarding permits of entry for their automobiles. Free entry is now granted for a period of 180 days with the privilege of a ninety-day extension through the ports of Havana, Cienfuegos, Matanzas, and Santiago de Cuba. Previously tourist automobiles were allowed to enter duty free only through Havana, and for a period of ninety days with the privilege of a ninety-day renewal under bond and with the purchase of a temporary license. With the extension of time allowed under the new ruling, those who wish to spend the entire winter season on the island may do so without feeling that they wished they had come without their cars. There is so much to see all through the island that is lovely — the countryside is so rich in beauty and interest, that those who have only known Havana will be glad of the opportunity this winter to widen their understanding of the island and to tour through the more out of the way places at their leisure. This plan is more than ever attractive now because of the new million dollar Central Highway which is proving quite irresistible to the motorist. Every one wants to see Santiago de Cuba, now that this Highway makes it so simple to drive there, for after all, that was where our own Rough Riders held forth, and it is not hard to find traces of them even now and echoes of their enthusiasm all through that part of Cuba. Another phase of the Government's decree that pleases the visitor is that tourist-owned cars can be exported from Santiago de Cuba and two other ports east of Havana, so that he is not compelled to return to Havana before leaving unless he wishes to.

Financial Outlook

(*Continued from page VI*)

Ford. Whether because of phenomenal luck or uncanny judgment, it is a fact that the country is almost invariably depressed when Mr. Ford is depressed, and prosperous when Mr. Ford is busy. It is generally believed that within the next few months Mr. Ford will bring out a new model, or several new models. They will probably embody all the latest wrinkles, and, if past performances are any criterion, sell very well. For in spite of the depression and unemployment, there are still millions of people in this country capable of buying low-priced automobiles. Many of them, indeed, who would normally have bought new cars last year, postponed doing so, and will feel they have to buy this year. So vast is the scale of Mr. Ford's activities that if his new model should meet a fair demand, improvement would quickly be reflected in the activity of the steel industry, considered the most basic, and other lines might be expected to follow.

Another development in the industrial field which may have far reaching consequences is the quick-frozen foods movement. This promises to bring about extensive changes in food production and distribution which may help to stimulate certain lines of business. A "travelling factory" type of quick-freezing equipment has been developed by the General Foods Corporation, which may be taken to berry patches, truck gardens, fruit orchards, or fish piers, thus eliminating expensive transportation costs.

Dole

MR. HOOVER has asserted that he expected to be able to handle the unemployment situation this winter. He is a brave man. Outside of a dole, there is no known method which can prevent extreme suffering among the unfortunate jobless this winter. So much attention has been focused on England these last few months that we may have learned the lesson of the dole. England is like a sick man who took a

dose of dope. For a while he felt much better but before long the pain returned, its intensity redoubled. He soon found himself taking ever larger doses of dope, his health gradually sinking under the strain. With such an object lesson before our eyes, is it conceivable that sane people can seriously advocate adopting such a course? Regrettably, it is.

Budget

UNCLE SAM, like a sober and upright Yankee, has for years been living on his income, tucking away a little something every year with which to pay his debts. In this way he has managed, during the last decade, to reduce his standing debt by several billion dollars. This year, unfortunately, he, like all the rest of us, is suffering from a very much reduced income. So far he has not been able to restrict his expenses very much, so that he is faced with a deficit of proportions which would stagger an ordinary Yankee. Most of us consider that there are two things we can do about a deficit: spend less money, or earn more. In the case of such a highly respected member of the world community as Uncle Sam, however, there is still another alternative, to borrow more. This procedure has led to such disastrous results among his neighbors, however, that many of those who have his best interest at heart feel that it should not be resorted to unless absolutely necessary. Again, while most of us, if faced with such a condition, would immediately take steps to reduce our expenses, this is not such an easy thing for Uncle Sam to undertake nor, necessarily, desirable. In order to reduce his expenses, he would, automatically, have to reduce the number of his employes, thereby increasing the burden of unemployment. It would be far better if he could find a way of adding to his income.

Beer

AN INCREASING number of people feel that there is such a way available. Many sincere advocates of temperance believe that Prohibition, as far as increasing temperance is concerned, has been a failure. I am convinced that the movement favoring a change of the Volstead law to legalize the manufacture and sale of light wines and beer is gaining momentum rapidly. The proceeds from an excise tax would soon solve the problem of the budget, while the renewed industry would give employment to millions of men. The President sticks adamantly to his dry position, but great pressure will be brought to bear on Congress when it reconvenes.

Politics

THE thought of Congress reconvening is not altogether encouraging. To say the least, it always threatens to do foolish things, and, all too often, really does them. Furthermore, we are rapidly approaching the Presidential campaign. Discontent with the present Administration is widespread, but on the other hand, business always fears a Democratic Administration. Most of us realize that even the measure of prosperity which we are now enjoying (most of us aren't enjoying very much) is entirely in spite of our political leadership. The radicals maintain that our entire political system is at fault and should be altered, or abandoned altogether, but those who through experience have come to take a more temperate view of things realize that systems make little difference — one serves as well as another — it is the political leaders, those who are entrusted with guiding the system, who are at fault. Indeed there is a discouraging lack of leadership of any sort in this country today. And there never was a time when leadership was more needed.

Conclusion

WHATEVER grief there may still be ahead of us, there are a great many securities, both stocks and bonds, which are now in a long pull buying range. Equity representation in companies, whose stocks are at a conservative ratio to earnings even at current levels of operation and which yield a high return well covered, is entirely justified. Only the out and out trader cares if his stocks go a few points against him, and for him this department is not designed. For encouragement read the newspapers of the culminating periods of former depressions. When the sky is darkest, you may be sure that dawn is near.

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD, N. H.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 232 NOVEMBER, 1931 NUMBER 5

England Decides

BY WARNER MARSHALL, JR.

An explanation of the causes and probable effects of her leaving the gold standard

THIS paper was begun on Sunday, September 20, when it was known that on that evening His Majesty's Government would issue a statement announcing the suspension of the operation of Subsection 2, Section 1 of the Gold Standard Act of 1925, which requires the Bank of England to sell gold at a fixed price. It was known that a bill for this purpose would be introduced the following day and that Parliament was to be asked to pass it on that day through all three stages. The dominant question was, how would it be received when it was announced Monday morning in the press? From a world which, in one summer, had seen the minor Spanish crisis and the near bankruptcy of the German Republic anything might be expected. There was talk of closing the New York Stock Exchange in harmony with the action taken in the majority of the other countries; but the possibility of demoralization and lack of confidence in England which such a statement would impute was sufficient to overrule the suggestion.

The Stock Exchange here reflected nothing so much as the confusion with which this information was received by the man in the street. The market opened weak, rallied about midday, eased off again and then advanced into new high ground for the day, only to wilt again at the close. To men in financial houses, to merchants, exporters and importers, to manufacturers and a host of others the departure of Great Britain from the gold standard was incomprehensible. From the headlines in even our most conservative papers it appeared that something terrible had happened. Uncertain, many felt that it was a portent of more trouble; that it betokened the collapse of a great

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nation; that the world was again plunged further into a welter of chaos and depression.

This action by the coalition ministry in Britain was, however, nothing of the sort; it was rather the sequel to a long, unfortunate, but noble experiment which began after the close of the late War and received tangible shape when England went upon the gold exchange standard in 1925. The present refusal to convert the pound into gold at a predetermined rate marks the beginning of a new period and appears to be the first concrete step towards a revalorization of the pound at a level which will permit the commencement of British industrial and economic recovery.

THE War destroyed the international gold standard existing in 1914 because it destroyed the willingness of European countries to sell gold freely without restrictions. The abandonment of the gold standard consisted essentially in the prevention of the movement of gold from one country to another in search of the best market. In countries such as France and Germany this abandonment was accomplished by the suspension of convertibility, followed, after a period of time, by the placing of an embargo upon the private export of gold. Similar drastic measures in Britain were taken, and the melting of gold coin or its use otherwise than as currency was prohibited in 1916, and in 1917 the export of gold was prohibited outright. Even in the United States the establishment of a partial embargo on gold exports removed us from a true gold standard by nullifying the essential condition of a true gold standard which requires the practice of selling gold freely without restrictions.

The absolute confusion which reigned in international trade at the close of the War was of vast significance for England. To preserve and strengthen the sources of England's economic power required the restoration at all costs of normal conditions of international trade and exchange. Part and parcel of this effort was the attempt to return to a gold basis; and it may safely be said that from the moment England first abandoned the gold standard she never had any policy other than to return to it at the earliest opportunity.

In simple terms, what Britain attempted in 1919 was to create a situation in which the Bank of England could again undertake to sell gold at 77s. 10½d. per standard ounce in unlimited amounts and without restrictions as to melting or export. To do this, there were three essential steps to be undertaken and England methodically began to attempt to make them a fact. The first was to reëstablish the market for gold on a sufficiently wide basis to bring into being again a true world value of gold; and as head of the British Empire, England negotiated for the abandonment of the conditions imposed on the movement of gold from South Africa and to India. The second step was to determine accurately the value of the pound sterling in terms of gold in this post-War period; and by withdrawing support from the sterling-dollar exchange, the pound was allowed to find its own level. The third step, by far the most difficult, was the restoration of the purchasing power of the pound in

terms of gold back to what it was before the War.

Because the greatest single source of monetary demand for gold during this period was the United States, the world value of gold was identified with the value of the dollar. This narrowness of the market produced a highly volatile movement in gold, and this condition continued to exist until the restoration of the gold standard in the important countries widened the number of currencies for which gold might be freely exchanged at fixed prices. The accomplishment of this latter aim involved a choice, on the part of all countries desirous of returning to the gold standard, between devaluation and deflation. France, Germany, Italy and the majority took the former and easier method; Britain attempted the latter.

To return to the pre-War value of the pound it was necessary to take any and all steps which might strengthen the pound in the exchange markets of the world. From 1920 on, in the face of innumerable adverse economic factors, the pound sterling showed a slow and spasmodic improvement, and from the low figure of $3.18 in 1920 had attained $4.259 in January, 1924. The contending elements against such a rise were strong, as in the latter half of 1924, when the adverse merchandise balance of trade reached abnormally high figures and the rise in prices in England at a rate faster than in this country tended to counteract the rise in sterling exchange.

The average New York-London exchange rate for June, 1924, was $4.319, considerably below the pre-War figure; the rate gradually rose during the autumn, partly in consequence of the reduction in American money rates, and at the close of the year stood at $4.695. Further gains during the early part of 1925 carried it to $4.776 as an average for the month of March. It was felt that as the exchange need only rise another one and one-half per cent to be at par and that to allow the exchange to fall back with the certainty of having to raise it again at a later day would be injurious to trade and industry, then was the proper time to return to the gold basis. This was accordingly accomplished with the passage on May 13, 1925, of the Gold Standard Act, the declaration by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the Gold and Silver (Export Control) Act would not be renewed on December 31, 1925, and the granting of a general license to the Bank of England to deliver gold for export against any form of legal tender.

The return to the gold basis by England implied that the rates of exchange then existing could be maintained by an adjustment of prices, for at that time the British pound was definitely overvalued in terms of purchasing power. The average London-New York exchange rate during February 1925 was $4.77; on the basis of relative prices, the rate should have been in the neighborhood of $4.54. For many months the hope was held that rising prices in the United States would cause the exchange to go to parity of its own volition; this expectation was not realized.

In returning to the pre-War standard with the pound sterling overvalued, the value of the pound in foreign markets was raised at that

time about ten per cent, while its purchasing power was unchanged. This policy of improving the foreign exchange value of sterling up to its pre-War value in gold from being about ten per cent below, meant that whenever a British merchant sold anything abroad either the foreign buyer had to pay ten per cent more in foreign money or the British exporter had to accept ten per cent less in sterling money. In order to be on a competitive level, therefore, British manufacturers had to reduce their costs ten per cent unless prices rose elsewhere.

During the period immediately following the restoration of the gold basis there was no appreciable change in the indices of the cost of living in Great Britain. At the new value for the pound sterling, it is obvious that the price level was ten per cent too high. England, if she were to continue the pre-War basis of sterling, was forced by economic pressure to undergo deflation.

Now deflation is not enjoyable, because it effects what is always harmful, a change in the existing standard of value; it involves a redistribution of wealth, transferring it from the rest of the community to the rentier class and to all holders of titles to money. In particular it causes a shift from all borrowers, such as traders, manufacturers and farmers, to lenders; from the active to the inactive. In objective form it results in the enrichment of the rentier at the expense of the taxpayer. It forces a depreciation in the inventories of goods held by merchants and manufacturers, increases the risks involved and causes a timidity on the part of capital. As business is conducted largely with borrowed money, commercial and industrial activity must temporarily, at least, be brought to a standstill.

The effect on the entrepreneur class is fairly evident. Faced with depreciating assets, this class must reduce costs of production and distribution, and as the biggest factor in costs is labor, deflation implies a reduction in wages. Now wages move slowly; every downward movement is fought by organized labor reluctant to give up that little which it has gained with so much struggle and effort. The alternative to reducing wages is reducing the number of wage earners employed. This, in any event, will be necessary if wages do not fall sufficiently to compensate for the artificial raising of the currency in terms of gold.

Together with the penalties imposed upon these classes goes the necessary increase in taxes. The reduction in wages and the lowering of profits would not in themselves be injurious if it were not that the increased purchasing power of the currency unit obtained did not inure largely to the benefit of the so-called moneyed classes.

These conditions have been faced by England since its establishment of the gold exchange standard in 1925. In addition to the problems imposed by the workings of economic law, the country was seriously handicapped by the disorganization which was still with it in 1925 as a consequence of the late War. During the years from 1919 on, Britain's foreign trade, the basis on which its economic organization rested, could not immediately be revived, because of international trade con-

ditions and the demoralization of the foreign exchange markets. Consequently its industries suffered; it had, moreover, a vast horde of demobilized soldiers for whom there was no place in its economic society and these added largely to the legion of unemployed. This unemployment, however, made wage reductions possible; but the reduction of wages to a lower and lower level did not improve the condition of the laborer, crippled domestic purchasing power and offered less incentive to those who were not employed to seek jobs.

During the time that Mr. MacDonald was Prime Minister, at the head of the Labor Cabinet, a temporizing attitude was taken. While economically deflation had to continue, the attempt was made to mitigate and ameliorate its consequences. The widespread dole payments are but one manifestation of this. The result of this middle course has been that the necessary lowering of costs to permit British manufacturers to compete in world markets and thus stimulate commercial and industrial activity has not been accomplished; what reductions have occurred have been offset to a large extent by the increase in taxes necessary to support the dole movement, which increases were at a far faster rate than would normally occur under a drastic deflationary policy which did not attempt to compromise with the situation.

BRITISH industry, which depends so largely upon foreign markets, has been unable to compete in these markets and consequently to thrive. The effect has been an unfavorable balance of trade which could not be offset by invisible items such as interest payments on foreign loans and payments for services.

London banks, as a result, have been called upon to provide gold and credits with which to pay for these foreign purchases. Such a policy can be continued as long as the country possesses an ample gold supply or is able to borrow in foreign markets on long term credits. Ultimately, however, this method is doomed to failure as the continual drain will be too great for the nation to stand; the solution can only lie in some action which increases exports proportionately to imports and thereby lessens the financial strain.

During the summer this situation became especially acute. England, laboring under an unsuccessful deflationary policy, was unable or unwilling to attempt to reduce further her domestic prices. At a time, moreover, when unfavorable exchange rates were drawing out its gold supply, it agreed to the freezing of the credits which it had granted to Germany under the so-called "stand-still" arrangement. Unable to repatriate these credits it engaged new ones in this country and in France. It could not, however, correct its adverse trade balance and so was unable to prevent this drain of gold. As this condition became more evident to the markets of the world, the exchange moved still further against London when bankers in Paris, Amsterdam and New York and other markets began to withdraw those funds that were on deposit in the English market. From the middle of July to the middle of September, funds amounting to more than £200,000,-

000 were taken out of London. These withdrawals were met partly from gold and foreign currency held by the Bank of England, partly from proceeds of a credit of £50,000,000 secured by the Bank of England from New York and Paris and partly from the proceeds of French and American credits amounting to £80,000,000 which were obtained by the British Government. In the second week in September, the hysteria that appeared in the security markets of the world made itself felt throughout industry, and there was an acceleration in the withdrawal of foreign balances from the London market.

One of the two possible methods of correcting the adverse balance of trade which was at the root of the trouble has been indicated: the reduction of prices in England in terms of pounds sterling. The only other was to keep the same prices in terms of pounds sterling but to reduce the cost of these pounds to foreigners, i.e., to permit the pound to be valued in terms of its purchasing power and not in terms of gold. It is obvious that to a foreign buyer it mattered little which of these two alternatives was adopted; in one the cost of an article was reduced from one pound to eighteen shillings; in the other the price continued at one pound but the cost of the pound in the foreign exchange market was forty cents less.

This, in effect, was the meaning of the statement which appeared in the papers of September 21. Unable longer to maintain the pound sterling at an artificial level, England permitted it to seek its own level in terms of world prices. The attempt to maintain the pound at an artificial level at which it was definitely overvalued in the exchange markets of the world was abandoned as an impossibility.

Today the return to the pre-War basis appears to be out of the question; Britain seems to realize that with the depressed condition of its economic organization it would be utterly impossible to bring about the further deflation which this policy would require. At such time as the country returns to the gold exchange basis from which it has just departed, the error of stabilizing at too high a figure will not be made. And since devaluation will be accepted, there is not an artificial level to which it aspires; the difference of a few points is, under such circumstances, of minor significance.

One element must not be overlooked; the present budget of Britain has been balanced. In the post-War period which saw the stabilization on a lowered basis of the franc, the lire, the mark, these countries were definitely faced with the necessity for balancing their budgets in the presence of disorganized monetary and currency conditions. England, by heroic measures, has balanced its budget, and the bugaboo of inflationary tactics, in so far as they pertain to the budget, appears to be eliminated.

Two problems have confronted Britain in recent years in its attempt to restore itself to prosperity. Two conditions were a prerequisite for success: one was the balancing of the budget; the second was the adjusting of its foreign trade balances. The first is now an accomplished fact; the first important step to bring about

the second has been undertaken by permitting the pound to seek its own levels in the international market.

As long as sterling was artificially maintained, British exporters and manufacturers were laboring under a handicap measured by the difference between the value of sterling in terms of gold, and the value of sterling in terms of purchasing power. If we accept the figure around which sterling fluctuated in the week following the announcement, or $4.10, we find that the pound sterling had been overvalued about fifteen per cent. In other words, Britain in its foreign trade, the backbone of its existence, had a differential of fifteen per cent always against it. It was a charge, invisible to be sure, that was deducted from its receipts and added to the cost of its purchases. With the Government's action, this is eliminated. British products can, as a result, now compete in world markets; there will not be this artificial restriction on its industry; it will permit the resumption of its exports, and thus allow the improvement of its trade balances.

THE solution is not, of course, of such stark simplicity; dangers of both an economic and political nature will confront Britain in the coming months. The saving element, if there be one, will lie in the forthright steadiness of the British people.

Devaluation implies inflation, as the steps preceding it are always accompanied by rising prices. With the pound sterling lowered in terms of gold value from its former artificial level, prices must as a consequence rise, due to the depreciation of the currency; the experiences of Germany and France are cases in point. If prices are permitted to continue upward, the depreciation is consequently increased. Steps have been taken in England to prevent this, and provided they continue to be effective, this danger will, in part, be averted. The Government has stated that it will use its powers to prevent food profiteering or an unreasonable rise in food prices. Control obviously can not be extended over all articles, but in such cases, it is the staples which are of primary importance.

Perhaps the greatest danger of inflation lies in the demand which it creates for more money; with prices rising, the population feels that there is not a large enough supply of currency in circulation to take care of the requirements of the apparent increase in business activity. Tremendous pressure, both economic and political, is exerted to issue further sums of money; and the fallaciousness of all such reasoning is that this action produces a vicious circle, for an increase in circulation increases prices which in turn demand further circulation.

The second danger lies in inflation as a method of taxation. By inflation a Government can live for a long time and avoid the harshness of a tax imposed under conditions when the currency is strictly limited. An increase in currency transfers to the Government for each note issued the difference between the value of the original issue and the new value on the total issue outstanding. The incidence is upon the holders of the original note issue and the burden of the tax is well spread, can not be evaded, costs nothing to collect and

falls, in a rough way, in proportion to the wealth of the victim.

Inflation in itself, however, is not wholly bad. Disorganization only follows when inflation is unchecked; in a mild form, it is always present in every period which we term as prosperity. In Britain's present plight, the inevitable inflation may be distinctly advantageous and a precursor to economic revival.

The dangers inherent in inflation can only be avoided by a strong and cautious policy, and the inheritance of British politics is the Asquithian formula of watchful waiting. For some time yet, the future will continue veiled; much depends on subsequent events in international trade and finance. Devaluation implies a considerable adjustment in the economic structure of a country undertaking such a step. It transfers, for example, purchasing power from the rentier class; this, however, is a criticism much overemphasized. The majority of contracts under the present economic organization are of a comparatively recent nature and their continual exchange and turnover automatically adjusts them to the purchasing power of the monetary unit. Unlike deflation, however, it places the burden of readjustment upon those most capable of supporting it, and in the long run it rebounds to their advantage as a class.

In the coming months when the immediate crisis has passed there will be in England much criticism of this action of going off the gold basis and every succeeding step will be the source of myriad arguments. There will remain those conservatives who feel that in all events the pound sterling should be restored to a parity of 4.8665 with our dollar; that otherwise the prestige of London will be gone; that England, not being a self-supporting country, will languish in the doldrums, her foreign trade shattered. The question again will arise of stability of prices versus stability of exchange. It will call forth again the discussion of the desirability and efficiency of gold as a standard. Since the unheeded pleas of Mr. John Maynard Keynes in the days when England was contemplating its return to the gold basis, the world's gold situation has been materially intensified. Between France and ourselves, the major portion of the world's gold supply is lying idle in bank vaults and the balance is probably insufficient to meet the requirements of all the nations now on the gold standard.

Important as such elements are in the problem, they are not the dominant considerations of the moment; they have been placed aside out of respect to the emergency; they will appear at a later date, to be met or compromised. But in any event, His Majesty's Government has taken the first step towards the solution of Britain's economic troubles; its action has at last pointed a way out where heretofore all roads had seemed to be closed.

Fever in the South

By Winifred Sanford

A Story

Mr. Donovan took one hand from the steering wheel and drew his watch from his pocket. It was twenty minutes after five. In an hour, or an hour and a quarter at the most, he ought to be in the capital of the East Texas oil fields. He let the watch slip back into his pocket, and took the wheel again in both hands.

He had been driving, in the rain, since the middle of the morning. Well, he was used to driving, had put more than sixty thousand miles on his car in two years; and he was used to mud, knew how to push through it. He hadn't spent twelve years in the oil fields for nothing. Still, he wouldn't be exactly sorry when he got into town. His arms ached from the strain of holding the car in the ruts, and he was sick of hearing the rubber finger of his windshield wiper squeak back and forth on the wet glass. It wasn't much good, really, in a drizzle; it only spread the mud, which splashed up whenever he met a car, a little more evenly over the surface, but it was better than nothing. Luckily there were few cars going west; nineteen out of every twenty were headed east, with Mr. Donovan.

Through the blurred wash of mud on the windshield he made out a red flag, presently, swinging from the end of a trailer. Another load of drill pipe bound for the oil fields — six inch drill pipe, he saw, as he cut in ahead of the truck. Well, he had heard they were using six inch in East Texas.

Ahead of him, as far off as he could see, were other trucks with their trailers, and other cars slithering along in the soft red mud. Drilling rigs, which had been lying idle for a couple of years, likely, in West Texas and Oklahoma and New Mexico, were moving in. He saw slush pumps and boilers and drill pipe and casing. And everything else that went with a boom — oil field workers in old Fords; promoters, like himself, in Buicks or Cadillacs; hamburger stands on wheels; wagons loaded with household goods; and all the way along, rain or no rain, the hitch-hikers, with their coat collars turned up, and their paper bundles under their arms, begging for rides.

Mr. Donovan had seen the same thing plenty of times before — in Burkburnett and Mexia and Borger and El Dorado and Wink and Hobbs, but for once he couldn't warm up to it. He didn't trust it. He had been

burned too many times in the last few years; and now that the big companies were down on him, and the Government — now that you couldn't sell your oil even if you had it; well, he was through; that was all; he was ready to quit.

One thing he was sure of: he might look things over in East Texas; he might even block up some acreage and do a little trading; but he wasn't going to drill. He was through. He was broke, to begin with — flat broke — and he had more oil now than he could sell. No, the other fellows could gamble if they wanted to; he would keep out of it.

He ploughed on through the mud, slowing down when he had to, cutting in ahead when he could, never dropping under fifty miles an hour when he had a clear stretch of road. It began, presently, to grow dark. Through the slanting rain, he could see the pines ahead, on both sides of the road — East Texas pines. This morning it had been mesquite; this afternoon it had been oak; now it was the piney woods.

He began to see signs of the town. Here was pavement — an airport — a tourist camp — filling stations and grocery stores; then houses, after a while, and schools and churches and office buildings and hotels, and a courthouse, at last, in the middle of its square.

The streets were black with cars. Mr. Donovan saw licenses from everywhere — Arkansas, Michigan, California, New York, Pennsylvania. It took him a good twenty minutes to find a place to park. And there were so many people on the sidewalk that he could hardly push his way through — not town people, either, but oil men, geologists and lease hounds and mail order promotors and drillers and, now and then, a roughneck, though most of them stayed nearer the fields. They looked mighty good, somehow, to Mr. Donovan. They looked like old times, before the oil business went on the rocks.

A hand came down on his shoulder.

"Donovan, how're you making it?"

"Not so bad!"

Yes, sir, it was like old times. Everybody was good-natured; everybody was hopeful; everybody was going to make a lot of money. There was a different atmosphere, somehow. It made you feel that maybe times weren't so bad after all.

Mr. Donovan squeezed along through the crowd. There was a beggar without any legs propped up against the wall of a building, holding out his hat. Mr. Donovan tossed him a quarter. Say, now, this was great! Here were fellows he had known years ago, in other booms, and forgotten. It sure seemed good to see them again. And they were all talking money. East Texas was the biggest field yet; you got oil wherever you went after it; you couldn't miss it; a man was a fool not to get into the play. . . .

At the hotel, the lobby was packed to the doors and the crowd had overflowed onto the sidewalk. Mr. Donovan didn't even try to get inside. He knew what it was like, anyhow: under the haze of cigarette smoke the oil men would be milling about, holding maps up against the walls, scribbling down descriptions in little memorandum books, puzzling over abstracts. There would be map

dealers, and brokers with blackboards, and a few women — geologists' wives, likely, swinging their boots from the rail of the mezzanine floor.

It was an old story to Mr. Donovan, and yet — well, it was beginning to get him. He couldn't help himself, somehow. It braced him up like a good stiff drink.

"Hello there, Donovan."

"Hello, Mac, how do things look?"

"They look mighty good, Donovan, mighty good."

"Suppose I can find a place to sleep tonight?"

"Try the Chamber of Commerce; they'll find you a room."

Mr. Donovan shouldered his way towards the café on the corner. Half of the crowd, it looked like, was broke and begging, and he was continually handing out nickels and dimes and quarters. "Here you are, son. . . . No, I don't know where you can get work — just came down myself half an hour ago."

In front of the café, where the mob was huddled in the rain, Mr. Donovan fell into line. Through the window he could see the crowded tables, and the waitresses slapping down platters and swinging cups and saucers, and whenever the door opened, he could smell the grease and the onions and the coffee.

All around him they were talking about wells — twenty thousand barrel wells, thirty thousand barrel wells, fifty thousand barrel wells. Mr. Donovan found himself nervously scratching his hands. If a man only knew where to go, now! If he could only count on his luck! If he could only get hold of a first class fortune teller — a girl like that Rita, up at Borger, who had told him, three or four different times, where to drill, and had hit it right, too, by God.

Mr. Donovan craned his neck. He had caught sight of a driller who had worked for him once in the Electra field. He whistled and shouted and presently he had him by the arm.

"Joe, how does it look to you?"

Joe was cock-eyed with excitement. "Prettiest thing I ever saw, Mr. Donovan."

"Think it's going to hold up?"

"Sure I think it's going to hold up."

"You'd get into the play, then, would you?"

"Say," said Joe, "I heard you was quitting. . . ."

"Quitting?" said Mr. Donovan. "Me quitting? Hell, no, I ain't quitting — not yet awhile."

II

IT MUST have stopped raining sometime in the night, for the sun was shining when Rita woke up and looked out of the tent. Tom was up, ahead of her, and he was busy unloading the truck, and piling their things in the wet grass. Rita saw the red and yellow curtain she always hung over the tent door when she was telling fortunes, and her little table and her two straight chairs. Tom was sure a hustler. First thing she knew, he'd have the side of the truck propped up, and his tumblers and paper napkins out on the counter, and he'd be serving meals to the roughnecks.

Yes, it had stopped raining all right, but it was still wet here in the woods. Drops kept splashing down from the pine trees, the tent smelled

musty, and the quilts were soaking, where they had dragged on the ground. Rita would sure be glad when Tom had time to set up the bedstead. All they had done last night, when they got to the oil fields, was to put up the tent, and throw out the bedsprings and the mattress and a couple of quilts.

They hadn't even taken off their clothes, they were that tired — only just their shoes and stockings. Well, that was all to the good; they didn't have to waste any time this morning getting dressed. Rita sat up and squeezed her bare toes into her sticky shoes. It wasn't any use putting on her hose; they were still wringing wet from last night. After a while, maybe, she'd have a chance to rinse them out and hang them somewheres to dry.

She ran the comb through her hair and felt her earrings to make sure they were safe. Then she ducked out from under the tent, and stood up, and twisted her dress around where it belonged. After a while, when they got settled, she would tie her scarf over her head, so folks would know who she was.

"What's the matter of this place?" said Tom.

"There ain't nothing the matter of it."

It did look, sure enough, like they had picked them out a good place. They were so close to the wells that they could hear the steam puffing, and they were right on the road, and they were in among a lot of other campers, who had to eat, she reckoned, like anybody else.

There must have been a thousand people, anyhow, camping along the edge of the woods. Most of them had tents, but some slept in their cars, it looked like, or maybe out on the ground; and they cooked over open fires. Every place she looked, Rita saw them squatting by their fires, trying to get the wet twigs to burn. On one side of her was a tent piled full of willow pieces — fern baskets and porch rockers and such. Well, Rita had never seen a boom yet where there weren't people selling willow pieces — and paper roses. On the other side was a sign painter. Rita could see his cans of paint and his brushes. She'd trade him a meal ticket, maybe, if he'd do her a new sign — "Madame Rita, Spiritualist" — to nail on a tree.

"Say," said Tom, "how about getting some water while I finish unloading, eh?"

"Where'll I get it? Out'n the creek?"

"Naw," said Tom, "I been there, but it's too damn muddy from the rains. There's wells around somewhere, though. . . ."

"All right," said Rita. "Gimme the buckets and I'll get you some water."

With a bucket in each hand, she set out, presently, along the edge of the road. Except for the pine trees, which gave her a kind of shut-in feeling, this was just like all the other oil fields she had seen. There were the same horses, sweating and straining at their loads; the same oil men honking behind them, trying to get past; the same wagons, with bedsprings and washtubs and oil stoves and washtubs and crates of chickens; the same hamburger stands; and, as you came closer to the railroad tracks, the same signs — "Townsite lots, $50 — Gas and electricity — high and dry"; and the same new

pine shacks, with children standing in the doorways and women hanging the bedding out to air. There was the usual old fellow with a stock of rusty gas heaters to sell, and another with a load of furniture he had trucked in from somewhere — cots mostly, with a few chairs and tables.

Rita was mighty glad to see so much going on. She sure was. She liked a boom, anyhow. She liked the excitement. She liked the crowds, and the phonographs, and the smell of the coffee, and the rangers sitting on their horses with their guns in their holsters. And she liked the oil men sneaking into her tent to have their fortunes told. She liked to see them sitting there, in the half dark, listening to her talk. "You stand to make a lot of money if you work it right, but you got to watch out for somebody that's trying to double-cross you. . . . There's something telling me you should go to the south. No, I can't see just where, only it's south and not north." It was a racket, that's what Tom said, but she had made some lucky guesses, and her clients had a way of always coming back.

Well, here she was at the cross-roads. There were a few buildings which must have been here before the boom, a drug store and a café and a general store and a church — but all around, everywhere, were new pine shacks and corrugated iron warehouses. And cars! The cars were packed in so solid you could have stepped from one to the other clear down to the tracks without ever setting your foot on the ground. And sitting on the running boards and bumpers were the bums, all kinds of them, old fellows with whiskers and no teeth, and boys with thin white hands, and now and then an honest to God oil field worker out of a job.

Rita pushed through to a filling station. Sometimes, if an oil field town was big enough, it had a water system, and you could find hoses with faucets in the filling stations, but here there wasn't anything but a barrel, and the boy sent her off.

It wasn't any use trying the cafés or the hotels; she knew that. No, what she wanted was a farmhouse, with its own well, and she saw one, pretty soon, off to one side of town, in a grove of pines. At least it had been a farmhouse once; you couldn't tell what it was now, because there were rusty boilers lying out in the yard, and tanks and one thing and another, and a sign nailed to a tree saying "Bed and Board," and around by the well, there was another sign saying "Home Laundry," and a woman, running overalls through the wringer of a washing machine.

"Would you mind if I was to help myself to some water?" asked Rita.

"No, I don't mind. Go ahead if you want to."

"Much obliged," said Rita.

She walked back to camp the same way she had come, slipping in the mud, now and then, and wasting water on the ground, but that was something she couldn't help. Anyhow there was enough left for the coffee, and she'd go back, after a while, and get some more.

"Say," said Tom. He had his little white cap on his head, and his apron tied around his waist, and he had come down the road to meet her. "You remember a bird named Donovan?"

"Sure I remember Donovan."

Tom jerked his thumb towards a muddy coupé parked on ahead, "That's him a-setting up there, waiting."

"Sure enough!"

"He seen me unloading," said Tom, handing her a red silk scarf and taking the buckets himself. "He wants you should tell him where to drill."

Rita wound the scarf around her head and tied it at the back of her neck. "Didn't I tell you they always came back?" she said; and she left the road and circled through the woods so that Mr. Donovan mightn't see her until she was ready for him. As for telling him where to drill, well, that ought to be easy, with all the oil there seemed to be in East Texas. . . .

III

Moses had been messing around since sun-up, patching his fence, and making him a gate out of the foot to an old iron bedstead a white man had traded him, a while back, for a load of firewood. He was kneeling on the ground, studying how to fasten it to the gatepost, when he heard what sounded like a car a good piece up the road.

Moses cocked his head and listened. It was a car all right, and it was coming his way, through the piney woods. The hound dog growled and the children quit playing. They had been rolling tin cans down the slope in front of the cabin, but now they slunk up to Moses and stood gaping, with their eyes bulging out.

"What you scairt of, anyhow?" said Moses.

Fact was, though, he was scairt himself. Nobody hardly ever came to his place unless it was the laws, looking for stills, and Moses was scairt of the laws. He didn't have a still, but he was scairt of the laws anyhow. And he could see now that it was a sure enough white man in the car, and that he was turning in. . . .

"You shet your mouth," said Moses to the hound dog. The children had run in the house to Lovie, and he could see them in the window.

He watched the car slow down for a mudhole and teeter up the slope and rock along towards him like it was fixing to run him down. Then it stopped, and the white man got out, and banged the door shut, and came walking over to Moses. He wasn't a law, though. He wasn't anybody Moses had seen up till now — a middling-sized gentleman, heavy set, with a wide felt hat and a leather coat and breeches and boots.

"Mornin', boss," said Moses, pulling his hat off and rolling it in his fingers.

"Your name Tatum?" asked the stranger. He had a short way of talking and Moses couldn't hardly follow what he said.

"Yes, sir, boss," said Moses, after a minute. "That's what I is called, sir — Moses Tatum, boss, that's what I is called."

The white man grunted. "My name's Donovan," he said.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Donovan."

Moses felt mighty low. He turned his hat around and around in his fingers. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Lovie coming out of the house — easing down the steps — limping along — stooping over to pick up the hoe. . . .

Mr. Donovan looked around him, all around him, this way and that.

"You own this place, Moses?"

Moses took his time answering. He didn't know what to say. Fact was, he was scairt to say anything. It seemed like white folks made you say whatever they wanted you should say. He shifted his feet and swallowed, and then he looked all around, just like Mr. Donovan. He studied his house, with its mud chimney, and its gallery, sagging down where the blocks had rotted, at Lovie's black boiling kettle, at her collard greens, at the old wagon, at the hogs, at the chickens, at the mule, backing up to Lovie like he was fixing to kick out at her, at his cotton patch, at his corn field. . . .

"Well, do you own this place or don't you?"

Lovie heard what Mr. Donovan was saying, and she stuck out her under lip and wrinkled up her forehead. "Mornin'," she said. Lovie was scairt of white folks, more scairt than any of them, and she made her voice gross so as they mightn't know it.

"Yes, sir," said Moses, without looking at Lovie. "Yes, sir, I owns my place."

"Where'd you get it? Buy it?"

"No, sir, I done inherit this land from my mama."

"How much do you own? Twenty acres?"

"Yes, sir. I owns twenty acres, that's what I owns."

"Your mother's dead, is she?"

"My mama's in the ground fourteen year come August."

"Any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, sir, I done had seven sisters and six brothers."

"What's become of them?"

"They's in the ground, boss, ever one."

"All dead, eh?"

"Yes, sir, boss."

Lovie stepped up closer and leaned on the hoe. "What you fixin' to do Moses?" she said.

Mr. Donovan laughed. "I'm fixing to make a rich nigger out of Moses."

"How you do that?"

"It's like this," said Mr. Donovan, "I'm fixing to drill a well, see?"

"We done got us a well," said Lovie.

"Not the kind I'm fixing to drill. I'm fixing to drill an oil well. I'll make a rich nigger out of Moses yet."

"No you ain't," said Lovie, and the hound dog at her heels began to grumble in his throat.

Moses coughed. "You shet your mouth. I wants to hear 'bout this oil well. What you mean a oil well, boss?"

Mr. Donovan sure talked fast. Moses had to pucker up his forehead and hold his head to one side and watch Mr. Donovan's lips mighty close to hear what he said.

"You don't make more than a bare living out here, do you, Moses?"

"I dunno, boss; I gets by. . . ."

"Listen here, Moses, if you do what I say, you'll have more money than you'll know what to do with. I'm fixing to drill a wildcat, see? And I got to have around six hundred acres. It's up to you niggers to get together and meet me half way. I'll play fair with you; I'll make you the best proposition I can, and then, if you're satisfied, I'll move my rig in and drill. . . ."

"You wants to buy my place, boss?"

"No, I don't want to buy it; I want an oil and gas lease, that's all."

"I ain't looking for to sell it, boss."

"All you have to do is say I can drill, see? And if I bring in a well, why then an eighth of all the oil belongs to you — provided your title's good, that is."

"What you say belong to me?"

"An eighth. That's your royalty, see?"

"That's my royalty. . . ."

"Sure. You'll be a rich nigger."

"And you ain't fixin' to put me off my place?"

"No, I ain't fixing to put you off your place."

Moses twisted inside his shirt. He didn't see how he was going to make a trade with Mr. Donovan when he didn't understand what it was all about . . . a oil and gas lease . . . a wildcat . . . a eighth of the oil. . . .

He looked helplessly at Lovie. She was turning the hoe handle round and round in her fingers, like she was fixing to run Mr. Donovan off the place.

"I dunno, boss," said Moses, "I got to study on it a while."

"What I better do," said Mr. Donovan, "is call a meeting of all you landowners in the schoolhouse. That's what I'll have to do. I'll call a meeting. I'll come back later and tell you when, see? I'll get you niggers all together and make you a proposition."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Donovan climbed in his car and started his engine up so quick that Lovie like to have fell over the hoe.

"If anybody else comes along," said Mr. Donovan, leaning through the window, "you tell him you're tied up with me, see?"

"Yes, sir, boss."

Moses watched Mr. Donovan's car weave up the road between the pines. "What he mean?" he mumbled. "A oil well. . . ."

Lovie's face was screwed up, and she was clutching the conjure bag she wore around her neck. "I dunno," she said. "I dunno. But he don't mean no good; that's sure; he don't mean no good."

IV

ALTHOUGH it was only the middle of the morning, Miss Carrie was so tired that her hands trembled and the blood thumped in her temples as she smoothed the counterpane over her bed. She had had very little sleep the night before. The telephone had rung every few minutes until midnight. "No," she had said, firmly, over and over again, "Mr. Donovan is not in, and I do not know when he will be in." Then, at a quarter after one, the geologist had awakened her, thumping up the stairs, and she had just been dropping off to sleep again when she heard Mr. Donovan. And at seven, the carpenters had begun to hammer and saw on the new apartment house on the corner.

Miss Carrie combed the hair from her silver-backed brush, rolled it around her finger, and dropped it into the hair receiver on her dresser. She knew that she ought to hurry. She knew that Mr. Donovan was waiting for her downstairs, and that he was impatient to get out to his well, but he would have to give her a little time. She was too old a woman to learn new ways, and she had to do things properly, oil well or no oil well.

Besides, this trip to the well was Mr. Donovan's idea and not hers —

even though she was curious to see this oil which had already made such a difference in her daily life. Who would have supposed, two months ago, that she would rent out her guest room, with its old walnut furniture, or the other room, which had been her son's before he married? Or that Savannah would leave her, after sixteen years, to work in the hotel? Or that the town, where she had lived all her life, in peace and quiet, would be so crowded with strangers that she would have to force her way through its streets? Or that the corridor of the red brick courthouse would be blocked with tables and chairs and girls copying records on typewriters? Or that the church where she had worshipped for fifty years would be sold to make room for an office building?

It was all very unpleasant, and Miss Carrie pressed her lips together as she lifted her hat from its box on the closet shelf and slipped her coat from its hanger. Of course she was glad, in a way, that prosperity had come to East Texas, but she could not help resenting the oil men, who had swarmed in like locusts, and settled on the town. There had been a steady procession of them for weeks now, knocking at her door, demanding room and board. Yesterday, one had asked if her parlor was full — and her dining room — or if she would be willing to screen off part of her front gallery with awnings, and set up a cot for him there. And there were others — panhandlers, her son called them, who knocked at the back door, late at night, often, when she was alone in the house, and begged for food.

All of Miss Carrie's friends and neighbors had the same experience, and they all felt as she did about their roomers. Oil men were so irregular in their habits; they kept such impossible hours; they neglected to lock the bathroom doors; they wiped their muddy boots on the linen towels; they brought strangers home to share their beds. You could never tell whom you were likely to meet, in pajamas, in your own hall. And of course there was the telephone, and the long distance calls on the bill at the end of the month. . . .

Miss Carrie drew on her gloves as she stepped softly down the stairs. She had been right about Mr. Donovan; he was impatient to be off, sitting nervously on the edge of his chair, twirling his hat in his hands.

He began to apologize for his car as he helped her down the steps. He had been carrying supplies to his well, it seemed, and the cushions were stained with mud and grease, but he would spread a newspaper for her to sit on, if she liked.

Miss Carrie braced her feet on the floor and held onto the door as Mr. Donovan swept around the corner and dodged through the traffic which filled the streets. How fast he drove! And how impatiently he honked when he had to wait at a crossing! Miss Carrie wondered what her son would say if he could see her now, sliding around on a newspaper, in a muddy car, with an oil man from West Texas. . . .

She didn't see her son, however, or any one else she had ever seen before. She saw oil men, of course, hundreds of them, in their breeches and boots, and slovenly women car-

rying paper flowers from door to door, and boys selling sandwiches and pralines on the courthouse steps, and blind beggars, and old Negroes with guitars, but they were strangers, all of them, who had drifted in with the boom.

Even the buildings had changed. Almost every house had a new roof or a new wing. The church house stood empty, with its door swinging in the wind, and the parsonage was an office building. There were muddy cars parked under the blossoming peach trees in its yard.

Even the country, she noticed presently, as they crossed the railroad tracks and left the town behind them — even the country had changed. There were still green pines and pink redbud and white flowering dogwood, in the distance, but all along the road, on both sides, were shacks and tents and corrugated iron buildings, and hamburger stands, and filling stations. And such people! Miss Carrie had been familiar with poverty all her life, but this wasn't poverty; it was something she didn't have a name for — something a great deal lower than poverty.

There were trucks on the road, loaded with what she supposed must be drilling equipment, and Mr. Donovan was continually blowing his horn and trying to pass them. Once he very nearly slid into the ditch, and Miss Carrie was thrown against the door as the car swerved around. A little farther on, a load of pipe had tipped over, and they had to wait until it was righted.

Now that they were farther from town, the campers were fewer, and the shacks disappeared altogether. There was nothing for miles but the piney woods and the Negroes' little farms in the clearings, and their schoolhouses and churches and burying grounds. Ever since Miss Carrie could remember, it had been like this — a poor country perhaps, but dear to her, nevertheless.

"Now if you'll look over there," said Mr. Donovan, when they had been riding for an hour or so, "between those two tall pines . . ." He leaned over the steering wheel to point ahead. "You can see my derrick."

Miss Carrie looked. Yes, she could see the top of a great wooden skeleton, like an armless windmill tower, more than anything else. The next minute, however, she lost it, for Mr. Donovan left the highway and turned off on a rough trail of some sort which wound down a hillside and across the bed of a creek.

"Just a few minutes now," said Mr. Donovan, "and we'll be there."

"There are no other wells in this neighborhood?" asked Miss Carrie. He had told her all about it, more than once, but she could never quite follow him, he talked so fast and about so many technical matters.

"No, ma'am, it's pure wildcat — no production within eighteen miles. It's funny about that," he added. "A fortune teller, she told me where I'd hit it. That's the fourth or fifth time she's guessed right for me. It don't seem reasonable, but it sure works out. . . .

"I got this particular lease from a nigger," he went on after a minute. "Told him I'd make a rich nigger out of him, and I would have, too, if he'd hung on, but he let some birds from Fort Worth talk him out of his royalty, a couple of days before the

well came in, and now he's moving off. They only gave him five hundred for it, too."

Mr. Donovan turned a corner, just then, and came to a stop beside his well. There were a great many cars parked beside the derrick — so many, in fact, and so many people standing in the way, that Miss Carrie could see very little until Mr. Donovan had helped her up the oil spattered steps to the derrick floor. Even then she saw little enough that she could understand. There was a greasy contrivance, with many wheels, which Mr. Donovan called a Christmas tree; and a pool of mud spread over with swirls of purple oil, which he called a slush pit; and a great deal of machinery, and a pipe running down to a row of tanks; and another pipe running over to three great boilers, whose stacks were wired to trees; and a tall iron mast which was hissing and spraying a mist of black oil on the corner of a cabin.

So this was an oil well!

And this was the Negro's cabin!

It was a cabin, she could see, like any other in the piney woods — a two room shelter, with a sagging gallery, a homemade mud chimney, a plank outside the door for the wash basin, collards blooming yellow in the garden patch, a gate made from part of a bedstead. . . .

When Mr. Donovan went off, presently, to inspect his tanks, she walked over to it. Around the corner, behind the cabin, the Negro was moving out. He had loaded his wife and his children and his dog and his chickens and his hogs into a ramshackle wagon, along with the washtubs and mattresses and quilts; he had fastened the bedsprings to the side; now he was trying to back a stubborn mule between the shafts. Where would they go, she wondered? Where would they find a home?

She walked back to Mr. Donovan's car, and smoothed the newspaper under her as she sat down. She was very tired, and the smell of the gas and the oil had made her a little sick. Resting her head in the corner, she closed her eyes and clasped her gloves in her lap. It would have been better, she told herself, if she had stayed at home this morning. The well had been so little to see; and the old Negro moving out — that troubled her. It made her wonder if sooner or later, they would not all of them be turned out of their homes — if they were not all of them, like Esau of old, selling their birthright for a mess of pottage.

Why Not Another War?

By G. Peyton Wertenbaker

Observant readers of the native press have noticed a marked decline of late in special articles and reports of speeches predicting the horrors of the next war. The newspapers have been very busy, of course, with Presidential booms, assurances that prosperity will soon be back, and tidings of the 1931 crop of transatlantic flights. It is barely possible, too, that readers have lost their interest in the next war and its terrors; they may not be so certain after all that another war will mean the downfall of civilization. Or it may be that the press, at this time when international affairs have once more reached a satisfactory condition of unrest, is reluctant about discouraging potential armies, potential subscribers to the next Liberty Loans, potential believers in God's perference for the United States as a disciplinarian of nations.

Some years ago, not only in this country but in large sections of Europe, we were being persuaded that another war had become practically an impossibility, because it would be a catastrophe from which the world could not recover. Nothing terrified the citizenry more than this prospect except the occasional approach of lonely comets; to have suggested publicly that such a war might not be really so great a disaster as it was described would at that time have been nearly as dangerous as to have shouted "*Deutschland über alles!*" in 1917 in the midst of a parade of doughboys. For every story in the Sunday news magazines relating the scandalous behavior of England's higher nobility there could be found at least two accounts of the latest mysterious death engines, ranging from poison gases capable of destroying the population of New York City in six seconds to rays which would disintegrate entire armies in an instant.

At the time when this propaganda was current the business depression had not attacked us. Germany was maintaining her reparation payments in good order and quietly rebuilding her military and naval defenses; France was growing rich; England was too much occupied with strikes and colonial troubles to worry seriously about another war; it had not yet occurred to anybody that the Soviet Five Year Plan might be a success; and in the United States we were all buying new automobiles. The world appeared to have been divided up to the satisfaction of even the most obscure Balkan races, and business was good everywhere. It seemed absurd then that political

discord should ever be allowed to meddle with this wonderful state of peace and prosperity. Pacifists were encouraged in their denunciations of war. Writers with an eye turned toward Utopia were rushed into print. Novelists who made the last war appear excessively unpleasant were rewarded with handsome royalties.

The case of Erich Maria Remarque has a significance which has been ignored by the critics. When *All Quiet on the Western Front* was published in Germany it became immensely popular; it was read and praised impartially by Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Spaniards; it sold hundreds of thousands of copies in Europe. Then it appeared in this country, where its popularity was repeated with the customary American hysteria, and finally it was made into a motion picture. By the time I saw this picture the war fear had already abated. Audiences leaving the theatres where Remarque's film had been shown were wide-eyed and silent for a short while, but their high spirits were not long in returning. The War by now had become so unreal that it could no longer stir them very much; they had lost interest. When the film reached Germany we were startled by reports that it had been greeted with riots. News cables suggested that differences between the book and the film were to blame; that Germans resented the addition of what they considered American propaganda. Actually, of course, the only important objection to the picture was its propaganda for pacifism, more effective even than in the book. The business depression had arrived in Germany during the interval between *All Quiet on the Western Front* as a book and as a film.

The basic situations in European politics have not altered except for the better since the Peace Conference. Germany has become no more positive a threat to French security; the Polish corridor has not been enlarged; the reparations have not been made heavier but lighter. Nothing disturbs the various foreign offices of today which should not have disturbed them more profoundly ten years ago. The only essential change is that business, after seeming to attain a brisk normality, has fallen off again and that the people in all countries are consequently dissatisfied. Injustices which they ignored while they were reasonably prosperous stir them now because they can not so readily believe in the healing powers of time and economics. Things generally are not looking so rosy as they looked a few years back, when the next war was impossible to contemplate, and so the old bellicose mutterings which were once normal in Europe are being heard again. War is, after all, the readiest and most ancient solution to all international complications, political or economic. When business was bad among the Romans they would send out a naval expedition or two, a few legions into the colonies, and it was not usually long before business picked up. It is a technique just as likely — and just as unlikely — to succeed in Europe today. The only disadvantage of the method is that it does not always reward the nation which expects to be rewarded. This makes it all the more interesting.

II

When the pacifist campaign was at its height denunciations of war as a means of handling foreign problems resolved themselves into several definite statements, each based on the supposition that military machines are more destructive and less pleasant than they used to be. The postulate upon which this school of thought is raised is that war can no longer be confined to the soldiers hired to carry it on, nor restricted to a relatively small and decisive territory. The airplane and the increased deadliness of gases and other weapons, pacifists contend, has made war an uncontrollable menace to the civilian populations behind the lines and to the institutions — churches, libraries, colleges, factories — upon which civilization is founded. Another war of any impressive size, they believe, will wipe out most of the population and the hoarded culture of the world and will reduce the human race to savagery.

Specifically they claim that science has developed weapons so terrific that they can not be trusted in the hands of soldiers; that the loss of population which these weapons will bring about, both in young men cut to pieces and in helpless babes and mothers destroyed in their homes, will cripple mankind beyond repair; that the monetary cost of war will ruin the financial structure of the world; that the psychological effects of another war will be so horrible that the survivors will all go mad and begin eating each other; and, finally, that war is a futile and unintelligent way of settling differences anyhow. For these reasons, and for some others which I may have forgotten, it is assumed that humanity can not afford to fight any more and that humanity has sense enough to know and do something about it.

Any examination of these charges is hampered by the fact that nobody except a few military chiefs and scientists knows precisely what terrible new weapons have been developed since 1918. I seriously doubt whether the military men know themselves. A great deal was published about death rays a few years ago, but they have not been heard from lately. Whether the Governments suppressed them or the absurdity of the few demonstrations which they received took them out of the newspapers, it is impossible to discover. There may be weapons as miraculous as we are led to believe; on the other hand, there may not. In any case it may be predicted that whatever devices one Government may produce at the outbreak of the next war will be either already in the hands of other Governments or speedily duplicated. Spy systems are much too thorough nowadays for any nation to keep its secrets long. There will also be new and effective weapons of defense against these weapons.

The chief question upon which the nature of the next war depends seems to be the effect of airplanes upon modern warfare. The professional predictors believe that aerial fighting will spread the dangers of a war over an unlimited area and will constitute a grave menace to civilians. The supposition is that airplanes will not be confined as men, trucks, and horses are by the terrain of a country, and

that they will be able to slip through the lines (even that there will be no lines to slip through) and devastate unprotected cities. Airplanes and zeppelins are expected to wipe out civilian populations in a night, while the soldiers lie innocently asleep at the front. Germany tried this sort of warfare on Paris and London during the last war. Some damage was done because the attacks were more or less unexpected and the defenses against them undeveloped. In the next war cities will be guarding against precisely these tactics, with batteries of such things as sound detectors and searchlights to warn of the enemies' coming, improved anti-aircraft guns and fleets of swift battle planes to fight them off.

One factor has been neglected by students of the new strategy. The very fact that the next war will probably be carried on to a large extent in the air should limit its area of destruction. There will probably be very little of the trench fighting which made the last war so unpleasant for the fighters. It is obvious that no combatant nation will be willing to send a large air force across the battle zone to wipe out civilian populations when it will thereby weaken its defenses and leave its own territory open to the attack of a similar air force. The forces of both sides will have to be concentrated where the war zone establishes itself. A very few battles should decisively destroy the balance of power between the two armies and leave the weaker nation at the mercy of the victor. It does not seem probable that two armies can go on battering at each other as in the last war, charging, retreating, counter-charging, laying down barrages, digging into trenches and shell holes.

Instead of introducing a new and incalculable element into military strategy, aerial warfare will probably revert to the most ancient tactics. Until a century or so ago there was only one way of carrying on a battle; two forces of men were brought together after some preliminary jockeying and thereafter the battle became a series of individual combats resulting in the extermination of one force or its reduction to so large an extent that the battle ended. A few men effectively placed with artillery and machine guns could not decide an issue as in the last war, where mass fighting with rifles and bayonets was hardly more than a formality and inexperienced armies such as our own were consequently as useful as Germany's highly trained army. In ancient warfare it was always the size of a force and the training of the individual soldiers in it which decided a battle. The same factors will be important in aerial warfare. It will be neither advantageous nor economical to employ big, cumbersome planes equipped with ingenious devices; many small, swift planes containing a pair of men and light weapons will be more effective. Airplanes can not be hidden in trees and trenches while they fight. They can not be destroyed in large numbers by heavy artillery. An aerial battle may therefore be expected to depend in the next war on the superior ability of individual fliers and on their numbers. Except for the minor difference of their equipment it will be not unlike a skirmish between two ancient Asiatic bands of nomads. The tactics of the armies involved will proceed from

this basic principle of strategy and the area over which they can conveniently operate will be limited by the time it takes two air fleets to shoot each other down and by their cruising radius without refueling.

III

NO PREDICTION can make any pretense of accuracy. I can not prove that the next war will be conducted within the familiar restrictions of all previous wars any more readily than other writers can prove that it will lead to unlimited devastation. It appears to me, however, a sensible assumption, and I have suggested a few of my reasons. There are other serious problems created to make us avoid future wars, especially the cost in human life and the cost in cash. It hardly seems to me probable that many civilians will suffer in such a war — no more, at least, than in other wars — but a large number of eligible young men will probably be killed and a few billions of dollars' worth of machinery will certainly be destroyed.

The loss of men in the next war is an excellent idea to toy with at this time when Mr. Hoover is racking his brains to find a solution to our unemployment problem. All economists know that war is, next to plague and famine, which no longer need to be considered seriously, the most effective means in the world to reduce population. Unemployment is essentially the same thing as overpopulation. This country can theoretically support an immensely greater population than it has at present, but not on our existing scale of living nor under our existing economic system. Our unemployed therefore represent a surplus population as definite as any which can be found in the most crowded parts of China. The number of people a country can support is limited only by its ability to feed and house them, and nearly every country in the world at present is exceeding this limit.

The last war has been explained by economists as a result of overpopulation. According to Fueter especially, Germany's aggression in 1914 was the result of economic pressure, the need of an outlet for her surplus population. The manner in which this pressure operated was too complex and had too many widespread effects to be explained here; but primarily Germany desired colonies from France or England, territory upon which her surplus population (Germany's population had nearly trebled in a hundred years) could be placed. Instead, what colonies Germany had were taken away from her. Her human losses in the War did not materially relieve this pressure; her programme of business expansion before and since the War has brought no relief — is even under suspicion of having brought on the depression and its attendant misery. Today Germany suffers from a pressure of population as great as if the War had not been fought. The same situation exists in Italy, whose eyes are on the French colonies around the Mediterranean All the densely populated nations in the world are fascinated by England's dissatisfied colonies and by the badly ordered areas of the United States which could support more people if they were administered by an intelligent economic plan.

Not only the last war but, I am

inclined to think, most of the recent economic troubles in this country and abroad may be attributed to surplus populations. Stupidity and ignorance on the part of the men who maneuver our commerce are responsible for the forms these troubles take — depression today, inflation tomorrow, unemployment all the time — and pure, reckless speculation in finance exaggerates them. We suffer first from a faulty balance between production and consumption which has reduced our need for human labor and given us facilities for almost unlimited production without allowing the entire population to share in the surplus goods we have learned to produce. We should be able to support an immensely greater population than we do; instead we grow wheat and manufacture instruments which nobody is able to buy. We have created an unemployed group estimated between two and ten million which remains a dead weight on our hands. We even manage to support them; otherwise they would all be dead.

Nothing can relieve this population surplus except a change in our economic system or an endless series of wars. Nations such as Italy and Germany are in a much more desperate situation; they have not our natural resources for supporting large populations even if they resort to a more rational economic system. Italy, for instance, is faced by this dilemma: she can not afford to go to war in order to secure the colonies she needs for her expansion, and has only the remotest chance of winning, yet if she does not go to war sooner or later she will be ruined. In such a dilemma Italy can not really lose by going to war; at least it will reduce her population, and the more destructive the next war turns out to be the more Italy will profit by it. Every population in the world today would be relieved by a longer and bloodier war than the last one. Another Black Plague would be just as effective, but war is more interesting than plague.

As to the monetary cost of war, I do not see that it is to be feared. Most of the cost will be in military property which the Governments of the world are going to manufacture anyhow; if they are not destroyed in war they will be scrapped to make way for improved models and to convince voters that war is being outlawed. The rest of the cost is in the destruction of irrelevant objects — a church here and there, a factory or two — which amounts to no great sum compared with the frivolous waste and destruction the most prosperous nations practise in times of peace under our present economic system. Business always improves for a few countries during a war, as the United States discovered after 1914. Most of the countries in the world today are so dissatisfied with existing business conditions that it will be worth their while to gamble on the prospects of a war.

We are told that the next war will have terrible psychological effects on us all, tending to disrupt our social organization. The people whom the last war produced (and who are rapidly disappearing under the influence of Prohibition, marriage, and American Legion politics) seemed to me infinitely more mature and real than any of the people who preceded them and who are following them.

A single post-War decade has produced more sensible living, more honesty of thought, more decency, and more gaiety among our citizenry than the fifty years preceding it since the effects of the Civil War wore off. There is nothing psychologically more beneficial to a nation than a good, clean war. Without its sobering influence every generation or so, people grow stodgy, complacent, bilious, and moral.

We are also told that war is futile. So it is. Baseball is also futile, and night clubs and politics. Almost all the pursuits of civilized men and women are futile. In the solution of our social, economic, and ethical problems we can exercise more futility of thought than any lieutenant-colonel has ever exercised on taking the next hill. Anybody who has read the literature of the current business depression, who has heard the discussions of intelligent men on the subject of Prohibition, who has visited a Baptist church where the behavior of our youths and maidens is under consideration — anybody, in short, who has read a newspaper in the past few years of our great peace which is to endure forever should stand awed and silent for ten minutes and then toss a hand grenade through the window of the nearest foreign embassy. Peace is hell.

IV

UNFORTUNATELY, the next war will no doubt be as relatively mild an affair as the last one. I have very little sympathy with people who complain about the horrors of any war. We have by no means yet outgrown the infantile conception of our mediæval heroes — or what, at least, our grandfathers took to be the conception of these heroes — that fighting was a game somewhat more exciting than backgammon and considerably less rough than croquet. In the stirring age when knighthood was in flower war was about as stern as afternoon tea. The warriors did as little actual killing as possible (except from the safe anonymity of ambush) and were deeply offended when they found themselves routed by barbarous Tatars and infidel Ottomans who had no sense of chivalry but preferred to win their battles.

The late War is to my mind a perfect example of the effeminate condition of our times. First we were shocked because the German army had good sense enough to march through Belgium on its way to Paris. Then we were horrified to hear that our ships, when they sailed innocently in the submarine zone with nothing more incriminating than a load of munitions, were torpedoed and the passengers allowed to suffer from exposure in small boats until the enemy captains could summon assistance for them. From beginning to end the entire population of the belligerent nations quivered with indignation and disgust at the brutality of their foes. What did they expect war to be if not brutal? If Germany had stipulated in the first place that it was all to be in fun, the winner to receive a silver loving cup and a memorial banquet, there might have been some excuse for our indignation. But Germany proceeded on the naïve theory that wars are fought for the sake of conquest, without rules. War is by definition the negation of treaties, chivalry,

and international law. Even the Germans were too delicate to carry on the war in anything remotely like the robust fashion of their nomadic ancestors.

The brutality of war is no new invention, evolved from the cloistered recesses of a scientist's laboratory. Long before science was divorced from the priesthood, nations no less civilized than the United States and Germany committed "outrages" upon each other which would drive our bellicose inhabitants crazy. We are afraid that New York may be bombed; but a campaign among the Greeks and the Persians was incomplete unless all the cities in the path of their armies were sacked and obliterated. We are afraid that a few million wives and mothers may be gassed; but a Hebrew wife or mother who had not been raped at least once by the Romans, and probably disemboweled afterwards, could hardly feel that she had lived. What would have happened to a soldier who approached the enemy in the midst of a Tatar battle with his hands uplifted, screaming "*Kamerad!*"? Approximately, I think, what happens to a man today when he enters his broker's office and says, "Would you mind carrying that stock a few more days without margin?"

I trust it will not appear from these remarks that I have a brutal, militaristic disposition, or that I am plotting to assassinate the British ambassador. There have been no stauncher defenders anywhere of Mr. H. G. Wells's works and the Five Year Plan than myself; when the next war arrives I hope that I shall be far from the scene of hostilities, manufacturing shells or airplane motors. But I have learned not to confuse sentiment with practical affairs. I have read and invented hundreds of solutions for the various problems which confront the world today, but experience has taught me that these are merely the fantastic imaginings of a visionary. What the world needs, I am told, is a *practical* solution for its problems, and it is with that idea in mind that I have written this article.

With entire honesty I might urge all the nations of the earth to reduce their populations by other means than war, such as birth control and the elimination in lethal chambers of the criminal and the insane and unfit. I might call upon statesmen to practise more honesty and realism in their diplomatic relations, rather than the time-honored principles of secrecy and tact. I might advocate the restoration to Germany of her colonies and the transfer of a few dissatisfied colonies from England to Germany or Italy. I might plead for the abandonment of immigration and tariff barriers, for the free intermingling of trade and races. I might denounce nationalism and imperialism, demand that all flags be burned and that all jingoistic slogans be interdicted, that all patriotic societies from Mussolini's Young Italy and Hitler's Brown Shirts to the Daughters of the American Revolution be disbanded. These are all intelligent suggestions; but they are not practical.

War, I admit, is not an intelligent occupation for human beings, and I do not favor it on that basis. There should be more interest and more excitement, I should think, in drink-

ing beer, listening to Mozart, or building up a Utopian civilization. But the populace does not agree; it has had a taste of war and post-war prosperity only to be plunged back into normal, unromantic times of comparative poverty again; it is dissatisfied with present conditions and eager for a panacea that will end them, yet scared to death of any intelligent proposal which might end them; it scrupulously avoids all sane and honest ideas, and creeps stubbornly along on the same principles which led us into the last war. People like this must really relish war. We have spent millions of dollars on excellent weapons and armaments — I do not like to see this investment standing idle, bringing in no returns.

When I search for a practical, business-like means of bringing back good times upon the earth I can find only one. We must have another war which will last longer, kill more men, destroy more churches, and cost more money than the last war. Otherwise we shall probably revert to savagery.

Effigy

By Faith Vilas

Shrinking from a too living sun,
The old house lies behind snarled trees
That root where rains have spilled their lees
To rise in wan effluvium.

Strange growths oppress the riven sills,
Across the door a spider weaves,
On broken window panes, the leaves
Tap out their dry antiphonals.

The floor sags under soundless fall
Of foot-steps, lighter than the dust.
The hinges wear a beard of rust,
And fungus flowers on the wall.

The house lifts in a muted prayer,
Gray slanting roofs, whose thin tips meet,
A lady, spent, upon her bier,
With pointed hands and feet.

Mr. Wickersham in Retrospect

By R. L. Strout

Why did the Drys clasp his wet Report to their bosoms and the Wets disclaim it?

Let me state the problem in the simplest possible way:

When the Wickersham Commission brought out its famous report on Tuesday, January 20, 1931, seven of the eleven Commissioners went on record as favoring some immediate change in the dry law, while of the remaining four, three were ready to accept a national referendum after an appropriate interval. That verdict, in retrospect, seems overwhelming. It overshadowed other parts of the study. And yet, extraordinary as it is to recall today, this verdict — or rather the Report in which it was contained — was straightway heaped with the most bitter scorn by the very Wets which it would seem to favor, while the Drys figuratively clasped it to their bosom! The problem is, why did it happen that way?

The Wickersham Commission is dead and gone and there can be no effort to revive it. But Prohibition is as much alive today as ever and continues a matter of national controversy. In the light of retrospect is there nothing in the study of what President Hoover described as "an able group of distinguished citizens of character and independence of thought" of value to the present day? I believe there is. But I do not propose to discuss it here. My object is to probe the circumstances surrounding the preparation and presentment of the extraordinary Report in an effort to find the causes for the paradoxical and hysterical reception which it got. This is not a problem of Prohibition at all, but the problem of seeing how public opinion is molded in a democracy, and it involves an episode which, in the light of reflection, appears to have been one of the most picturesque in the nation's history.

At the outset let me offer a personal statement. Certainly any one discussing this subject should make his own prejudices clear. My own bias is probably on the side of Prohibition. It would be untruthful, however, if I did not admit that the Wickersham study has made upon me a considerable effect. Yet so far as it goes, I confess I feel none of the convert's characteristic enthusiasm. It is because, frankly, I think the Wets on the other side are stupid. Never more so than in their treatment of the Report. I defy almost

any fair-minded middle-of-the-road citizen who has a strong dislike for liquor but at the same time an uneasy feeling that all is not well with Prohibition to read that scrupulously impartial and magnanimous presentment without experiencing some change. Dr. Irving Fisher of Yale confessed in print after reading it that it had to a degree altered his views, though by how much he did not say. But what was the reception of the Wickersham Report — a Report let me repeat for emphasis, for it lies at the heart of this article — in which seven out of eleven Commissioners announced themselves favorable to immediate change in the law, while three of the remaining four were prepared to consider a national referendum? What was the reception? Why, the document that might readily have become a rallying cry for modificationists was ridiculed and laughed at by a great majority of their spokesmen, and only at this late period is beginning, it seems, to attract some of their attention! Other Drys who have read the report profess themselves as perplexed as myself at the abuse of the Commission by the Wets. It appears to us that the Wets were simply outmaneuvered by their opponents. To put it bluntly, that the same bar-room obtuseness that made Prohibition a possibility in the first place is now alienating groups who might aid them in bringing about its changes.

But whether the Drys like it or not, there the verdict of the Wickersham Commission is, with substantiating detail on the difficulties of the present situation beyond anything yet gathered for circumstantialness and authority. To be specific, the verdict is contained in the eleven individual statements of the Commissioners at the end of the Report and one only needs to read them and add up the total to get the result. These opinions were available from the first, and yet despite their overwhelming character, the Report itself was the subject of extraordinary misconception that has extended to this day. What caused the misconception? I believe the reasons were, in the main, two, although each is capable of elaboration. In the first place, publication of the Report was badly bungled. This, as I see it, was partly the fault of the Commission, partly the fault of the White House, and very largely the fault of the press. In the second place, Wets and Drys alike had completely pre-judged the Wickersham Commission, and they could not at first believe that they had judged it wrongly, even after the Report itself was issued.

TO TAKE the question of publication first. The Commission did not even issue a summary of its Report. It prepared a document the size of a small novel and put it out without the slightest effort to digest it. It prepared, it is true, a list of conclusions and recommendations. But no one in America was more surprised, I believe, than some of the legally minded members of the Commission, when they found these recommendations uniformly referred to as a "summary." The crusading elements of the Wets particularly excoriated the Commission for failing to include what I have heretofore described as the seven-to-four "verdict" against Prohibition *status quo* and other matters in the alleged

summary. I know no better answer to these charges than the simple one that the list of conclusions and recommendations was *not* a summary. It was nowhere referred to as such in the Report. The attack on the Commission in this respect simply amounted to designating something that is not a summary, a "summary" and then assailing your opponent because it does not summarize! The true attack, and a legitimate one, was that there was no summary. Each reader, each newspaper correspondent, had to dig out the seven-to-four verdict for himself. The Commission divided its 80,000-word Report into three parts: the first 40,000 words presenting a factual discussion of enforcement offering a mine of material for the Wets; the second part containing a brief four-page list of conclusions, as heretofore mentioned; the third part containing individual statements from each of the eleven Commissioners. Seven of the members, Anderson, Comstock, Loesch, Mackintosh, Pound, Baker and Lemann, favored immediate change, and the two last favored outright repeal; three of the remaining four, Wickersham, McCormick and Kenyon, were prepared for a later referendum. This was the roll-call of the Hoover Commission after twenty months' study, in which at least one former Wet had become a Dry and several former Drys had become Wets. The record is history. But in the light of future efforts to guide public opinion by expert findings it must be pointed out that it was necessary to read each one of those eleven statements, amounting in all to about 40,000 words, to get the roll-call. So be it. The Commission prepared an able survey of the whole situation and then expected the press and public to read it. How stupid! How little it knew the press and the public. Of course it should have prepared a summary.

But this was not the worst mistake. The Commission's Report was misjudged because of something else. It was not even the overhasty handling of the Report by the White House when it was published that was at the root of the matter, though this contributed to the same end. Every one will remember even today the howls of rage against the White House that went up when the supposed contents of the Report were spread forth in print. It was not enough to say that the Commission had failed — the Hoover Administration had been dragged down with it. What were the grounds for attacking the White House through the Report? Why, because the same wet leadership in Congress insisted that the Report was "bone dry," and hence argued that a plot existed by which the verdict had been rendered in collusion with Mr. Hoover.

"The White House, under control of the Anti-Saloon League, directed the conclusions!" ejaculated Loring Black, Tammany Democrat, perfectly epitomizing the incredibly childish outlook of the whole present wet group in Congress. A verdict of seven-to-four against Prohibition in its present form would be about as popular in the Anti-Saloon League as a monograph by Mrs. Sanger in the Vatican State.

The rather remarkable error that the White House *did* commit passed almost without comment. Here was a

report that had taken almost two years to prepare and that contained some of the best work of some of the brainiest men in America, and by that I refer to Newton D. Baker, George W. Wickersham and Roscoe Pound of Harvard. It was obviously sensational in character, and it was a complex and extended document that needed time and leisure to digest. What did the officials do with it? See that it got careful advance release over the great cities of the land before publication? See that it had a digest (though this, as I have said, was properly the duty of the Commission)? Did they give Washington correspondents who are the bottle neck through which America gets this sort of material (and who are so busy with political gossip as to be almost helpless before a non-political document of real importance) — did the authorities give these politically minded interpreters a chance to get the matter through their heads? They did not. They hurled this dynamite-laden Report out into America with a twenty-four-hour time fuse, or release date, and sat back and waited for the explosion. Correspondents got the Report at noon one day, for release at noon the next. It is obvious that in the mere nature of train travel, the Report could not have got much further in the brief time allowed than, let us say, Chicago, and by the time it arrived there it would have already been released in the East so that the Chicago editor would only have had the sad satisfaction of dropping his copy into the waste basket! The fact is the more extraordinary because Government departments make the habit of putting out relatively unimportant documents weeks in advance, so that they can be in the hands of distant editors for simultaneous publication over the nation. But this study of monumental importance got only twenty-four hours! The Report simply did not have national distribution.

Because the matter is so illuminating let us examine it a little further before going on to that fundamental reason which, I believe, was the real cause for the extraordinary misconception of the Wickersham Report. Let me here insert a table showing the number of copies made available by the Commission, by four public-spirited newspapers which published the document in full, and later by the Federal Printing Office. There is also given the date at which these copies were available.

Source	*Date Available*	*Copies, or Approx. Circ.*
Wickersham Com. (Adv. press copies)	Mon. noon, Jan. 19	2,500
N. Y. *Post*	Tues. eve., Jan. 20	102,612
N. Y. *Times*	Wed. morn., Jan. 21	416,995
N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*	"	292,164
U. S. Daily (Wash., D. C.)	"	41,346
U. S. Printing Office (Wash., D. C.)	After approx. 3 days	
	(1st Ed.)	30,000
	(2nd Ed.)	38,000
	(3rd Ed.)	1,500
		925,117

Though the above total seems large at first, it must be remembered that the first edition of Government copies did not affect the situation while public opinion was being crystallized; that distribution occurred entirely in two Eastern cities; and that free copies circulated by public-spirited newspapers mean a vast number of copies put into heedless hands. The facts are, therefore, that the correctives, which a plentiful sup-

ply of actual copies of the Report would have had on the mistakes of ignorance or prejudice, were lacking. National distribution of the Wickersham Report, at a time when a hysterical country was forming its judgment of the document, did not exist.

I DO NOT believe that the foregoing reasons alone would have accounted for the extraordinary misconception which followed publication of the Commission's Report, though I have seen a whole nation misled for almost a day by erroneous press interpretations put out on decisions of the Supreme Court because of the same mechanical difficulties in mastering complicated documents not put out in advance. Nor do the two following more or less subsidiary details reach the final explanation, though they come close to it. One of these was the sheer physical task of "moving" a story of that sort by the telegraph key from Washington to outside points in such a brief interval. It would have tasked even the best newspaper organization. The first reading of the manuscript would take six hours. If it were done in relays, and it was so done in the Washington offices, the connecting links between the three parts of the Report would tend to be obscured. The telegraph men would have to start sending extracts of the stuff before the Washington office had finished reading it, simply to insure getting it to New York, St. Louis or California in time, while the home offices would have to wait on Washington hopefully for a "lead" later on. In fact, when the Report was published in abbreviated newspaper form, it gave every evidence of the hurry and lack of understanding with which its various parts had been pasted up.

Then finally there was the idiotic "enterprise" of the American press with which any big story of this sort has to contend. Not content to give all the brief time available to presenting the Report, the press associations with one accord immediately set about getting comments on the yet unpublished document! Prominent Washingtonians were actually roused from bed that night of Monday, January 19, to find out what they thought of something they had never seen.

And this brings me to the very heart of my story. Of course the people who were asked to give statements by the press were the very ones who had expressed themselves most strongly either for or against the prospective document in previous days. Now who were these people? Why, they were the professional Wets and Drys, with intermediate sprinklings of pro- and anti-Hooverites. The Wets were against the Report; the Drys were for it. They had been arguing and disputing over the Wickersham Report for twenty months before the Report was made public. There it is in a nutshell. The Drys were *for* the Report, long before it was issued; the Wets were *against* the Report. Neither side had waited to see what was in the Report. The whole matter had been pre-judged and decided in advance in the light of the individual's opinion on the merits of Prohibition.

Of course there is a possibility of exaggerating this charge, but

there are files of a thousand editorial pages to witness the bias toward or against the Commission which existed. Did the phrase "Wicked-Sham Commission" originate after the Report was published? Of course not. Mr. Loring Black and his facetious wet friends had been applying it to the Commission for months before that January. The leaders who used that nickname took it for granted that the Commission would bring in a dry Report. By the same token, the professional Drys, from the outset, rallied to the Commission's defense, because it was a Hoover Commission, because Mr. Hoover was a Dry, and hence because they supposed the Commission would be dry, too. If they had no other reason they rallied to the Commission because the Wets hated it. There you have the fundamental reason for the reception which the Report finally got, to which the incompetent publicity-handling of the material was the contributory factor.

This was at the bottom of the situation when reporters scurried out on Monday and the morning of Tuesday, January 20, to get interviews on the yet unpublished Report. Washington, of course, is full of people ready to give to a reporter final judgment on any subject at any time, and the task of collecting comment was not hard. The reporter himself, who sought the statement, generally had not read or even seen the Report; he had perhaps been given a hasty coaching in the salient points as they were grasped by the head of the copy desk, and these he now passed on as well as he could to the man he was interviewing. The latter spoke by a sort of reflex action; accepted whatever was said as confirming his own solemn prognostications and proceeded to laud or assail the Report on the basis of earlier prejudices. Next day the newspapers carried columns of such comments, published simultaneously with the Report. Some papers carried more comment than Report. Editors reasoned, probably rightly, that the public would rather have somebody else make up its mind for it than to do the job itself.

The Wickersham Report, in brief, carried from the very moment of publication, a heavy load of subsidiary snap-judgment, culled from the most volatile of America's political publicity snatchers (examples will be given in a minute) and based largely on prejudices formed long in advance. Presentation of the true merits of the matter never had a chance.

To other distracting circumstances was added an attached statement from Mr. Hoover, in which the President seemed to disown his own Commission. The statement does not seem particularly sensational today and if anything merely emphasizes how far from dry the Report was. But newspapers featured Mr. Hoover's words and the comment of men from all over the country, and the long-awaited Report itself was frequently given a subsidiary place, or, as in the Baltimore *Sun*, an inside page.

LOOKING back on it all now, there is an element of humor in shuffling those old newspaper files. How extraordinary some of the comment seems! This applies, of course, to

Drys as well as Wets. Here is the W. C. T. U. praising the Report. Here are Mr. Andrew J. Volstead, Mr. Grant Hudson, at that time dry stalwart in the House, and a score of other professionals hastily rushing to the defense of the document which if not absolutely wet was certainly damp. Of course, it is only fair to say that there was plenty of good material for the enforcement side within the voluminous document and its general conclusions.

The spectacle of the Wets, on the other hand, must cause sadness to any one who looks for intelligence in public affairs. They had no reason, like their adversaries, to confuse the issue. It might well have been to them a Heaven-sent gift, but they had thrown it away in advance. They attacked the Report on sight. The so-called crusading Wets were particularly hostile. The state of their moral indignation at this time has hardly been equalled on the North American continent since the sinking of the *Maine*, or the appearance of the "atrocity" stories in the World War.

Mr. Loring Black's charge that the White House had yielded to the Anti-Saloon League has been noted. Wet leaders like Mr. La Guardia and Mr. Campbell of Pennsylvania attacked the Report. "The Commission owes the country an apology!" cried Mr. Campbell. "It is an insult to the intelligence of the American people!" roared Mr. Tinkham, Massachusetts Wet leader. Senator Wagner, slightly less committal, remarked that "it appears to be a typical Hoover report" which was probably not a compliment; Senators Blaine and Glass, wet and dry alike but equally hostile to the Administration, attacked the document respectively as "useless verbiage," and a "useless waste of $500,000." Big Bill Thompson, of Chicago, with characteristic simplicity, dismissed the whole matter as "Hooey!" Pontifical Mr. Brisbane, a day later, writing from Los Angeles (where it will be remembered, the text of the Report was not available) declared "the Commission came out of a solemn conference and straddled the fence — you get the impression that gentlemen chosen for political purposes don't quite dare to say what they think." In Boston, the wet *Herald*, and the *Globe*, considered the Report a fizzle; various other wet papers asserted the Commissioners had further befogged the issue.

Now it must be recalled that these statements, practically in all instances, were issued by men who had never seen the Report. Most of them spoke by hearsay, not study. Presumably they responded as hundreds of others did whose statements are not given, to a sort of reflex action when the subject of "Wickersham Commission" was mentioned. They were for or against the Report "sight unseen." And they knew that if their opinion was to have any effect on the herd mind it must be got in early, and must be expressed emphatically.

Since this article is a study of public opinion and not the Prohibition question, it would be useless to cite from the Report itself to confute these critics. But that the latter would have modified their views by a more careful reading, or any reading at all, there can be little doubt.

One incident is illustrative. The editor of a wet Boston newspaper which had bitterly denounced the Report on publication called up Dean Pound, a week later, and apologized for his earlier criticism. He explained that he had not read the Report when he wrote his attack; he had been misled by the wet clamor from Washington; but since then he had got the Report for himself and found out his mistake. The incident is probably typical. But how many men who submitted snap judgments at the time were able to recall their words later on, when they had an opportunity of seeing the document?

Among newspaper critics, probably the most vociferous was the Scripps-Howard New York *Telegram*, a crusading wet paper, which carried charges of discrepancies in the Report from the second sentence of its very first Washington dispatch on the subject, and that has never since relaxed its grim suspicion of the hapless Hoover body. Such relentlessness for a righteous cause would be exemplary. But the fact is that at the very time that the *Telegram* was frothing at the mouth in greatest indignation there was a sober background of thoughtful comment in New York, from sources certainly just as hostile to the dry law as the *Telegram*, which indicated the true facts in the matter. Thus, for example, the three conservative morning newspapers, whose wetness could not be doubted by any one, uniformly pointed out the real inwardness of the Commission's report.

The *Times* praised it. It had no difficulty in grasping and presenting the important fact in its first editorial that "six out of the eleven Commissioners are of one mind as to the one form of modification that should be adopted, if any" (namely, the Anderson Revision Plan) while in a front-page "box," and elsewhere in its news columns, it showed that in addition to these six, there was Mr. Lemann's blanket vote for repeal to make a total of seven Commissioners urging immediate dry law change. The *Times* made only one mistake in listing the Commissioners. It counted only two of the remaining four, advocating further trial, as prepared to consider a national referendum. Actually there were three of them, Commissioners Wickersham, McCormick and Kenyon.

Nor was the *Times* alone in taking a different view from the *Telegram*. No one can deny that the *Herald-Tribune* is and was a wet journal. While the *Telegram* was figuratively running amok over the Commission's treachery, the former paper was referring to the Report's "fairness, clarity and general excellence." Of course the *Herald-Tribune* did not have the strong anti-Hoover bias of the *Telegram*, but even so it is hard to understand how the editors of the *Telegram* could have let this bias influence it after Mr. Hoover had publicly stated in effect that the Report was too damp for him.

Again, the strongly wet *World* was not daunted by the derisive whoops of the Congressional wet leadership — although later Mr. Lippman gave credence to a so-called "plot" — and in its initial editorial insisted that the Commissioners actually "take a defeatist view of the noble experiment."

Many more instances could be

adduced to show that a different view of the Report was evident to those who had not blinded themselves by advance prejudices. Mr. Henry H. Curran, for example, head of the Association against the Prohibition Amendment on January 22, politely points out the "painstaking" nature of the Report, condemns Mr. Hoover's rejection of its findings, and asserts its essentially wet nature. How different the wet effort to revise the dry law might have been if the modificationists of the country had listened to such advice as this, instead of being stampeded into rejection of a strong weapon by the hot-headed fanatics of their side who had to save their faces from silly earlier jibes by proving the Commission's duplicity!

With all respect to the editors of the New York *Telegram*, that paper may be taken as typical. The *Telegram* began its news treatment of the Report with an attack on alleged contradictions. It must be pointed out of course that the idea of retaining, but of revising the Eighteenth Amendment, was practically born with the Commission. The difference between repeal and revision was obvious enough to a Commission that had been studying the matter two years, but it could not be readily grasped by an hysterical zealot for repeal, for it was, in essence, a compromise. Hence the immediate confusion and the insistent charge of discrepancies as contained in the first Washington dispatch to the *Telegram* and in its first headlines. The dispatch said:

> The Commissioners' report declared in opposition to repeal, *although in curious contradiction*, a majority of the members of the group expressed themselves in appended statements as being in favor either of repeal, or of immediate revision of the prohibition laws.

The point was emphasized by the headline of the *Telegram*, "Hoover and Dry Board Oppose Repeal, Majority Favors Liquor." "(Figure it out yourself — we can't — Editor.)"

The second day, the *Telegram* had discovered an amazing plot by which President Hoover had doctored the Report, and thereupon denounced the "amazing trickery" of the body, but added that "courageous individual statements leave most of the Commissioners with clean hands. But there is dirt somewhere."

And the day later, with the "plot" fully established, it thundered:

> We share the feeling, which seems to be growing in public opinion, that the deception involved in the Commission's summary as contrasted with the Report itself is a national disgrace and humiliation.

The facts as to the "summary" have already been explained. It is an entertaining sidelight that Mr. Heywood Broun, the *Telegram's* columnist who seems to have got hold of the actual Report (doubtless from the *Telegram's* rival, the New York *Post*, for the *Telegram* did not print it) was writing in his column that the "Wickersham Commission has done a surprisingly good job." However, after a day's denunciation by his paper he seems to have thought better of it, and next day referred to the whole thing as a "fiasco."

The so-called "plot" charge, so reminiscent of the hysterical atrocity stories of the War, was born in the positive and direct affirmation car-

ried in a press association copyright dispatch from a White House correspondent and published in the Washington *Herald* (a Hearst paper) and elsewhere over the country, that President Hoover had deliberately intervened to alter the document, as follows:

> A report that President Hoover persuaded the Wickersham Commission to abandon a tentative recommendation in favor of revising the Eighteenth Amendment *was confirmed in an authoritative quarter here last night.*

This flat statement — which carried no if's and but's — immediately received widest circulation at a time when Congressional denunciation was at its height. It was picked up and rewritten by other Washington correspondents; was broadcast over the Columbia radio circuit by Henry Kaltenborn, a radio news editor, that night; and was the forerunner of a series of bitter attacks by editorial writers, of whom Mr. Walter Lippman was the most able. The *Telegram's* Washington correspondent promptly "confirmed" the rumor on his own account, and his paper has never retracted the charge.

The slightest reflection on the character and personnel of the Commission shows the utter absurdity of the story. It was immediately branded as "absolutely untrue and without foundation" by the chairman; it was denied with heat by Dean Pound; in St. Louis, Judge Kenyon declared it "absolutely untrue"; Judge Mackintosh in San Francisco, January 23, stated that "the President never, in any way, interfered with the framing of the Report nor did he ever hint in the subtlest manner to any member what his wishes were in regard to the Commission's findings." The writer has talked with other members of the Commission, wet and dry alike, and they show equal indignation over the Report. But it had gone forth over the nation further to influence sentiment against the document at a time when public opinion was crystallizing. It is a truism of publicists that a denial can never catch up with a direct charge.

Enough has been said of the circumstances under which national judgment was passed on the famous Report. Yet still it might be asked, why did not the Commissioners themselves rush into print to justify their work? The official viewpoint was expressed in a private letter from Dean Pound to the Columbia Broadcasting Company, which had invited him to make such a defense. He said:

> I feel very clear that I ought not to think of taking advantage of your invitation. It seems clear to me that we should not put ourselves in the position of explaining or defending the Report to the public. We are not advocating anything and discharged our whole duty when we investigated the subject fully and reported our conclusions to the President. I have no programme to promote, no political ambitions, and nothing to say to the people beyond what I have said in print in the Report.

In reviewing all the foregoing facts I find myself wondering if there is any moral. There seems today to be a growing disposition among modificationists to return to the famous Report and to use it for the weapon which it might have been from the first. Wets like former Senator Wadsworth have employed parts of it with effect.

That the Report has had immense influence there can be no doubt. I have mentioned Irving Fisher who,

writing in a syndicated Hearst statement, declared that "the Report has made upon me a profound impression and, in a degree, it has altered my view of the subject."

The same spirit of fairness in the Report has equally impressed stalwarts of the other side. We have Henry L. Mencken confessing in a copyright article in the *Evening Sun* of Baltimore, shortly after the Report's publication, that his own side in the affray has "sometimes preached rebellion without taking into account its more inconvenient consequences," and adding, "now both sides have before them the massive proof that the solution will not be easy, and if it is ever reached at all it must be by patience and compromise."

"Patience and compromise!" Surely it is a masterpiece that could elicit such slogans from Mr. Mencken. Indeed, to me, the fact that two such extreme opponents as Mr. Mencken and Dr. Fisher could meet in common praise of this same document answers a thousand other critics. There can be no doubt of Mr. Mencken's feelings. He finds "not the slightest sign of a desire to evade plain issues" in the Commission's study, and remarks that "it is an excellent job — in fact a job so good as to be almost brilliant." He adds, "If I had been a member of the Commission I believe I'd have signed the Report."

Today, almost a year after publication, it is obvious that the Commission interfered in a national dog-fight. It got lacerated in the process as might have been expected. It was, and is, a fight (as results have shown) in which some of the participants would rather bite, maim and kill each other, than be ruled by the whistle of human intelligence.

It is doubtful, in retrospect, whether the immediate result of the Commission's Report would have been much different no matter how the publicity was handled. The Report's publication, it is now shown, was bound to be the culmination of one of those moments of national hysteria in which, as before a war, people become creatures of emotion — when rumors fly like wildfire over the land.

At this later date, when the ecstasy of excitement has passed, it is still possible for the intelligent man or woman to go to the Report and find for himself what it contains. He will probably find, in reading the document, his views, whatever they be, modified by the process. He will find rancor toward opponents abated by the wise reasonableness of the study, even as Mr. Mencken suggested. The Report would seem still to offer, for practically the first time in the long debate on Prohibition, a common meeting ground for the moderate elements of either party.

Myths of the West

By Carey McWilliams

For centuries the Far West was the Dark Continent of America. Myths arose from this unknown and fabulous region beyond the Alleghanies like mists from the sea. It was reported to be a legendary land of uncharted rivers, delectable mountains, valleys of rich promise, and magical fountains bubbling with the waters of eternal youth. To the north was a mysterious passage to the Orient, while the buried treasures of the Spanish and the jewels of the Indians were hidden in the south. The exploration of the Far West was, indeed, prompted by the handsome fabrications of the natives working on the gullibility and avarice of the Spanish. Coronado traversed an empire in his fruitless search for the Seven Cities of Cibola. No sooner were the boundaries of the region established and its topography verified, than the heroes of its conquest passed into the realm of mythology. Through its mountain valleys and across its interminable plains stalked the tall figures of Davy Crockett, Kit Carson, Marcus Whitman, Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickok, Jim Bridger, and John Sutter.

Carried East by excited tongues, these legends were greatly embroidered in the telling. The existence of an oral epic of the West is demonstrated by the amazing collection of books and pamphlets that serves today as a monument to the westward movement. It was the unknown and unpredictable character of the land that fostered the Myth. The East was diligently suckled on fabulous Government reports, the swollen and embellished narratives of mendacious travelers, and the pamphlets of such saga writers as Hall J. Kelley, James O. Pattie, and John B. Wyeth. These men pictured the Far West in hues of the rainbow and the peacock. A sizable bibliography could be made up alone of books on *Life in the Far West.* These pretentious pseudo-histories invariably contained chapters devoted to such marvelous exploits as "Shooting the Rapids," "An Encounter with a Grizzly in the Rockies," "A Battle with the Indians," "A Tough Tussle with a Panther," and "The War Dance of the Comanches." The Far West was not always glowingly depicted; in fact, just the converse was often the case. The school geographies of the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties, pictured the land west of the Missouri as the American Sahara; even Government engineers were deceived by the paucity of rainfall into fostering the legend of the West's aridity. But whether deceived by under-

statement or extravagant fanfares, the East was inundated for decades by tides of frontier publicity.

Once the East was thoroughly aroused by these gorgeous accounts of a boundless region beyond the Alleghanies, the Far West became the goal of a nation's vaulting ambition. The westward movement that ensued was, in the words of Dr. Paxson, "the strongest single factor in American history." It was a profoundly moving experience. Contemporary records contain vivid accounts of the excitement created in the East by news of the discovery of gold in California. If there had been a few dissenting ravens, full of dire predictions about the Far West, they were swept aside by the reports of this momentous discovery. The westward rush of fancy and elation which followed swept aside even the conservative enthusiasm of men like Senator Benton, who had fixed the "western limit of this republic" with the Rockies, "where the statue of the fabled god Terminus should be raised upon its highest peak, never to be thrown down."

Nor did the myth-making which arose in reponse to this overpowering enthusiasm cease with the final extension of the frontier to the Pacific. It persisted throughout the Nineteenth Century and shows no signs of abating today. Not a year has passed since 1900 in which the West has escaped rediscovery. The legend, quickly soaring into the realm of myth, has been retold year after year. The persistence of the process of rediscovery can be illustrated variously. A few references will have to suffice.

Compare C. F. Lummis' *A Tramp Across the Continent* (1884) with *The Better Country* (1928) by Dallas Lore Sharp. The vitality of the Western Myth is at once apparent; both writers were obviously nurtured on this saga of the West written by many hands and told by a thousand tongues. Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer discovered "the amazing West" for the first time in 1922. Similar testimonials have been recorded by Katherine Fullerton Gerould and Alfred Knopf. In 1931 the West is still "strange" and "new." Easterners are amazed, so they say, to find street cars and golf courses in the Rockies.

II

THE South and Middle West were settled and established before the Far West was thoroughly explored. Not only were these regions settled, but they occupied quite definite niches in the national gallery before the West emerged from its nebulous frontier existence; so that the West, coming into self-consciousness, found that it had a difficult problem to solve. How was it to dispose of the outlandish Myth about its origins, attributes, and identity? It was necessary, obviously, either to accept the legend or to repudiate it harshly and irrevocably. With childlike ingenuousness, the West not only accepted the legend, but naïvely built it out to epic proportions. To the mythological figures of the pre-settlement period, it added the Cowboy, the Miner, the Engineer, the Homesteader, and the Tramp. It avidly seized upon the last vestiges of its romantic origins for profitable preservation and established traditions which flourish in the Pendleton and Cheyenne Rodeos, and the

California Fiestas, of today. There is scarcely a Western town on the map that does not have its annual Wild West celebration. The West sent Buffalo Bill's show around the world that the legend might be fostered in new fields and it continues to dress its delegates to American Legion conventions in the traditional garb of the cowboy.

But, on other levels, disquiet arose. It began to be bruited about that the Wild West legend had a tendency to frighten Eastern capitalists. The rumors of wide open towns, hilarious mining camps, bloody gun fights, gangs of desperadoes, and politically corrupt States ruled by bosses, had spread to the East. It became, therefore, a problem of making the Wild West legend genteel while preserving its picturesque qualities — a task which presented no insuperable difficulties to Western myth-making propensities. While the booster movement was yet nascent, talented publicists began to transmute the Western legend to a higher plane.

Throughout the early years of the century, the files were replete with articles about *The Culture of the West* (1905), *The West's Higher Life* (1900) and a positive rash of articles on *The Spirit of the West.* Dr. Henry Loomis Nelson assured the East in 1904 that there was "no wool in the Western mind, and there is no decadence in the Western conscience." Charles Moreau Harger, editor of the Abilene *Daily Reflector*, labored unceasingly throughout the early years of the century in presenting "The West's Higher Life."

It was during this period, spoken of by the publicists as "the era of moral reintegration," that the legend of the West's political progressiveness was born. It became part of the mental dualism of Westerners to send a "radical" representative to Washington who could blow great oratorical soap bubbles about "the spirit of the Western progressive movement." The Honorable Franklin K. Lane, regarded as a typical young Lochinvar bent on the redemption of the decadent East, lectured at the University of Virginia in 1912 and unctuously extolled the West as the region from which great political tidings might be expected. And so today Idaho retains Senator Borah to foster the legend. Senators Johnson, Cutting, Costigan, and Wheeler are products of this same Western political sophistry. The great progressive ballyhoo of the West is merely an echo of the stentorian outcry of a statesman of 1830 who declared during a debate: "Sir, it is not the increase of population in the West which this gentleman ought to fear, it is the energy which the mountain breeze and Western habits impart to those emigrants. They are regenerated, politically I mean, sir."

III

WHILE the Myth was being precipitated in the fancies of the early pamphleteers, it was quite common to find the region beyond the Alleghanies designated as the West. But "West" in the popular imagination soon began to assume a symbolic connotation: it came to mean frontier. And so the West retreated to the Rockies as the Middle West crowded the frontier westward. When the Sierra Nevadas were crossed and California admitted in

1849, the tide of expansion began to roll back upon itself. As the frontier disappeared like a mirage on the desert and the mist of early speculation and fancy cleared, it was soon discovered that there were many Wests within the West. Even the most enthusiastic Westerners conceded the existence of these inner-regions. In fact the first act of the Far West on becoming self-conscious was to repudiate the legend of its inclusiveness. Since 1849 writers on the West have excluded California by instinct and popular demand. It was not long before the Southwest and the Northwest broke away like islands in midstream. These regions were not only markedly dissimilar climatically and topographically: they possessed different traditions and mythologies.

And with this process of secession well under way, the search for the "real West" has been unremitting. Mr. Bernard De Voto carefully excludes the Coast and the Southwest and limits the region to the "Intermountain West" by which he means Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, with the eastern fringe of Washington and Oregon. Mr. Struthers Burt believes that "New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana are out-and-out Far Western States; western Texas, western Nebraska, a thin slice of the Dakotas, eastern Washington, eastern Oregon, and eastern California are also Far Western," while Mr. Burges Johnson claims to have located the heart of the region in the Sangre De Cristo Range in southern Colorado.

But the legend could not be so easily dislodged. The geographical boundaries of the Far West, based on State lines, have always been hard to draw; hence the notion got abroad that ethical, rather than geographical considerations, marked the kingdom of the West. By the use of this fiction it was possible to keep the boundaries of the West elastic and the mists of legend could still breed in the dark. And so it was suggested that the West was a matter of mood and manner. Cheyenne, for instance, was "spiritually West" while North Platte belonged to the Middle West. Wherever one found informality, unconventionality, a firm handclasp, an open door, a breezy rhetoric, an unrestrained manner, there was the West. This idea is, of course, merely a survival of the early legend. It dates from the establishment of a neo-Western school of writing by Bret Harte. The Wild West romance which survives today owes its origin to the genius of Bret Harte.

Harte, however, depicted a pioneer mood as evanescent as a Western sunset. Lord Curzon attempted some years ago to define the qualities of all pioneer communities. If his comparative frontier method is adopted, it is apparent that what Harte had to say of California could have been said of Australia, the Veldt, or Alaska. It is probably quite true that when culture moves, it changes; it may also be conceded that the "subliminal influences" of the land mold thought and character. But to define region from character, rather than character from region, is a dangerous expedient. What qualities were Western?

This problem has been earnestly debated since 1900. To Dr. Foster the spirit of the West signifies commu-

nity spirit, youthful zest, a braggadocio manner, and a certain spiritual resilience. Mr. Arthur Chapman, who wrote *Out Where the West Begins*, thinks that the West connotes "eternal youth and an atmosphere of hope." Mr. Burges Johnson thought of the West as "a realm spiritual as well as physical. Indians in war-paint had been there recently, cowboys and horses must be there still, with vast open spaces of mountain or plain; also the primitive virtues must obtrude themselves, standing out in high relief, like morals in old-fashioned Sunday-school books; and, above all, a certain indefinable informality must exist, legal, political, social, with a lack of self-consciousness about it." Mr. Harger preached that "the new Westerner is another type, the clear-headed, stout-hearted, frank-faced man of the plains; the product of years of trial, of experiment, of triumph. He trusts not in luck, but in sense and system; he builds not for a day but for decades; he is manifest on the distant reaches of the 'short-grass country'; he is the rustler of the prairie villages; he walks the pavements of progressive cities; he believes in colleges as well as in corner lots; he asks sanity and high ideals in the plans for the growth of the West."

In cold fact it would be quite possible to demonstrate that a great deal of Western spirit, so-called, has been made up of mimicry and imitation. Legend reacts on its subject. My father had no end of difficulty, as a pioneer cattleman in northwestern Colorado, in keeping his cowboys from playing the rôle of Cowboy. They spent long hours in the bunkhouse on dull days devouring cheap romances of the West and insisted on dressing and acting and talking like the characters in their favorite romances. Many of their "pranks" were, I am sure, of purely literary origin.

Mr. William R. Lighton attempted a much sturdier definition of the region we call the West. He summarized his West as follows: "This is an industrial nation. More than any other nation on earth it measures the motives of its every-day life by the industrial scale. If any part is able to show independence of other parts, it will be industrial independence. In this particular alone can the West be said to have a separate existence."

This suggestion finds strong support elsewhere in American regional consciousness. It constitutes the basis of the hegemony of the Middle West and the South. The West languishes today primarily because it is still an industrial dependency of the Middle West and the East. Until a comparatively recent period, the West was forced to look to other regions for the entire paraphernalia of existence. Household furniture, clothing, wagons, machinery, saddles, even such intangibles as capital and credit, were imported. The Western novelist, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, has observed that in her time "men went East for their education, accent, and their wives." And Dr. Paxson, the foremost exponent of the frontier doctrine, suggests that the West stood forth as a definite region when it began to accumulate surplus capital.

When the Intermountain West is examined from this point of view it does assume a recognizable char-

acter. Its agriculture, at least so far as methods are concerned, is indigenous. It is a region made up of desert and mountain and valley. Its aridity, together with its vast extent of mountain area, would alone be sufficient to characterize it as a region. Moreover its social problems, notably in the development of its fabulously wealthy resources, are common to the region. The cattle companies captured Nevada after 1861; Montana was merely the alter-ego of the Anaconda Copper Company until recent years; the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company ruled Colorado during its formative period; while in Idaho and Wyoming the Union Pacific played the villain. Western resources have been ruthlessly exploited by Eastern capital; it is only of comparatively late date that sensible development, with reference to local needs, has been evolved. The era of industrial buccaneering retarded the development of the West; in fact, stunted its growth to a very serious extent during the period when the West was supposed to be most progressive.

As the wealth of the region went East, it is not surprising that most of its arrows continue to point in that direction. Even today it is impossible for the West to function as a unit; a Western bloc, of any kind, would be unthinkable. There is practically no intellectual communication between Denver, Salt Lake City, Boise, and Cheyenne, and none between these cities and those of the Pacific Coast. Despite the enthusiasm of Westerners for their magnificent country, it remains a rather dismal and uncivilized region, threatened with the future of becoming a large National Park devoted to the sickly needs of the tourist and the summer resident.

IV

On July 12th, 1893, Professor Frederick Jackson Turner called attention to the fact that the Superintendent of the Census had announced that there was no more free land. The significance with which Professor Turner endowed this innocent statement was slow in making itself felt. But suddenly, with the swiftness of an apocryphal revelation, word went round the college campuses that there was "no more free land" and, as a corollary, that "the frontier has disappeared." From that moment to the present day funereal laments have arisen over the demise of the frontier. Historical writing on the West since 1900 has been given over to the composition of obsequies on the frontier. This dolorous mood has resulted in an enormous and incredible renascence of the Western Myth. To the monumental record of the pioneer jamboree must now be added the post mortem on the frontier that has been going on since 1900. It has been, for the most part, a literature of rediscovery and, while one might condone the errors of original research, it is hard to forgive those elaborate and unnecessary obfuscations of the rediscoverer, who sits in a swivel chair and enjoys the vicarious thrill of being an imaginary frontiersman.

Out of this misty and mythological mood, first given popular currency by Emerson Hough, has been born the inordinate modern day enthusiasm for the frontier and the frontiersman. It is an amazing record. One

can only nibble at it piecemeal. It gives promise of exceeding in bulk the already hefty literature of Western Americana. The writing, academic and otherwise, on the Cowboy, as a gaudy species of the genus Frontiersman, would fill a library. If the first writing about the West was characterized by bombast and extravagant good will, and if the middle period began with a child-like pride in its roughness followed by timid gestures at gentility, then this modern movement may be described as a highly self-conscious discovery of the fact that one need no longer be ashamed of being born in a sod hut; nay, that having been born in such a habitation is a mark of peculiarly resplendent distinction. It represents, in a word, the belated triumph of the uncouth transmogrified in a more complex age as the quaint.

Mr. John Gould Fletcher has given this mood its final statement: it would be difficult to exceed his bathos. Writing a sort of free verse scenario, *The Passing of the West*, Mr. Fletcher, a native of Arkansas who has lived most of his life in London, wept crocodile tears over the invasion of the West by his ancestors, the white men. Let me quote from his dirge: "Passing, forever passing is the West! Passing is the wild free life of the desert, the open air, the chapparal, the boundless waste, the blue sky over all! Passing, departing, vanishing, not to be sung, not to be remembered, not to be known. The last great stretch of sunlight, of loneliness, of silence is forever gone." Mr. Fletcher might do well to visit the West sometime.

The persistent and outrageous theory that the West must be maintained as a great outdoor playground for Eastern tourists, that it should, against its wishes and the crying need of the land, remain bucolic that rapturous but ill-informed poets may write atrocious lyrics about its lost grandeurs which are unshakably upon the horizon, must cease. It is, I say, a land unto itself. Many of us who know it well think that it has elements of perdurable charm. But we can not, unlike the tourists, be transients. We must eat. Certain corollaries naturally follow hard upon this fact and it is idle to try to wave them aside.

V

IT HAS even been suggested by the enthusiastic modern day Myth-makers that there were three frontiers: the frontier of exploration and discovery; the frontier of commercial expansion; and the cultural frontier. Dr. John Carl Parish writes that: "The most obvious and inevitable conclusion is that there has been from the first in America a general diminution of cultural development along an east to west line." Elsewhere in the same article, Dr. Parish cites, as proof of his proposition that culture is moving westward, the development of a Middle Western school of writers, the cultural pretenses of Chicago, the number of symphony orchestras in the West, and the existence of such art colonies as Santa Fé, Laguna Beach, and Carmel-by-the-Sea.

This pleasant theory is a revival, in academic garb, of another of those persistent legends about the West. In 1823 an excited Mr. Bishop wrote of a future age "when the mouth of the Columbia, or the head waters

of the Missouri, shall be the seat of empire and the abodes of the arts and refinement, and London and Paris may be as Nineveh and Babylon are." While John Todd, D.D., wrote in *The Sunset Land* (1870):

> You will see, now, why I look upon the Pacific slopes as so important. Our gold is there; our silver is there; commerce is making herself a great place there; multitudes are gathering there; free schools are there; colleges are being planted there; and a great future *must* be there.

Westerners have always adopted one or the other of these two styles: the rosy rhetoric of easy prophecy or the hortatory earnestness of the sincere soul. Culture was associated with New York and Europe; eventually it would move West and be theirs, ergo it *must* be theirs!

Such a theory ignores, of course, the fact that "culture," so-called, followed hard upon the frontier. "Literary" periodicals were issued in Cincinnati and Lexington a decade after the frontier had moved west. A poem by John Keats was published in an obscure Western journal before it appeared in England. San Francisco, shortly after '49, was a hive of journalism. It could boast of half a dozen magazines, among them *The Golden Era*, and *The Overland Monthly*. A better newspaper than *Alta California* has yet to be published west of the Mississippi. If the emigrants did not bring "culture" with them it was constantly on their heels. Dr. Ralph Leslie Rusk has exhumed lists of dramatic productions that penetrated the Middle West in frontier times; it never since has had such diverse entertainment. Didn't Oscar Wilde lecture on "Art and Industry" in a Leadville saloon?

That "culture" is synonymous with the "fine arts" has been the working philosophy of those "patrons of the arts" who have been such a blight on the development of the West. The story of imported culture has not been written, but it will make good reading. The extent of the investment in museums of art in the West is really incalculable. Throughout the region collections of Ceramics, Egyptian Mummies, Byzantine Mosaics, Persian Tapestries, and Chinese Swords mournfully decorate museums. Several Western fortunes have come back to the community from which they were taken in some such guise as a collection of Russian Icons. Quite recently a benevolent Los Angeles millionaire bought a collection of Chinese art for $385,000 that, when inventoried by an expert, was appraised at $20,000. The seller is now in San Quentin Prison but the collection has been given to the city. And, still more recently, a group of rich amateurs in the same city bought the Browning letters at a cost of about $50,000. Yet this city can not support a journal of opinion and would probably not know what use to make of one should it miraculously appear. Nor is the art colony, another of Dr. Parish's illustrations, an impressive institution. Young artists adorned with berets and Indian bracelets studded with turquoise, leave their New Jersey, and South Dakota homes to sojourn at Santa Fé while cultivating their sensibilities, but this is merely part of the modern fad of literary circuit riding.

In their infatuation with the possibilities of the frontier doctrine as a subject for modern myths, the his-

torians have suggested that there is a fourth frontier — that of business efficiency. Dr. Archer Hulbert advances the theory in *Frontiers: The Genius of American Nationality* (1929) and suggests that "You may not be a Lion or an Owl or a Moose, but you are a Gila monster if you think that such pacts and pledges, such affirmations of high ethical principles, such promises of devotion to come clean and live and let live, as millions of service-club men make each week create no new ideals and influence for good no lives." The same authority has characterized Jesus Christ as the "greatest apostle of efficiency this world ever heard of."

Still other historians, determined to add one more layer of Myth to the legend of the West, have suggested that when the frontier disappeared to the naked eye it seeped inward and survives today as a subjective force which tugs fiercely at our heart strings whenever we see a pair of chaps or an old stage coach. Dr. Robert E. Riegel in *America Moves West* (1930) advances the theory that it is "possible to view the westward movement as a search for mental and spiritual values as much as an endeavor to seek economic opportunity." He also hints that perhaps the frontier spirit survives today in the movie daring of Tom Mix and Douglas Fairbanks, that perhaps it hovers above and around all of us like a disembodied spirit murmuring strange incantations. In fact the influence of the frontier has been traced on every possible phase of American life, if an exception may be made of the influence of the frontier on American historians.

Mark

By Josephine Johnson

A Story

Almost at five he wrenched himself up and walked carefully, listening to hear the fourth board screech and know then that the door was arm's length away. He could tell also by the treacherous spring air, warm and bounded oblong by the door shape. The hall air smelled of wood and shadows. He went up to the clock and felt its hands. The glass was broken so that it was easier to tell time between the hour strikings. Mark wondered if he had slept all the afternoon, his head flung forward and his hands along the chair arms. He might be asleep even now as his fingers traced the clock hands — there was no way of telling. How could he distinguish his thoughts from dreams any longer when he looked into darkness at all hours? One rose and walked also in dreams without seeing. Perhaps if any one came probing eyes into his window now they would see him still hunched there, his heaviness making the laths sag and stretch with pain. He wondered what he looked like in these days and touched curious hands over the strange land of his face. He could feel a soft wrinkledness that there was no remembrance of, and his hands no longer curved inward when they slid below the hard bones of his cheek. He was afraid to shave himself too well and could feel the hair grown patched about his chin. Twice he traced the clock hands to be sure of their position and then stepped out beyond the door. The milk bucket he kept always on a bench outside. He could hear its hard rattle when the bench was struck with his knee. The edge was sharp and turned nerve fibres into isolated threads of fire, but Mark was pleased. Pain, at least, was a reality and he was not asleep. Sometimes in chopping wood, he struck down where the holding hand might be so as to feel the soft blood and the pain, and know he was awake.

He was glad she was gone. His life was like a rock upon her own, and trying to think how her face looked when she spoke to him was sick irritation. She would say, "How are you, Mark?" and he could tell nothing from the words. He would lean forward and strain to hear whether she was glad or not. It was as though he listened for the sound of her mouth turning upward. There was remembrance of the dents along her cheeks, creased and smiling, and the half shut eyes — but how could

he know now the way of her face? She might say, "How are you, Mark?" and look at him with eyes acerose from their hate, and he would not know.

She had not gone easily. For three nights she had protested in fear of leaving him alone. Then they had said that death was most certain and she had gone. He had felt her face wet when he had touched it with his hands, but did not know the reason.

For two days he had been alone.

He could find things easily for food, and he could hear the cowbell in the narrow pasture, but the hardest was not knowing whether he really did things or merely dreamt that they were done. . . . The cowbell rang loudly by the gate and then far off. He stood confused, moving his head from right to left till it rang again near the gate. Then he stepped forward and shoved the bar, feeling to the cow's head and her dusty halter. He touched the broad space between her eyes, and the nose incredibly soft and moist. He ran his hand along the high-ridged flank. She smelt of milk and the alfalfa hay and her hide was warm with sunlight. It was comforting to have a live and warm thing near at hand. He knew that she would never have gone had she known the mammoth body of his loneliness — and of his fear. In the house he backed his chair against the wall so that nothing could come quietly from behind — not, he realized ironically, that to face anything helped much, but with his back against the wall, one way at least was barred for things to come. Often he threw out arms in a wide circle flaying the air about him to make sure he was alone. If she had known this she would not have left him.

Mark felt the cow's horn, moving his hand up its length tapering till he went beyond and grasped nothing. It amused him to come suddenly to the end and feel his hand full of only fingers nail deep in the palm. He laughed out loud, and then was quiet, listening. A sparrow blundered in the barn gutter. "Who's there?" Mark shouted. Loud and sudden. The sparrow scrambled away in fear. Mark moved against the cow, turning his head this way and that. Tomorrow he would get a dog. Then from the house he heard Lindstrom's child calling his name, "Mark?" and then a waiting, and, "Mark?" again, high and uncertain. He fumbled for the bucket and his hand struck warm dampness. He felt the milk dribbling from his fingers and swung them slowly till they struck the handle. He wondered impatiently if one grew used in time to being blind — by the moment of death perhaps. Would it be easier — dying — for him than for those with seeing eyes — having died twice to their one little time? . . .

"Where are you, Lita?" He stopped in the path and listened. From the pond came up frog singing, loud and shrill, beat in his ears and sank into the water. He felt the faint shock of earth beneath her running feet. Then she swung from his waist, her little arms twisted like bindweed tight around him. He felt the milk slosh warm along his legs. ". . . and so I should come see you and tell Mother if Vera has come back. She sent you something — Mother sent you something in a jar. . . ."

"Vera is still gone, but you're in time to cook my supper for me, Lita." He took her hand and felt its damp cushionedness, and moved his own up and down her braids. "You feel like corn-tassels, Lita." He heard her small laughing and the dent of fingers pressed into his wrist. "Look at the elm halos, Mark, they have a fuzzy lighting — see — above your head." He lifted up his face, staring. "And what's this in the dust crawling like?" She stooped, dragging his arm down and the milk struck a stone loudly. He heard the lap of her feet in a puddle and her voice frightened, "Mark, I didn't mean it! Let me scoop it up for you!" She tugged at the bucket, but Mark only laughed.

"It doesn't matter, Lita — only me to drink it now."

"But Uncle Nord might come to see you tonight — " Lita stopped. She must have put her hand over her mouth, from the faint slapping sound.

Mark felt a senseless catch at his heart and held her sleeve tight in his fingers. "Uncle Nord coming? What for, Lita?"

Lita pulled herself away. "Maybe it's a surprise to be — maybe I shouldn't have said nothing."

"Did he tell you not to let me know?"

"He didn't tell me at all. I just heard him say, 'Should I go tonight?'"

All around them was the quiet of April evening. Only their feet on the path came up a-thumping in his ears.

"What'd your mother say then?"

"She said, 'Wait till Lita come back'."

"And then what?"

"Then she said, 'Lita, go take this to Mr. Thole, and come back 'fore dark if Vera ain't there'."

"Is it dark now?" Mark wondered at his strange and dreamlike voice.

"Almost." She sounded reluctant and disappointed.

They walked through the barn lot. Lita jumped from stone to stone, Mark stumbling to follow her.

". . . I got something to show you at the house first, though — and see, your plum tree's almost open by the porch there — I see two open blossoms. Look! and here's another!"

Mark put his hand up the scratching twigs and felt a swollen bud. Lita shoved one to his nose. It was warm sweet, but he could not remember how they looked or the color of plum centers. He hesitated on the steps. "Let's stay out here, Litty — you don't need to go so soon."

"Yes, I got to." She pulled with both hands on his arm. "Come see what Uncle Nord bought me last night. I left it on the table."

Slowly he followed her inside.

She shoved a round hard thing into his hands and awaited his excitement. He traced the cold smooth face and ribbon-dangling dress.

"It must be beautiful, Litty! — and such a smoothness of skin!" He rocked it in his arms and fluttered the long dress. Lita hopped from one foot to another in delight, and the saucepans clanged back and forth. She ran and opened the closet. "I'll pry up your supper Mark, afore I go — only I can't wait to eat with you." He heard the thumping down of cans. "What you want Mark — butterbeans or corn?"

"Beans, Litty. I opened two corns

last night, thinking they were different things."

The can opener grated loudly going round. Lita screamed and then laughed.

"What is it, Litty?" Mark shouted in a sudden fear. He heard a sucking sound, and then she bumped against his knee. "I cut myself — only it isn't bad." She sucked noisily. Mark picked her up in contrition, as though he was to blame, and smoothed the damp silk of her head. "I wish you'd stay with me tonight, Litty. I feel I should like to have somebody here tonight — I get alone sometimes."

She shook her head under his hands. "It's almost dark now — I got to go. I'm sorry I spilt your milk — only don't tell Uncle Nord if he comes!"

Mark put her down. His voice had an uncertain sound as though he were saying something else. "No, I won't tell him, Litty, it was just an accident."

He heard the splash of beans falling in a pan, and a scraping across the stove. "We're going to have lots more than this for *our* supper, Mark. Why'n't you have more? You got lots to buy more with!"

Mark laughed. "What do you mean by having lots, Lita?"

"You're so rich — Father says you're rich. Only you don't spend much, I guess."

He could imagine her small face looking in and out the room corners, dust deep and niggard bare.

"Tell your father," Mark spoke each word slowly as in a dream, "he is wrong again." Then he shook his head. "No, don't bother, Litty — he wouldn't believe you anyway. Don't hurry home — there isn't need of hurry, is there?" He put out his hand feeling in the air. "Where'd you go, Litty?" He groped where she had been.

"Good night, Mark." Her voice was faint and frightened, as coming only from her lips. He was confused as to its direction.

"Goodbye." She spoke more loudly. "I'm here in the door — your face looked funny, Mark, and I got scared — but I've to go now anyway." The sound of her running was gone almost in a minute and everything was snow-still, not even a frog voice came through the open door.

Mark stumbled over the doll she had forgotten. He put the hard light thing on a chair near the door, and then moved over to the stove. Listless, he tasted a cold bean in his fingers and shoved the pan away.

"If there's tomorrow," he thought indifferently, "I can eat then." The shivering of his hands was hard to stop.

He fumbled till he found the iron lifter by the stove lids, then hit about the room hunting for the broken elm sapling he had made into a cane, but could not find it. He locked the bureau drawers and took the key. He sat down with the iron holder, his chair jammed up against the wall.

No sound except the clock. Not even the marsh frogs now. Only darkness into which he tried seeing until he thought his eyes would burst. No sound. He wondered if there was moonlight. He wondered how he looked sitting there in a patch of moonlight with the iron thing in his hands. No sound. He had a horror he would fall asleep. Even as he dreaded it his head jerked sideways

and startled him. The frogs began again — voices high along the air. Mark held himself upright, stiff as though long dead. The night air was warm and full of unborn scents — the sourceless smells, not earth nor water, that come in late March days. Then the frog singing stopped. There was no sound to frighten them. Mark strained his ears, desperate to hear something above the thunder in his chest. A porch board creaked, and there was the silence as of someone waiting. Mark rose up and moved painfully to the door. He had learned that from the porch he was not seen. Another board creaked near at hand. Mark smashed himself against the wall. The feet came nearer now. He could feel the slight vibration of the floor. "Let me have him this time, Lord. Let me get him this time — this time now. . . ." The feet tiptoed past him and stood again. Listening. Mark swung the iron bar. It made a furious arc descending as he struck, and there was something carried sidewise to the floor. A small thud.

Mark bent his knees down slowly. He touched the long braids damp like cornsilk, and the round face. He did not believe that it had happened. He said, "Thank God I know that this is dreaming." Everything was so quiet the frogs thought they must be safe again and started up a loud shrillness. He wished they would shout higher and wake him from this sleep.

Pharaoh's Army

By Agnes Kendrick Gray

I saw the gang from the County Farm
Breaking rock in a dusky swarm;
The guard had a gun in the crook of his arm,
But the convicts sang as the picks swung wide . . .
When I git to heaven, gwine to sing an' shout,
An' nobody there gwine to put me out:
Pharaoh's army done drownded!

The guard sat askew on the rump of a mule;
The prisoners under his drowsy rule
Were dusty and black as a black tar-pool,
And their clothes were striped like a zebra's hide . . .
Pharaoh's army done drownded!

The granite rock was a weary load
For the men to pile on the County road;
Their muscles pulled and their backs were bowed
But they sang like free men in their pride . . .
When I git to glory, gwine to put on my shoes
An' walk all over Heaven, jus' spreadin' the news:
Pharaoh's army done drownded!

Our Scrambled Local Government

By Lane W. Lancaster

Who agrees with Governor Roosevelt that there must be reorganization of our present overlapping and too numerous administrative units

During the greater part of our history, conditions in the United States favored a system of local government in small areas. The population of an Eighteenth or early Nineteenth Century agricultural community was necessarily limited because of the relatively inefficient farming methods in use. The need for protection, natural gregariousness, and the difficulties of travel favored and in fact compelled close contact in small neighborhoods. Such minor matters as were thought proper for public concern were handled locally, and the decentralized character of our governmental system was long the cause of amazement to foreign observers. Counties were laid out and county seats located with reference to the ability of Old Dobbin to get his owner from his farm to the county seat and back in time for the chores.

As population spread westward, new and more artificial areas were laid out by the public surveyor and local governments were established in townships six miles square and in counties whose size was predicated upon the locomotive capacity of the horse and buggy. Townships and counties were in turn divided into school and road districts, boards and officials were created by the thousands, until every inhabitant was a close neighbor of at least one possessor of a tiny portion of the sovereign power of the State. In many of the States west of New England communities of five hundred inhabitants were separately incorporated as villages, and those of a thousand as "cities," each with a more or less elaborate government and a full complement of office-holders. As new problems arose of interest to an area smaller than the older units, new jurisdictions were created with independent taxing and borrowing powers and with more or less extensive payrolls. So rapidly has this process gone on that whole sections of the country are covered with a network of fire, water, school, sanitary, lighting, drainage, and utilities districts, to mention only the most common, lying in luxuriant profusion over the boundaries of the older areas of city, county and township. Government and admin-

istration are brought close to the people with a vengeance!

With local affairs under the ultimate control of forty-eight State governments it is impossible for the observer to say how many local governing authorities there are in the United States. It is estimated, however, that there are in the neighborhood of 250,000, and this is probably not far from the truth. This is one for about every fifty men, women and children in the country! Rather accurate figures are known for several of the individual States. Illinois has over 16,000 governments of all kinds, of which about 12,000 are school districts, about 1,500 road districts, and more than 1,300 townships, besides 102 counties and numerous incorporated cities and villages. Pennsylvania has more than 2,500 school districts, over 1,500 townships, 67 counties, 44 cities and several hundred boroughs. The State of Connecticut, which is hardly larger than many Western counties, has 21 cities, 20 boroughs, 8 counties, 53 school districts, and 74 fire, lighting, and sewer districts, to say nothing of 169 towns; while little New Jersey manages to transact its local affairs through 21 counties and 521 smaller municipalities, in addition to an undetermined number of school and other special districts. New York State has 62 counties, 933 townships, 521 villages, nearly 9,000 school districts, about 2,000 fire, lighting, sanitary and other special districts and scores of separately incorporated cities.

In the immediate vicinity of great cities the multiplication of governing authorities almost passes belief. In the North Jersey metropolitan district alone are found more than three hundred municipalities of varying types ranging from Newark with half a million people down to tiny hamlets. In the entire New York metropolitan district lying in the States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, there are more than five hundred separate political jurisdictions, handling piecemeal functions which are essentially units. In Cook County, Illinois, in addition to the City of Chicago, the State legislature has with prodigal generosity called into legal being 391 local governments, while in the metropolitan area within fifty miles of State and Madison Streets 1,673 governments are in operation. Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, contains, besides the City of Pittsburgh, 123 municipal units exclusive of school districts. Wayne County, Michigan, in which Detroit is situated has 145 separate local governments. The same situation, to a greater or less degree, exists in the neighborhood of every large American city.

No one reorganizing local government in the United States would think for a moment of creating such a jungle of independent authorities. On every practical ground such a system is of course indefensible. Vast public works and essential public services of immediate importance to large populations ought on rational grounds to be subjected to the direction of a single authority rather than be committed to the various judgments of scores of petty authorities. Yet, now that such a system has come into existence, like every other apparent folly, there

have arisen philosophers to defend it. The device upon their banner today is "Home Rule." Government must at all costs be kept close to the people. We must be neighbors to our rulers. Such coherent theory of local government as we have envisages a situation in which decisions are made in a group small enough for citizens to know each other and enacted into law through the devices of direct or representative democracy. The best of these philosophers are sincerely anxious to preserve the values attributed to the working of our primitive democracy — self-reliance, the fostering of public spirit, training in self-government. Others use this respectable philosophy to justify more mundane advantages to themselves and their associates. Swelling budgets and long payrolls are important considerations to State legislators, many of whom are "career" men in politics, and who therefore watch complacently the subdivision of the State into tiny political principalities.

No one knows the number of elective and appointive officers in our local governments, but there can be no doubt that it is enormous. In 1928 the city of Chicago had more than twenty-three thousand employes, exclusive of teachers. Cook County had more than four thousand and the Sanitary District of Chicago more than two thousand five hundred full-time employes, besides nearly seven thousand part-time employes. In the aggregate the number in smaller districts is by no means inconsiderable. It is estimated that the ninety-two counties of Indiana have over a thousand trustees, 276 county commissioners, 644 county councilmen, 3,048 members of advisory boards, and over a thousand elective county officials — an average of fifty-four officers for each county. And this takes no account of appointive officers and employes. Since the merit system for filling administrative posts has made practically no progress in rural government, the vast majority of all these office-holders may be fairly regarded as integral parts of the party machines. In New York State there are at present upwards of nine hundred towns. Under the constitution of the State, each must have at least three officers and most of them as a matter of fact have eight or more — constables, collectors, highway supervisors, superintendents of the town poor. Individually, these positions are petty; in the aggregate they total several thousands and constitute the solid foundation of the State party machines. A witness testifying before a New York Assembly committee in 1930 on a bill to consolidate two neighboring counties in the interest of economy and efficiency stated that in his county the chief industries were, first, State employment, second, county employment, and, third, town employment, adding that a fourth was the glove-making industry. It is not hard to imagine how much interest these rustic patriots have in reducing the overhead! In Tennessee the justices of the peace, constitutional officers elected in the small magisterial districts into which each of the ninety-five counties is divided, have for years controlled enough seats in the legislature to block every measure looking to a more rational organization of local government.

No one can doubt that such situations are the logical results of an exaggerated notion of "home rule."

So long as travel was difficult and means of communication undeveloped the theory of home rule squared with the facts of political life. Government had to be close to those who paid the bills, since no distant authority could well understand local needs, or, if it could, readily transmit its decisions to the ends of its jurisdiction. Science has made distance of little moment: counties are as manageable units as were townships a generation ago; while today a township is relatively no more extensive than a section of land was before the coming of the motor. Yet we are equipped with a legion of local authorities each attempting to take part in the performance of tasks which are fitted for handling under a single management over large areas. The advances of science have outmoded the small area but our political thinking lags far behind scientific achievement.

A GENERATION ago road-building was a matter fairly well attended to by local authorities. Machinery consisted of home-made "drags" and such tools as spades and mattocks. A few laborers under intelligent supervision in a few days each year applied such "principles" of highway construction as were then known. Improvement in vehicles stimulated a demand for better roads and engineers and laboratory scientists responded by creating both materials and principles of construction quite beyond the ken of the rustic road-builders. The effects, most of which have become apparent within living memory, were magical. The old "drag" crumbles in a corner of the orchard and its place has been taken by motorized machinery; the earth and sand and crushed rock heaped upon the "crown" of the old-style road is transformed into a twelve-inch concrete base by tireless machines; while the "pike," that marvel of the Nineties, is now a curiosity over vast stretches of the country. These improvements have been expensive and their cost has had direct effects on the size of the area of administration. Keeping pace with successive changes in the practical art of highway construction, the highway district has given place to the township, the township to the county, and the county to the State, as the cost of maintaining the necessary machinery and buying the needed materials has progressively exceeded the resources of small political units. Yet in nearly every State villages and towns may be found which still attempt to maintain their own road-building equipment and organization.

In the case of nearly every other local function much the same story may be told. Modern theories of penology are set at naught by the actual administration of the problem of caring for the delinquent classes. Not only is it clear that the local jail is one of our most disgraceful public institutions; it is at best attempting to do the impossible. It is generally agreed that a prison population of about five hundred is the proper unit for good administration. For a group smaller the cost of applying modern methods would be prohibitive. Yet latest figures

indicate that the average population of local jails is less than ten. It is obviously unreasonable to expect expert management, individualization of treatment and the development of a programme of rehabilitation in such places. The social significance of the present set-up is grasped when it is remembered that, as shown by the statistics on actual commitments, the local jail is actually our *typical* penal institution. There seems to be no reason, except the desire of local politicians to keep affairs in their own hands, why half a dozen institutions should not serve an entire State instead of sixty to a hundred or more as at present.

The same considerations apply with even greater force to local institutions for the care of the chronic poor and the aged. The desire of local communities to care for their own poor, while laudable and to a certain extent workable in a society where the political area coincided with the neighborhood, is defeated by the conditions of modern life. The local almshouse in the United States is almost totally lacking in the home-like atmosphere to which the aged poor are entitled; its management is for the most part unenlightened and ignorant of modern methods; and local governments, no matter how good their intentions, are without sufficient resources to do effective work in such institutions.

The plain truth of the matter is that modern administration in accordance with scientific principles is enormously expensive, and to be carried on properly requires resources which most of our small areas do not have. Consider, for example, the situation recently brought to light in Michigan. In that State there are nine contiguous counties with a population of 47,031 and an assessed valuation of $31,585,890. These 47,000 people are supporting nine county governments, ninety-three township governments, fourteen city and village governments and several hundred school district governments — in all 470 separate units of government. This means 470 sets of officials, nine courthouses, nine county courts, nine jails, and literally thousands of minor officials and employes. Is it surprising that in 1929 a million acres of land in these counties were sold for unpaid taxes and eighty-six per cent of this land was bid in by the State for lack of private buyers? And can any one imagine that any public function is well performed when split up among 470 sets of authorities? Is it likely that in any large number of these areas sufficient administrative competence could be found to manage these functions, even assuming money were available to pay for such talent? It is difficult to see how any one's interests would be adversely affected if about four hundred of these governing bodies were abolished. No one's, that is, except the job-holder's!

When we look at the matter from another angle we are compelled to ask ourselves the question, what has a village or a township to do anyhow with many of the functions which they are now trying to handle? As a matter of fact many of them are of State rather than of local importance. Thousands of villages and townships still maintain highway departments. But are there any strictly local highways any longer? Actual traffic

counts in various States indicate that roads even in remote sections are used by out-of-county vehicles even more than by those locally owned. Commerce and travel are State-wide and even national. Why should thousands of local jurisdictions maintain separate staffs and expensive equipment to care for tiny sectors of what is after all an integrated system of communication? Is education such a local problem that its provision should be entrusted to from three to twelve thousand separate authorities within a single State? Should a child whose future is of interest to the State at large be hampered in his training because he chanced to be born in an area economically decadent? How can State administrative authorities adequately supervise ten thousand local school boards and compel compliance with reasonable standards against the short-sighted policy of the local office-holding bloc? Or, take the problem of justice and police. Is it not curious that in this field we still follow methods differing little from the hue and cry of mediæval England? Highwaymen and bank robbers have motorized their equipment; bewildered and flat-footed sheriffs in 3,200 counties and other thousands of somnolent constables — henchmen of one or another of the political organizations — represent our present attempt to cope with them.

THE implications of this discussion are clear. An interpretation of "home rule" which has multiplied the agencies of government beyond all reason, caused endless duplication of effort and conflict of jurisdiction, and increased enormously the cost of government, stands condemned. Too often what masks piously as devotion to local self-government is really nothing more than another name for the bickerings and dickerings of local jobbers avid for political advantage and blind to the interests of the larger community. Two things are clearly called for. In the first place there is needed a reallocation of functions between State and local governments. Matters obviously of State-wide concern should be subject to one authority; those of interest primarily to the locality should be left with it. In doubtful cases the presumption should be in favor of local initiative, but equally strong in favor of State supervision, advice and guidance. In such matters as taxation, debt policy, public health, highways, and utilities regulation, the interest of the larger unit is paramount. There is no right in any community so to handle such matters as to jeopardize the welfare of the entire State. In the case of matters left with the local governments and those whose real nature is doubtful, the rôle of the State might well be that of partner and adviser, as indeed is coming to be the case in some parts of the country. The State, with its wider tax base and its greater opportunities to command and retain in its service administrative talent, is fitted to perform such a function.

In the second place, there must be a reduction in the number of local governing authorities and a corresponding increase in the size of the area used in public administration. Literally thousands of the petty areas into which complacent legislators have breathed the breath of

corporate life might well be abolished and their powers transferred to larger units. There are probably five times as many counties in this country as we need. The typical State has over sixty. A dozen areas in each State formed by the consolidation of half a dozen counties could do the work now being done by counties better and for far less money. Many of them now enlist so little popular interest that it is sometimes difficult to secure candidates for some of the offices. Yet all are amply supplied with the latter. The township, where it has been established, is in practice an almost worthless institution, unless affording public office to party workers be accounted to it as merit. West of the Alleghanies and south of the Mason and Dixon line it has seldom corresponded to any natural grouping of the people and has commanded no loyalties at all comparable to those elicited by the New England town. It might well be abolished and indeed is in a fair way to be so in several States. The thousands of special districts scattered over the country are obviously symptoms of the inability of our historic areas to solve the problems of an industrialized population. Many of them would disappear along with their employes if local government were reorganized with some deference to the proper correlation between area and function.

The carrying out of such suggestions as are here made would, of course, meet with the fierce opposition of the present beneficiaries of the system. But there are signs that some progress may be made within the present generation. It is coming to be understood by responsible bodies that no small part of the enormous tax burden is due to the improper organization of local government. Scores of public reports, prepared under unimpeachable auspices, are driving home the lesson which is being reënforced by local tax bills. In one State county consolidations on a small scale have actually taken place and such a move has been suggested in others, though it was defeated by the embattled politicians of the court house "gang." Intercounty coöperation in the performance of various functions is a fact in some States, and regional administration under State auspices of certain pressing problems seems sure to be a reality within a few years in areas where such a solution is feasible.

In a democracy it would be hard to overestimate the importance of local self-government and the wisdom of preserving some unit in which there may be participation of citizens in reaching political decisions. Much has been written, a good deal of it in rather lyrical terms, of the advantages of town meeting government. That it had its seamy side we may not doubt. But when all is said, it probably remains true that its solid values outweighed its occasional shortcomings. It was doubtless contentious, cantankerous and gossipy; it was endlessly patient with the crank; and it was easy-going and inefficient on the side of administration. But it had the merit of simplicity; it was understandable; it was perhaps more successful than any modern governmental device in bringing rulers and ruled together; and it gave whole generations a

training in active citizenship. But it has everywhere failed to meet the test of administrative efficiency, the attainment of which is imperative if local government is to remain democratic and responsible. The endless proliferation of tiny jurisdictions and the blind attachment of office-holders to power have been not a little to blame for popular apathy and official wrongdoing. The diffusion of power, the prodigious lengthening of the ballot, the blurring of the lines of responsibility, and the elaboration of legal technicalities, have combined to make local government oligarchical and irresponsible and to confirm in positions of power the most predatory and furtive of our office-holding class.

Administration is bound to be Lilliputian when carried on in tiny units without adequate resources in either men or materials. Joint performance of many functions in larger areas would be likely to attract into the public service a higher order of talent and eventually lead to the development of sound traditions and standards which under present conditions have no opportunity to emerge. Nor would such units of government be less amenable to popular control. The abolition of competing and overlapping jurisdictions would simplify the structure of local government and make possible a direct focusing of the public's critical faculty on community concerns. The only popular control of government worth anything is that which works from day to day, and such control is now impossible. It is impossible for the simple reason that the administration is not a unity but is carried on by a multiplicity of authorities, each handling a small portion of the public business.

There are those who believe that government has become so technical and involved as to preclude anything like democratic control. These critics regard the field of administration as the region of the expert. For the philosopher-kings of Plato they would substitute the trained administrator. But it is easy to overestimate the mysteries of administration. After all, the things with which the expert is concerned may be comprehended by intelligent laymen and, given a simple organization of government, citizens are by no means as impotent as the skeptics would have us believe. But unless there is a definite point of reference in the governmental structure, no conceivable organization of the electorate can introduce genuinely popular elements into the process of control. Government, even in a day of school lunches and free band concerts, is probably still a necessary evil. It is clearly possible to have too much of a bad thing.

(*In the December issue Professor Lancaster will describe what is being done now to improve our local government and what can be done in the future.*)

How Much Do College Students Learn?

By Max McConn

Results of the Carnegie Foundation Study in Pennsylvania

It would seem offhand as if a college student should learn a good deal in his four years. Throughout that period he attends classes of some sort — lectures, recitations, or laboratory periods — from fifteen to eighteen or twenty hours a week; and college catalogues commonly state that each hour of recitation or lecture requires two hours of outside preparation. As a general statement that is, of course, absurd, for two reasons: subjects vary greatly in difficulty, and students differ greatly in ability. So the mathematical conclusion that all college students spend forty-five hours a week or more in intellectual pursuits does not actually follow — and probably it shouldn't.

But the fact remains that every college student — even the athlete or other "campus leader" — must do some appreciable amount of studying pretty regularly if he is to stay in college. Because he is constantly being checked up. Every few weeks he must face quizzes, and at the end of the semester of sixteen weeks a final examination, in every subject; in which tests he must retail at some length the information he has acquired from lectures, textbooks, outside reading, and laboratory exercises. It would seem that the cumulative result of this process over four years should be considerable, that when the senior in cap and gown receives his sheepskin from the president of the college he should be a fairly well-informed young man — within reasonable limits suited to his years, a man of learning. And if knowledge is power, if with increase of knowledge goes increase of understanding and wisdom, then he should be in some degree really educated. Parents and the general public and even professors and deans — except a few cynics and pessimists — have assumed that this result does indeed follow.

But now comes the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, announcing, in its *Annual Report* for 1930, certain preliminary results of an investigation called the Pennsylvania Study, which results — taken at their face value — seem to show that college students learn

practically nothing, that seniors within a month of graduation are nearly as ignorant as freshmen, and in some important fields even more so!

It should be explained that the Pennsylvania Study is an "inquiry into the relations of secondary and higher education," in which forty-odd Pennsylvania colleges and eighteen public schools systems (including Pittsburgh) are coöperating with the State Department of Public Instruction and the Carnegie Foundation. The programme upon which these more than sixty co-workers are engaged is laid out over a period of seven years. It involves following the educational progress of some 12,500 pupils who entered the seventh grade in September, 1928, through the junior and senior high school (grades 7–12) until they graduate from the high school in June, 1934; and also following the educational progress of several thousand high school graduates of 1928 through the co-operating Pennsylvania colleges until they receive degrees in June, 1932.

The plan adopted in following the progress of the college group — the high school graduates of 1928 who will finish their college courses in 1932 — includes giving the entire group, at several stages, what are known as objective or new-type tests of their intellectual achievement at each stage. Two of these tests have already been given, the first in May, 1928, when the students in question were high school seniors, the second in May, 1930, towards the close of their sophomore year in college. The third is to be given in May, 1932, just before they graduate. Thus we shall eventually have a definite record of the progress of this group, and of each individual member of the group, clear through the college course, and shall certainly learn a great deal more than any one has ever known before about the actual fruits of a college education, at least in this somewhat fundamental matter of definite knowledge acquired and retained. But meanwhile we already have, from the Sophomore Test of 1930, the curious and disconcerting results cited above.

Among the forty-odd colleges co-operating with the Carnegie Foundation there were six inquisitive and audacious institutions which decided to give the Sophomore Test not merely to their sophomores but to all four college classes. They wanted to find out how much better the sophomores would do than the freshmen, and how much better the seniors would do than the sophomores, on exactly the same test. They are probably somewhat startled by the answer they have obtained.

For a proper understanding of that answer a brief description of the Test itself is necessary.

The so-called objective or new-type tests are very different from the old subjective or essay type of school and college examination. The old kind consists usually of five or ten questions, in answering each of which the student must write at least a paragraph and often a longish article or essay. The grading of such answers is necessarily arbitrary, a matter of subjective judgment and impression. It has been found by trial that no two teachers can read the same examination paper and expect, except by rare chance, to hit exactly the

same total grade. The differences of evaluation may occasionally range from an honor grade to actual failure.

The new-type examination contains a much larger number of questions, at least fifty, usually several hundred, so phrased that the student can answer them nearly as fast as he can read them, by writing "yes" or "no" or making a plus sign or a minus sign in spaces provided in the margin, or by underlining a single word or phrase out of several alternatives presented. The questions all deal with known and accepted matters of fact, so that the answers are indisputably right or wrong. Consequently any one provided with a key can mark or score the papers, and, aside from purely clerical errors, which can be checked and corrected, there is no possible variation in the result. Subjective differences of evaluation are eliminated. It will be evident that the new-type examinations are much superior to the older kind, at least for the purpose of comparing different students or different groups.

The Carnegie Sophomore Test of 1930 was an unusually extensive one. It contained over 3,000 new-type questions, and was given in five three-hour sessions during five half days. It included:

(1) An intelligence test, similar in kind to the intelligence tests which many up to date elementary and secondary schools are now using.

(2) A "general culture" test, which Dr. William S. Learned, who with Dr. Ben D. Wood of Columbia University is in charge of the Pennsylvania Study, describes as "ranging from very simple to very difficult, over the following fields: general science, 290 questions; foreign literature, 330; fine arts, 250; and general history and social studies, 340" — total, 1,210 questions. "The knowledge required for success in this section of the test," says Dr. Learned (in the Carnegie Foundation Report), "would nowhere appear as organized college courses. The questions were prepared, however, by experienced university teachers with the avowed purpose of testing such knowledge as one would expect to find increasing from year to year as the result of reading and study both within and without the limits of formal courses. The examination is believed to offer a fair measure of the permanent increment, the *effective* accumulations, attributable to a student's desire really to assimilate the ideas that constitute an academic education as contrasted with the urge merely to possess a degree as the result of having secured credits in a sufficient number of semester courses."

(3) Five tests in subjects which are regularly covered by formal college courses: English, 450 questions; mathematics, 220; foreign language, about 325; social sciences, about 200; and natural sciences, about 300. In the last three fields the student chose one of four languages, one of four social sciences, and one of five natural sciences, in which to be examined.

So much for the Test, which, I think it will be granted, was about as inclusive and thorough as could well be desired. Now for the unexpected and striking results in the six colleges which gave the Test to all four classes.

The accompanying table, from the Carnegie Report, gives the median test scores, for the four classes in one of those six colleges, in the common subjects (omitting the foreign languages, social sciences, and natural sciences, among which a choice was offered).

	Freshman	*Sophomore*	*Junior*	*Senior*
Intelligence test	56	57	57	58
English total...	227	218	211	221
Spelling.....	31	30	28	30
Grammar....	30	31	29	29
Punctuation .	31	29	29	31
Vocabulary ..	60	58	58	58
Literature ...	73	71	70	72
Mathematics...	53	52	51	49
General culture total.....	265	285	302	289
General Science.....	74	77	87	86
Foreign literature	58	64	69	68
Fine arts	56	55	59	60
History and social studies.....	81	81	80	79

To get the full effect of this table, compare the Senior column with the Freshman column. *There is nowhere any substantial gain.* In the English total and in mathematics there is even a steady falling off, except that the seniors seem to stage a partial come-back in English in the final year.

Dr. Learned comments as follows: "The intelligence tests reveal approximately uniform mental ability, as one would expect. . . . English shows a loss in total score of more than six points, and that loss is not merely in the mechanics of English, where some might consider it excusable, but in literature and even in vocabulary, where it goes to the very core of the educational purpose. The peak of literary knowledge, both of words and of books, is apparently reached in the freshman year; fifty-three per cent of the college seniors tested in English literature and vocabulary stood lower than the median freshman. Even mathematics shows a less serious decline, although all would probably agree that, whether desirable or not, a gradual deterioration in that subject (among students not continuing it) is reasonable."

Then he turns from the situation in the single college represented in the table to "the general aggregate of scores in the six institutions," covering about 1,700 candidates for the B.A. degree, and "finds very similar conditions: senior scores slightly higher, but everywhere enormous overlapping and variability.

"Mathematics exhibits a consistent backward movement with increase of variability in the senior year. In a test with 220 points the class medians run: 60, 55, 50, and 47.

"The mechanical elements of English — spelling, grammar, and punctuation — were tested on a proof-reading passage and are virtually stationary at 30 points out of a possible maximum of 50. There is a two-point increase in spelling. Literature shows a gain of one point in 200 and vocabulary a gain of about five words in the 100 assigned. The latter were all words familiar to any well-educated person, and the test required merely the recognition of a synonym among four options. Out of the group of 431 seniors there were 43, or 10 per cent, whose maximum score was 35 out of the 100 words designated — a well-submerged tenth.

"In the four fields — general science, foreign literature, fine arts, and general history — which have been described as constituting the test in

general culture, the median scores do indeed advance somewhat in the successive class-groups but the difference means little. In general science 39 per cent of the freshmen did better than the median senior; in foreign literature, about 24 per cent; in fine arts, 36 per cent; and in general history 38 per cent of the freshmen secured scores in excess of the median senior performance. In the test as a whole, 30 per cent of the seniors were below the freshman median, while about the same proportion of freshmen outdid the senior median. The heretofore pardonable and undisproved conviction of the fourth-year man that any senior must of necessity be wiser than any freshman should apparently undergo revision."

Dr. Learned seems particularly perturbed by the showing in the vocabulary test, as he well may be in view of increasing evidence to the effect that copiousness and accuracy of vocabulary constitute one of the most significant of all measures of intellectual development and capacity.

"As for vocabulary," he says, "particularly the literary vocabulary, the effect of college on the word supply of the ordinary student appears to be almost negligible and in some cases positively injurious. The story of the test to the effect that the average college senior recognizes only 61 out of 100 words in familiar use by educated people as compared with 56 recognized by freshmen brings us face to face with the familiar poverty of campus language, the absence of conversation on subjects of study, and the dearth of general reading on the part of students. A student out of the lower quarter of this senior group, in a paper completed with meticulous pains, recognizes only 23 out of the 100 words correctly, is ignorant of such words as *inert*, *lenient*, *baffle*, and *immerse;* thinks that *culpable* means *tender*, that *declivity* means *climate*, and that *demure* means *abject.* Yet she is about to graduate from an 'accredited' college and is earning one of her senior credits in a course in the 'American Drama'. To a senior with average score the word *benighted* means *weary*, *recreant* means *diverting*, and *spurious* means *foamy*. Possibly the fact that he takes the word *assiduous* to mean *foolish* may help explain his case."

How can these devastating results be explained or interpreted?

Certain people — including, I regret to say, some college professors and administrators — are inclined to answer that such results are unimportant, because, they say, a test of this kind measures only factual knowledge — "mere knowledge," they are likely to call it — which is by no means the principal thing we are after in a liberal education.

Well, let it be granted that the Carnegie Test does not *directly* measure reasoning power, capacity for expression, literary or other esthetic appreciation, or ethical idealism. And let it be granted, also, that such outcomes are the ultimate goal, that "mere knowledge" is not in itself sufficient or very valuable, in short, that a student might conceivably make a splendid showing in such a test and remain essentially uneducated — illogical in his thinking, inarticulate, stolid before beauty, and unsocial in behavior.

Does this concession, then, nullify

the Test? Does it admit a valid plea in extenuation for seniors who are ignoramuses and the colleges that produce them?

Not quite. Because, while knowledge does not inevitably lead to the ultimate desirable outcomes, those outcomes do inevitably fail without knowledge. How can any student reason in a vacuum? Express himself when unfamiliar with the common counters of language? Appreciate beautiful things which he has not apprehended? Or even build up substantial ideals while he remains ignorant of nearly all those occasions and problems, historic and current, in connection with which human ideals have arisen and without reference to which they are empty phrases?

It comes to this: a high score in this kind of test does not infallibly demonstrate the attainment of what we call a liberal education; but a low score does infallibly demonstrate a lack of liberal education, because it reveals the absence of the foundation on which a liberal education must stand. Let me vary the figure. One may have a flourishing tree without fruit, but one can not have fruit without a tree; knowledge — ample and accurate knowledge — is the tree on which the fruit we call culture must grow.

Moreover, the flourishing tree which is barren is a rare phenomenon; ordinarily such a tree bears its appointed fruit. And so with the tree of knowledge: real knowledge *usually* flowers and fruits in reasoned thinking, self-expression, appreciation, and ideals. After all, then, a knowledge test does, not directly, but indirectly and presumptively and in the vast majority of cases, measure positively, as well as negatively, the ultimate desirable outcomes.

So I am afraid we must grant that the evidence is valid and pretty damning.

But some one may remember the many hours of class attendance, and not inconsiderable periods of study outside of class, to which college students are subjected, as related at the beginning of this article, and may wonder why, after such extensive attention to books and studies over four long years, so many young men and women have so little to show for it.

There are at least two causes contributory to this futile result. The one which Dr. Learned stresses most is the curious organization of the whole programme of studies in American colleges on the basis of isolated semester *courses* with the accompanying *credits*.

This phenomenon of the course, as we know it, came into being some fifty to sixty years ago with the abandonment of the old fixed curricula — which were undoubtedly narrow, but were at least cumulative, with definite objectives — in favor of free electives. Under the plan of free electives, as originally practised at Harvard and elsewhere, each student might study anything he pleased, and as much or as little of it as he pleased. Accordingly, something like our courses had to be instituted. The whole of human knowledge was, as it were, canned to be displayed on the shelves of an intellectual piggly-wiggly for the attraction of customers. Since then, of course, free electives have been greatly restricted; students are now required to concentrate many of

their choices under "majors" and "minors" and "groups." But in the meanwhile both the managers of the piggly-wiggly — the faculty — and the customers — the students — have grown so accustomed to cans that it scarcely occurs to them to deal in any other kind of goods.

The extent to which our present courses are self-contained and insulated against any penetration of facts or ideas from the outside is truly remarkable. A student taking a particular course understands that he must follow the lectures, read the textbook, and at least skim the outside reading prescribed in that course; at the end he will be required to pass a reasonably searching examination on that specific block of material. But he is not ordinarily required, or even much encouraged, to draw upon data or concepts with which he has become acquainted in other courses, much less upon material he may encounter outside of purely academic instruction — in newspapers or magazines, in books or plays, or in conversation. In short, there is little intellectual free trade, but rather a high tariff wall around each little course.

This conception of courses as segregated units seems to be largely induced and perpetuated by the remarkable American invention — unknown elsewhere in the world — of *credits*. When a student has passed a course, he becomes entitled to a certain number of these credits (corresponding to the number of class periods per week), and they are forthwith recorded in the registrar's office, toward a grand total of credits (usually 120) which will give him his degree. Thenceforth those credits are sacred. They can never be invalidated — no matter if it subsequently appears that the student has forgotten completely the content of the course; the credits will still stand and count towards the degree.

Under this system the common attitude of students towards their successive packages of instruction is neither strange nor entirely illogical. Many students when they have passed a course and got their credits feel that they are "through" with the whole matter. They quite commonly sell their textbooks and chuck their notes in the waste basket, and these physical procedures are only too accurately symbolical of the accompanying mental procedure. As a corollary of this idea, students generally hold that an instructor has no right, in any quiz or examination or even in a recitation, to call for any material, however relevant, which has not been specifically presented in that particular course; if ever this enormity is perpetrated, they are likely to appeal to the head of the department or the dean for redress. From the other side this new point of intellectual ethics is amusingly illustrated in a story which Dr. Learned relates. A troubled youngster went up to the instructor in charge of a course examination for clarification on a point of conscience. "I know the answer to this question," he said, "but I learned it in another course. Would it be fair for me to use it here?"

It will be evident, I think, that under this system and conception the results which the Carnegie Test revealed are exactly what we might expect. The seniors who did so badly in that Test had undoubtedly all had,

at one time or another, a "passing" acquaintance with a large part of the facts, terms, and ideas for which the Test called. They had credits in the registrar's office to prove this, and a few weeks after the Test they all received diplomas to tell it to the world. But it was nearly all "passed" in a double sense, leaving no substantial residuum, for definite recall or any possible use, beyond what they had had on the average when they entered as freshmen four years earlier.

The trouble is that the course-credit conception of knowledge as a series of blocks, to be successively acquired and separately stored away, is diametrically contrary to nature in this matter of learning. The raw data of knowledge can become a part of an effective mental life only in so far as they are continually woven and interwoven with old and new attainments, and thus constantly recalled and integrated and used, and carried forward as a growing, living organism. Of course there are in our colleges students who learn in this way, "self-educating individuals," Dr. Learned calls them, "minds of high intelligence and native curiosity that refuse to be restricted; minds that knowledge in one field irresistibly propels into another; minds to which courses and points earned and all such machinery are negligible because of native thirst and appreciation for ideas." But the course-credit system not only does nothing to encourage such valid learning but actually inhibits and discredits it. So long as this system remains entrenched we may expect further sorry exhibits of the kind the Carnegie Foundation has just displayed to us.

There are, of course, a good many colleges which are fully alive to the demerits of the course-credit system and which are experimenting — in general somewhat timidly — with other plans. The most common of these is the honors plan; under which selected high-grade students in the last two years are permitted to concentrate in a chosen field of interest, are sometimes excused in whole or in part from course and credit requirements, and are in any case expected to supplement courses by a large amount of independent reading; all in preparation for a Comprehensive Examination, in which they must be able to recall and use freely all the material they have covered in the whole two years. This plan certainly encourages, even — so far as any mere system can do so — requires, the kind of study and learning which has been described above as valid. But the new plan is commonly limited at present to the last two years, and within those years to the ablest students (who need it least), leaving the freshmen and sophomores and the more mediocre juniors and seniors to continued stultification by courses and credits. It would seem that the principle at least of the honors plan should, as speedily as possible, replace the course-and-credit principle for all the students in all classes.

But there is a catch here. The colleges are afraid to try the honors plan except with their very ablest students. They are afraid that most of the young men and women whom they now admit could not work under that plan. These students can get along under the course-credit system, where they need memorize

only small bodies of material, which may be freely forgotten after sixteen weeks, and so can be carried on, not with any noticeable increase of learning (as the Carnegie Test has shown), not towards anything that can be called education, but by the accumulation of credit to a degree, which after all is what these students and their parents chiefly want. But what if they were confronted as freshmen with the necessity of choosing a field of intellectual interest in which to concentrate? Or set an extensive programme of independent reading? Or denied the privilege of "passing" at brief intervals parts of what they were supposed to learn, and required to carry it all in mind for four whole years?

No college has yet dared to put such questions to the test of trial. Because everybody knows that a considerable part of those college students who now attain degrees would be simply bewildered by any such programme, and would have to give up and drop out. Which is to say that we know they are not capable of real liberal education and so we provide a sham. This brings us to the second and perhaps even more fundamental reason for the deplorable showing made in the Test, namely, the indiscriminate admission to college at present of many students who lack the necessary mental ability and intellectual interest to profit by instruction (under any plan) at the college level.

Since most colleges desire large enrolments and depend in considerable measure upon the income from fees, this second point is particularly difficult to deal with. But some day some college, amply endowed, will set about receiving only really first-class minds, and will undoubtedly turn those minds loose from the beginning in something like the present honors courses, with the honors-course requirement that learning shall be cumulative and alive. It seems at least probable that a Carnegie test given to the seniors of such a college would yield happier results.

Ship's Bread

By Captain William Outersen

A Story

The boat drifted head on to the waves, held in that position by a bar of driftwood, made fast at its centre to the painter and left to drag in the water as a sea anchor. A fine drizzle was falling from low dun-colored clouds, and the dawn was gray and cheerless. In the boat were two persons, a man known as Burley, and a boy called Angus, who sat on the bottom boards facing the stern, his eyes fixed on a cloud-wreathed island not more than a mile distant. His expression revealed an intense longing to reach the shore to which they were drifting, but he made no effort to hasten the movement of the boat in that direction, although four good oars were lying along the thwarts. It was Burley's pleasure to let the boat drift slowly toward the land, and Angus was too weak to handle the oars, since he had eaten no food during the past ten days.

The man sat crouched in the bows, and from time to time took out of his pocket a piece of ship's biscuit, which he put into his mouth secretly, in order that the boy might not observe him. He waited awhile after each of these sly motions, to give the fragment in his mouth time to soften, unwilling to chew it while it was hard, as the boy would hear the sound of crunching, and turn his big hungry eyes on him while begging for a piece of the bread. This had happened several times, and it annoyed Burley, who was an escaped convict from Sing Sing and showed signs of rugged health, having had plenty of food to sustain him since the foundering of the ship on which he and Angus had been foremast hands. It would have been an easy matter for this man to handle the oars, but he saw no reason why he should. On the land toward which they were drifting there might be men, although his keen eyes had as yet discovered no signs of them, and where there were men there was always the law, which he feared and hated.

The skin of the boy's face was drawn tight from starvation, and his cheekbones protruded, yet Burley had a pocketful of ship's biscuits, and a canvas bag nearly full of these lay in the boat's after locker, the key of which the man kept in his own possession and jealously guarded. For the first few days after they had been cast adrift, Angus had received a certain share of the food, but as

time passed and the fear of starvation began to take possession of Burley, he had refused to divide with his weaker shipmate, and kept all the biscuits to himself. There had been a growing despair in the heart of Angus for days before they sighted the island, and he had feared he would die of hunger, but since they had made the landfall his outlook had brightened. It was a small isle in the outlying Western Hebrides, off the coast of Scotland, and he had heard that the folk in these parts were kind and hospitable to shipwrecked sailors. There would be no difficulty, he thought, in making his way to the nearest house as soon as they touched the beach, and the people would give him food, which would restore him to strength and happiness.

Turning suddenly he caught Burley putting another piece of biscuit into his mouth, noticing for the hundredth time that his staring eyes had a queer glint in them, a sort of animal shine that had often caused him to wonder if his companion had a human soul. It was difficult to believe that a fellow who behaved as he did could belong to the true race of man, Angus reflected as he faced the stern again, leaving Burley free to chew his piece of biscuit, and to search the shore nervously for some sign of occupation. His fear of the law was somewhat mitigated by his hope of finding a house where he could procure a piece of beef, which he desired greatly after his long continued diet of ship's bread, but no indication of human life appeared, and he concluded that the island must be uninhabited.

When they had drifted to within a few fathoms of the beach, Burley hauled in the painter and untied the log of driftwood that had served as a sea anchor. Shipping two of the oars he turned the boat round and with a few powerful strokes drove the prow onto the sandy beach, stepped ashore and dragged the craft half out of the water, then made the painter fast to a rock embedded in the sand above high water mark. As he finished knotting the rope, a sudden sound from behind startled him violently, and he snatched his knife from its sheath, wheeled swiftly with a snarl that exposed his teeth, and faced toward the boat. Seeing nothing but Angus clambering weakly over the gunwale to the shore, he stared about him with a puzzled expression in his flat glittering eyes. Knowing his companion had not made the sound that had scared him, he glanced carefully up and down the lonely shore, then aloft at a seabird circling above him. While he watched the gull, it folded its wings and dropped thirty feet with the speed of a falling stone, spread them suddenly with a sharp ruffling and wheeled upward again. That was the noise he had heard, and slowly the frown of anxiety cleared from his brow.

Glancing unconcernedly at the boy, he turned away and walked slowly along the beach, searching on every side with hard bright eyes for anything that might be of possible use to him, or warn him of the presence of danger, for although the width of the Atlantic lay between him and the prison from which he had escaped, he enjoyed no sense of security.

The beach narrowed and came to

an end under a spit of land that ran into the sea for a distance of fifty yards. Its base was composed of seamed and broken rock, and its ridge, which rose twenty feet above the level of the beach, was covered with hummocks of coarse grass. Burley climbed toward the summit, pausing when he reached the crest and raising his head cautiously to peer beyond, before exposing himself to view. Satisfied with what he saw, another gray beach and a stretch of empty land, he mounted to the top and stood erect, listened awhile to the cries of the gulls and the low surf breaking on the shore, then turned furtively to search again for any sign of man. The only moving thing he could see, except the grass waving in the laggard wind, was the figure of Angus struggling painfully along the beach in the opposite direction. The manner of his going, with wavering steps due to the exhaustion of hunger, seemed to afford Burley a strange and evil amusement. His lips parted slightly, showing a gleam of strong white teeth, and a hard laughter glittered in his eyes.

Again a sound startled him, and he wheeled with a nervous jerk toward the other end of the island, but could see nothing significant there, and advanced slowly in the direction of the second beach until he came to a rock embedded in the thick turf. Pausing to observe this, he noticed that when the wind veered a trifle, the long blades of grass were blown against the side of the stone with a thin scraping sound, which was the cause of his second alarm. It was like someone creeping through the grass to take him unawares.

Angus was just sixteen, and had never before been cruelly treated by men. Roughness and quick anger, and the sharp buffet that accompanied it, he knew something about and could understand, but Burley's deliberate and selfish torture appalled him. He felt certain the man would look on with his hateful smile while he starved slowly to death, and his desire to get away from Burley was as keen as his craving for food. Stumbling along the beach he glanced hungrily on every side, his eager eyes resting briefly on each object that met them. There were pebbles, pieces of driftwood cast up by the tides, tufts of grass on the foreshore, stranded jellyfish, and an occasional scuttling crab at the water's edge. He thought there might be mussels on the rocks that closed the end of the beach, but when he arrived there, panting and exhausted, he found none, and sank down on the sand between two boulders, shutting his eyes and waiting to recover strength. Burley had gone beyond the other cape and was out of sight.

Angus slept for a little while, and awoke feeling able to climb the low ridge that rose from the beach beside him. Placing his hands on the edges of the rocks between which he had been resting, he hoisted himself to his feet with some effort, and climbed laboriously to the grassy top of the promontory. On the far side he saw another beach of gray sand similar to that on which the boat had landed, and closed in the same way by a point of jutting land about two hundred yards distant. As his eyes swept the far end he thought he noticed a movement that resembled

the flutter of a garment, but it disappeared in an instant, and he could not feel sure of its nature. It might have been a seagull flitting down to the shore beyond the ridge, or a wandering scrap of paper blown from a passing ship, but in any case he must go to the end of this second beach and see what lay on the other side of the farther cape, for if he did not find food before long he would die. The vanishing glimpse of something moving, combined with the restoring effects of his short sleep, had renewed his fainting hopes and increased his energy, and he found walking easier than before, on the hard sand below high water mark, so that he arrived at the base of the cape without being aware of extreme exhaustion, although weary enough.

Reaching the summit of the elevation, he threw a keen glance over the land beyond, but saw no sign of men or their habitations. A drizzle of fine rain drifted across the beach and over the gently sloping foreshore to the low, misty hill that formed the summit of the island. As he gazed disconsolately at the purple heather-covered slope, the wheeling gulls and the thin line of surf breaking along the shore, a surprising sense of peace came suddenly upon him, and he brought his roving gaze to the immediate neighborhood of the spot on which he stood. Near him was an oddly shaped hummock of grass, about two feet higher than the adjacent ground, longer than the height of a tall man and something over three feet wide, and when his eyes lingered on this, he felt the desire to lie down on it, and moved doubtfully toward it, thinking how much it resembled a couch. Although he resisted the temptation to rest on this natural bed, telling himself he must find food if he wished to escape death from starvation, his extreme weakness overcame this objection, and he lay down at full length on the hummock, which was soaked with the rain, and almost at once he sank into deep sleep.

BURLEY went to the limit of the beaches and crossed the southern end of the island to the eastern side. As time passed, and he saw no sign of human presence, his nervousness began to diminish, and he walked with a bolder step and more assured manner, although he felt there was something queer about this lonely isle, and was almost inclined to believe it might be haunted by hostile or mischievous ghosts. He realized that he ought not to have been scared by the noises due to the gull and the rustling grass, both of which were natural sounds he had heard many times, and he could not understand why they had startled him so acutely. Self-examination was not possible to Burley, therefore he did not realize that his fright on both occasions might have been attributable to his own guilty conscience. Some friendly instinct urged him to go back to the boat at once and sail away from this mysterious island, but as he stood considering the advisability of immediate departure, scanning the sea and the shore frowningly, the sun came out, flooding the land with light and color and transforming it into a gem of beauty set in a magic ocean. The picture was one he lacked the faculty to appreciate, but he welcomed the warmth of the sun and the bright-

ness of the light, which produced in him an effect of courage that the previous dull gray skies had weakened. Looking upward he observed that the low scud was blowing away to the eastward, the sky was dotted here and there with heavy white clouds sailing grandly along the wind, and the rain had ceased. Between the clouds the sun shone, warming and drying the grass on which he was walking, there being no beaches on this side of the island, where the foreshore ended abruptly in low cliffs that dropped sheer into deep water. When he came near the northern end he began to feel pleasantly drowsy, and lazily decided to lie down awhile in the rays of the genial sun. During the past fourteen days he had been unable to stretch himself at full length, having been confined to the cramped space of the boat, and the idea of doing this appealed to him, so he lay down luxuriously on the sun-warmed turf, extended on his back, but later turned on his side, and in a few minutes fell asleep.

Angus dreamed that he was walking along one of the docks in a large seaport, casting hungry eyes on each ship that he passed, and wondering if they had any biscuits to spare. Coming to a barque that was moored alongside the wharf he saw a man, whom he took to be the mate, leaning against the rail on the quarterdeck, and Angus stopped to ask if he wanted any hands. The man said yes, he did, and ordered him to come aboard, and when the youth climbed the gangplank with difficulty and made his way aft, the mate pointed to a huge pile of ship's biscuits lying on deck under the break of the poop, and told him to throw them over the side for the gulls to eat. Dismayed at this appalling waste of food, which he craved for his own use, the boy stammered out a question as to whether he could eat one or two, and the mate replied that he could eat as many as he wanted, if he managed it without being seen. Then he turned to the rail again and continued his smoke, but every time Angus seized a biscuit and put it to his mouth, the mate jerked his head round and glared at him, so hundreds of biscuits were thrown over the side, and the gulls came in flocks, screaming and squabbling for the food, while the boy suffered agonies of hunger.

He awoke at the end of this dream, with the screaming of the gulls in his ears, and his desire for food intensified, if that were possible. Rising desperately from his grassy couch he caught sight of a flock of gulls, whose cries had awakened him, worrying at something in the water, which he thought might be a dead fish, and he climbed slowly down the cliff on the other side of the cape, and went forward to investigate, but when he reached the birds they had finished their squabbling and dispersed to forage elsewhere. Halting, he looked listlessly about him, wondering where Burley was, and for the first time became aware that the sun was shining. A gentle wind blew from the west, waving the grasses on the foreshore and the heather on the slope of the hill, from which came faint whispers, as of small voices expressing sympathy and encouragement. Suddenly he was conscious of a sense of unworthiness,

of moral weakness and cowardice, and he blamed himself for not being more aggressive towards Burley, who would probably have given him a share of the bread in the boat, if he had been more resolute and insistent. Nursing this thought, he proceeded toward the northern end of the island, overcoming his dread of the seaman, and building up his courage to face Burley with a vigorous and sustained demand for food. Emboldened and strengthened by this growing resolution he hurried along the beach, away from the cape on the other side of which he and Burley had moored the boat. He was surprised at the strength and vitality that had so unexpectedly come to him, and he paced along the sun-bright beach, gazing across the friendly western ocean and rejoicing at the change that had taken place within him, which he did not attempt to explain, psychology being unknown to him at that period of his life.

Arrived at the northern shore, he passed more slowly round the slope of the hill, which descended to the low cliff where the beaches ended, and coming to the eastern side he saw at a distance of a hundred yards to the south the form of Burley stretched on the grass. The seaman lay on his right side, his head resting on his bent arm, his left hand lying loosely on the ground in front of him, his back toward Angus, who approached with cautious steps, careful to make not the slightest noise. The confidence he had felt a few minutes earlier was slowly deserting him, and his old fear of the man began to reassert itself, but he braced his courage by a supreme effort of the will, and made another step forward.

Up to the present moment he had not considered just what he would say to Burley, nor what he could possibly do if the powerful ruffian refused his request and knocked him down with a savage blow, as he was quite capable of doing. Pausing within two feet of his soundly sleeping shipmate, he tried to formulate his intended demand in words that would be at the same time compelling and inoffensive, but as his wary eyes roved over the prostrate form before him, he saw, half fallen out of the pocket of Burley's jumper, the key of the boat's locker in which the biscuits were kept, and hope flamed in his heart as he realized that with this small piece of metal, brightly gleaming in the sun, he could procure himself food without stint. To get possession of the key he would have to stoop directly over the sleeper, and the slightest touch of clumsiness would without doubt awaken him. Trembling so much that he was afraid to move, he stood for a few agonized moments seeing his opportunity slipping away, and his proud purpose defeated by his own weakness. But he must not fail now, he told himself urgently, and with a surge of resolution he again gained control of himself and bent slowly forward, putting his right hand down toward Burley's breast, on which the key gently rose and fell with the movement of his breathing. Angus held his own breath at the crucial moment when the tips of his fingers came in contact with the key, and it was with a marvelously light and skilful touch that he caught it between his thumb and forefinger,

then placed it in his left palm and closed his hand on it with a nervous grip. Straightening up again, he filled his lungs with a soundless sigh of relief, and with slow careful steps drew back for fully ten yards before he dared to turn his back on the unconscious man and hurry toward the end of the island. Almost at every step he threw over his shoulder a fearful glance to see if Burley was awaking, but to his immense delight he reached the shoulder of the hill and passed safely round it, out of sight of the seaman if he should happen to open his eyes.

Stimulated with expectation at the prospect of food, Angus broke into a staggering run, clenching the key of the boat's locker so tightly that the flesh of his palm was bruised, but so acute was his excitement, from the near certainty of gaining possession of the whole bag of biscuits, that he felt no pain in his hand, nor had any other thought in his mind but that he was on the way to satisfy his terrible hunger. His weakness was forgotten, and he ran at a speed that would have been impossible without the magic key in his grasp, traversing the first beach in something like a minute and a half, although it measured nearly two hundred yards, and the tide had come in, so that he had to run in the soft sand above high water mark. From time to time a dreadful anxiety smote him, that Burley would awake and discover his loss, and overtake him before he reached his goal. He turned for a fleeting glimpse behind as he reached the summit of the first low cliff, but Burley was not in sight, and he went on with renewed certainty to the second cape, where he looked back once more, and saw nothing but the heather drenched in sunshine, the empty beach, and the tireless gulls searching along the shore. From there to the boat was a short journey of eighty yards, and he arrived beside it breathing laboriously, but triumphant and assured of the food that would give him life and strength. The boat was now nearly afloat, the rising tide having lifted her stern, and he climbed aboard, scrambled over the thwarts to the stern locker, and kneeling on the bottom boards took the key between his thumb and forefinger and tried to insert it in the lock. So great was his eagerness, and his exhaustion from the run, that he fumbled badly, could not put the key in its proper place, and after he had got it in was unable to turn it. A sort of hysteria possessed him, and he might have given way to despair, thinking he had taken the wrong key, had he not desisted from his efforts for a brief period and resolutely compelled himself to be calm. Then he tried again and found it a very simple matter to open the door, thrust in his hand and draw forth the bag of bread.

The biscuits were hard, and perhaps this was a fortunate thing, for otherwise he might have gulped them down and done himself injury. Being ship's biscuits, sometimes known among sailors as "pantiles," he had to chew them well before he could swallow them, and he did this with eager haste and indescribable pleasure, his strong white teeth crunching through four of them in succession before he began to feel that he had eaten enough for his first meal in ten days. Taking the bag

in his hand he left the boat and quenched his thirst at a small rill of sweet water that poured from the edge of the foreshore to the beach, and when he had drunk enough he stood up straight, an emotion of supreme contentment pervading him. Again at peace in the world that he loved, he became aware of things other than food. There was a wind among the grass, and the sea broke in low ripples along the shore, the gulls were calling, balanced on tireless wings, and the westering sun warmed and caressed him. Many little sounds came to him from the wind on land and sea, murmurs and whispers which he heard as a chorus of gladness and approval.

Standing thus in the midst of peace and beauty, he was shocked back into the shadows of life by a raucous voice that shattered the music of the day, and he swung quickly to see Burley on the crest of the nearest cape, shaking his fist and foaming with curses. There was only one thing to be done, which was to run, and Angus fled along the beach at his utmost speed, hugging the bag of bread under his left arm, and so greatly had his strength been increased by the food he had eaten, and also by terror of Burley, that he actually gained on the sailor during the first minute of the race. His pursuer was not a swift runner, but he was strong and sufficiently fed, and had just awakened from a refreshing sleep; therefore the odds were entirely in his favor, and he might have caught the fleeing boy and killed him in his rage, had he not stopped at the boat to investigate, although he was fully aware that Angus had the bag of bread under his arm, since he had seen it plainly. Leaping aboard the boat he strode across the thwarts and stooped down to try the door of the locker, which he found open, and the biscuits gone. With shouting obscenities he jumped to the sand and raced for the next cape, on the other side of which Angus had already disappeared. Strangely enough for a man of Burley's sort, he entertained no suspicion of guile on the part of his young shipmate, whom he held in contempt as a person incapable of falsehood or evasion, and in his mind the matter was extremely simple, merely a question of overtaking the fugitive, recovering the bag of bread, and administering a few blows and kicks as punishment for his crime. With this single purpose in view he ran along the beach, passed over the second and last cape, and circled round the southern end of the island, slowly but surely overtaking Angus, whose endurance was rapidly becoming exhausted.

The bag under his arm had begun to weigh like lead, and he was several times on the point of throwing it away so as to make better speed, but a certain stubborn quality of spirit restrained him from this mistake, and he held grimly on, his breath coming in convulsive gasps, his heart pumping and his legs aching intolerably. The eastern side of the island rose in a gentle slope to the summit of the ridge, at the southern end, but farther to the north it reared steeply upward, and when he came to this part, with Burley not more than fifty feet behind him, the boy had a sudden inspiration, and in spite of his extreme weariness he swung to the west and

began to ascend the precipitous slope toward the summit. Burley followed, thinking he now had his quarry as good as caught, and climbed the ascent rapidly, his breathing almost as labored as that of the boy, since he had never done much running, and during the fourteen days in the boat he had, of course, been unable to take any exercise.

Angus almost despaired of reaching the ridge, his exhaustion being so extreme that he had moments of partial unconsciousness. Nevertheless, he continued to struggle upward at his greatest speed, disregarding the warning pain in his heart and lungs, and finally he came to the top of the hill, his joy at this accomplishment being such as is felt only by the chosen few. A swift glance downward on the other side showed him the boat immediately beneath him, and without a pause he took the neck of the bag in his right hand and swung it with all his strength over Burley's head, watching it slip and roll to the bottom of the hill, a full hundred feet below the point attained by the seaman. Immensely gratified at this conclusion of the chase, Burley ceased his advance and stood to recover breath, paying no further heed to the boy, whom he could catch and punish later. When he had rested for a minute he descended and secured the bag, tucked it under his arm and started walking leisurely back round the hill to the boat on the opposite side. But he had taken a bare dozen steps when a suspicion flashed across his mind which sent him tearing along the springy turf, raving like a madman.

When Angus saw Burley begin his descent of the hill to recover the biscuits, he fled down the opposite slope, regardless of falls and bruises, and arrived at the boat in a short space of time, finding it now floating clear of the sand, as he had expected. Loosing the painter from the rock he got hurriedly aboard, shipped two oars and began pulling with all his might for the open sea, but in his hurry and excitement he headed in the wrong direction, making for a point that would clear the nearest cape to the southward by a very narrow margin. He did not see Burley, who was concealed from him by the elevation of the land, until he had come close to the cliff, and aghast at his mistake bore heavily on the starboard oar, which turned the boat's head somewhat from the rock. At the same moment, Burley appeared on the crest above him, too angry now for oaths, with a heavy rock in his hand, which he raised, his pale eyes glittering with rage.

"Pull ashore, or I'll knock yer brains out!" he cried, and without waiting to see whether his order would be obeyed, he threw the stone with such force that he grunted. It was well aimed, and sped true, but Angus saw it coming and ducked, so that it merely grazed his shoulder, hurting acutely but not disabling him. Burley intended to reach the boat by jumping into the water alongside, as he could not drop from that height directly into it without danger of foundering it or breaking some bones. Immediately after throwing the stone he took careful aim and swung the bag of biscuits neatly onto the bottom boards, where it plumped down and lay snug at the boy's feet. Then he balanced himself

on the edge of the cliff, which rose twenty feet above the water, and leaped. Angus had been shocked into a sort of paralysis by the situation into which his mistake had brought him, but his mind and body came swiftly under control, and as Burley jumped and struck the water a few feet from the gunwale, making a sounding splash that drenched the boat with spray, he put all his weight on the oars and drew the boat ahead, so that when the seaman came to the surface and reached for a hold, his hand met empty air. But his plight was extreme, and he made a leap half out of the water that brought him just within reach of the stern, and on this his powerful hand closed.

Angus saw himself a dead man, either from starvation on this lonely island, or by the fury of this man who had treated him so inhumanly, and a rare anger swept all his scruples aside, so that he raised one of the heavy oars, and by a fortunate stroke brought it crashing down on Burley's hand. The cry of animal rage and pain that followed the blow gave the boy a sensation of grim satisfaction, and without delay he shipped the oar again and pulled vigorously away, expecting Burley to swim after him, and perhaps to overhaul him in spite of his wounded hand, if he were a strong swimmer. Before he had gone very far, however, something in the way his foe was behaving in the water acquainted him with the fact that the seaman could not swim a stroke. He was thrashing wildly about, beating the water with his arms and shouting for help, but even in his extremity he spluttered insults and oaths when he could get his mouth clear of the water, and Angus hardened his heart against him, knowing well what would happen if he brought him into the boat again. There were two pairs of oars, and he could easily spare one, so he stood up and threw it toward the drowning man, who clutched it avidly and kept himself afloat, kicking his way slowly after the boat, and sending out a continuous stream of oaths, curses, and demands to be taken aboard, all of which fell on unheeding ears. Angus pulled beyond the cape, set the little trysail, and skirting the southern end of the island, bore away for the west coast of Scotland, whose mountains he could sight dimly, far to the eastward. The last seen of Burley, he was making for the shore.

The Lady and the Peddler

By Eudora Ramsay Richardson

At seven-forty-five breakfast was ready — not your continental rolls and coffee or the American toast, but a meal built around waffles and sausage, the sort Southern gentlemen seem to prefer. At eight-fifteen the school lunch had been packed in its thermos container. At eight-thirty small daughter and husband had embarked upon their day of work with children and men. Then began dish-washing, bed-making, mopping and dusting to the staccato accompaniment of door bell and telephone. A beauty parlor protested that I had sadly neglected it of late. A cleaner, in an effort to promote lagging business, made a special offer of two dresses renovated for the price of one such operation in normal times. A worthy old lady solicited a subscription to a distinctly unworthy magazine. It transpired that her son had just lost his position. The Salvation Army was collecting old books and papers. Three vegetable wagons offered their wares, all operated by men who until recently had been otherwise employed. A saleswoman wondered if I would like to see the new models just opened in the ready-to-wear department of her store. A friend who is selling food put up in glass hoped that I would prepare for her a list of prospects. A neighbor who is supplementing her husband's reduced income by making pies and hot rolls and another who is educating a son on angel food cake suggested that I might like to place orders for the week-end. A young man who should be in the movies yearned to demonstrate a vacuum cleaner that could not only sweep your house but also spray your flowers and paint your walls.

Nevertheless, at half past ten in a house comparatively orderly I sat down to write a love story. This was to be no commonplace, homey sort of yarn with a conventional setting in middle-class suburbia. I would create a new Utopia. I would lay my scene in a spot remote and unknown to me — in the glamorous, languid tropics, perhaps, where one could live under a palm and pluck food from the trees. But no — again and again the jangling bell brought me back to the economic situation. Did I have an electric sewing machine? Was I acquainted with the excellencies of a floor waxer? And on it went. There was no chance for me to remain among the bananas and cocoanuts. Finally I decided to accept the material that is constantly coming to my front door.

It does seem that a public expend-

ing extraordinary sympathy upon the unemployed might spare a little for the one class of people whom the current depression has given rather too much employment. I verily believe that the American housewife of the upper middle class — the term denoting financial rather than social grading — is the principal victim of the situation about which there is so much prating. Yet no one is bestowing upon her plight a passing word or a compassionate glance.

HUSBANDS' salary cuts, slim business, or poor collections for professional services rendered have made kitchen mechanics and broom wielders of thousands of women whose hands were erstwhile soft and whose manicured nails until recently were not rendered brittle by too much acquaintance with dish-water. Cheerfully, however, would many of us shoulder the additional burden if it were not for the agents whom depression and unemployment have turned loose upon us. It seems that every man who has been ejected from his former trade has swung a pack on his back and taken to the street, from the white collar man to the lowest day laborer. The house to house canvassers, neglecting the very wealthy who are protected by butlers and maids, and the very poor, who have neither money nor credit, prey upon the bourgeoisie.

Laudable, of course, is this effort to turn an honest penny but devastating for the housewife who is also dealing with the little copper coins which have grown distressingly scarce overnight. The wives of the very wealthy and of the day laborer are probably pegging along without much additional work and without acute consciousness of changed status. Perhaps Mrs. Magnate has had to scramble through the year with the same foreign car, and perhaps Mrs. Submerged Tenth may feed her children on bean soup. Yet the one still has something to ride in, and the other is blessed with children whose appetites are not fastidiously trained. The wife, however, of the man who has found his income reduced from ten thousand to five or from six to three has seen life completely revolutionized. Most of her expenses run in an orbit as fixed as the sun's. The monthly installments upon the house must be met. She can not move into a less expensive place, for no one is buying real estate, even that which has been forced upon the market. In some way those losses which all the foolish world suffered in the stock market crash have to be absorbed. She is too ambitious for her children to brook economy upon educational necessities. Her social status demands that the clothes for her family fall only slightly below the standard formerly maintained. The decrease in income forces upon her one of two alternatives or both: she must fire the maid *or* get a job or fire the maid *and* get a job. Since scarcity of work has contributed to the depression, or is the result of the depression, and since most married women of this upper middle class are either untrained or distinctly rusty, doing their own work seems to be the only way of meeting the situation.

This woman, moreover, has problems with which the lower stratum was never confronted. She can not

drop out of all social and community activities. The garden club, the day nursery, and all the other groups among which she is numbered would interpret her continued absence as lack of interest in the public good, even if she could suddenly inhibit her gregarious impulses. She and her husband would find their existences utterly stale and unprofitable without a game of cards now and then. All this means, of course, that the front she shows to the world must remain unchanged and entails labor and nerve strain unknown to the woman of the lower class who has always done her own work. The nickel and tile in her bathrooms must be clean and shiny. Her aluminum kitchen utensils must not lose their lustre. Her floors must be polished, her white woodwork must be kept spotless. The house, which two years ago did not seem an extravagance, is larger by far and much more complicated, despite its electrical appliances, than the homes built for humbler housewives. The woman who is now carrying it on shoulders unaccustomed to such burdens feels that she must maintain the standard of comfort and orderliness she raised in another day — must for the sake of her family and for her own morale.

Nor can she let herself run down at the heel. Though the visits to the beauty parlor may have ceased, she must keep her nails pointed and polished, must massage the wrinkles and crow's feet from her face, must reclaim last summer's permanent with dampened combs. If she should let herself become a slattern, what hope would there be for her own future or for her husband's and her children's? Women whose mothers and grandmothers have been reared to household drudgery are not expected to fight against the ravages of age and toil.

The woman of this upper middle class who has recently suffered financial reverses is still taking her maternal responsibilities with fierce seriousness. She sees that her children practise and study, helps them with their French and Latin, and directs their recreations. In other words, she has a new job and has not relinquished work and interests that formerly filled her days comfortably if not exhaustingly.

Then, too, she is frequently fighting against complexes too deep to be uprooted. She has probably been brought up to feel that menial work is degrading. She is constantly trying to reconcile her daily tasks with the traditional concept of *lady*.

"I can't be a lady and a cook at the same time," one woman said at a party the other day.

"It is hard," replied a friend. "We all have hang-overs from our past. I can work like a Trojan when my husband is out of the house, but when he's at home, he has to help me. I can't stand a well dressed man to be reading in the living room while I clatter pans in the kitchen."

"I know," the first woman added. "It makes you feel like the poor mountain women of the Appalachian belt who serve the men and later sit down to meals. Waiting on a man seems still to connote sex inferiority."

The older generation, moreover, complicates the complexes. Outside a cash-and-carry grocery I recently encountered a woman of sixty waiting for her daughter. It was clear

that she had no intention of mingling with the bundle-laden rabble within.

"I don't see why Mildred insists upon coming to such a place," she sniffed, "all for the few pennies she saves!"

I knew, however, why Mildred came and why her hands were no longer soft and useless like her mother's. Mildred's husband lost heavily in the stock market. In a large suburban home that she hoped to preserve from the impending hammer she was nurse and cook, cleaning woman and laundress. But for her economy her husband would have had to avail himself of the bankruptcy law.

Another woman, declining an invitation to a luncheon, explained that she was without a cook this year and that she must be at home at meal time.

"Besides," she said wistfully, "my mother-in-law is spending the winter with us. She really is an efficient woman in many ways, but she can't break an egg or light a stove."

I thought, moreover, that I could detect a hint of pride in her voice. At least she had married into a family unaccustomed to the hardships of a kitchen.

Still, women under forty are proving amazingly adaptable. For the most part they are approaching housework as something to be accomplished quickly so that there may be time for more enlivening pursuits. They see the home as a place that must be orderly and comfortable, but that should not enslave them. Domesticity is not a life work but something that must be done expeditiously so that there may be time for larger undertakings.

THE depression, deplorable as it is, has its compensations. In the first place, work of any kind is good for women. It is now helping many a woman to tide over the dangerous thirties by giving her no time for ennui and restlessness. I can think of several couples who have been drawn closer together by the financial problems of the last year or so. The chances are that the husband of the woman who has recently dismissed her cook will coöperate at home out of office hours — and I am sure that there is nothing more tightening to the marriage tie than "doing the dishes" together. The man whose wife never had a cook is apt to think of woman's duty in terms of the three K's — but not the man whose wife has recently assumed tasks to which she has not been accustomed. Then, too, the American woman needs exercise. A daily battle with the broom and mop surpasses golf and swimming in its ability to convert surplus fat into muscle. Without the aid of radio instruction, an hour's brisk housework affords enough stooping and bending to keep the figure girlish and, unlike golf and tennis, adds to the bank account at the same time that it subtracts from the avoirdupois. I know, moreover, that a servantless house is a good place in which to rear children. Careless youngsters who once scattered their clothes and toys are learning to help mother in a score of ways and consequently are quite likely to become useful human beings.

Indeed the situation would not be bad at all were it not for the peddler at the door. With a little forethought many of the legitimate

interruptions can be avoided. The laundry may be placed at the back door for the collector. The weekly call of the paper boy may be eliminated by a check sent to the office of the newspaper. A refrigerating plant does away with the iceman. Money for the milk may be tucked in yesterday's empty bottle. Nothing, however, can overcome the insistence of the door bell and telephone. Try letting the telephone ring without answering it: the noise and the fear that you may be missing a telegram will drive you mad. There is no way gracefully to permit your bell to ring unheeded. A neighbor who knows you are at home may be running over to borrow sugar; a special delivery letter may be clamoring for admittance.

A woman who writes told me the other day that if it were not for the unnecessary interruptions she could accomplish more at the typewriter when she is without a maid than when she has one.

"It takes absolutely no brain to wash dishes and clean," said she, "so my mind runs to plots. By nine-thirty each morning I am ready to write, and I could continue in glorious aloneness until the children come home from school if the agents would stay away. Though all I do is to refuse the proffered wares, I lose ten minutes from writing every time the bell rings. And by the time I get back to work the thread of my ideas is nearly always destroyed."

Another woman who decorates card tables and trays and does floral paintings for dining rooms told me the same story.

"I have to put down my brush, wipe the paint from my hands and possibly from my face," she explained, "every time one of those terrible agents appears. When I get back, it takes minutes to remember which brush I was using and whether I was painting the flowers or the background."

Both these women have dismissed servants because of their husbands' reverses and because the depression has limited the market for their own wares. They feel that it is absolutely necessary for them to keep their hands in so that they may be ready for the better day that will surely dawn. It is utterly unfair that one unfortunate class should prey upon another.

PERSONALLY I am very sorry for the house to house canvassers; but there is really nothing I can do to help the poor creatures. I have all the electrical appliances except a washing machine, and, since I am determined to continue to send my laundry out, I don't want that. Yet a representative of practically every vacuum cleaner, mechanical refrigerator, and washing machine calls on me monthly, and some man, purporting to be sent by the power company, comes as often to see how I am fixed electrically. The nurserymen ought to be able to see that I have all the shrubs that I can use. The seedsmen, if they would take the trouble to look before ringing, would know that my small borders are already overcrowded. It does seem that weather stripping would show a little from the outside. If I have said a month ago that I can't afford expensive radiator covers, the agent is over-optimistic when he calls again. The canvassers,

however, have not only poor eyesight and poor memories but, I am convinced, also do not know how to read. At any rate, they have proven impervious to a plaintive sign I tacked upon my front door.

As sorry as I continue to be for the poor fellow who is trying to earn a living from house to house, my indignation is about to overcome my good manners. The whole system is predicated upon the theory that the time of the woman who lives in the comfortable middle-class house is of no value. Even in the unlikely event that they should try, agents could never pass my husband's secretary. I, however, because this is a bad year for writers, because we lost on real estate and in the stock market, have no maid and am utterly defenseless. That I do not buy goods offered at the door is comfortless revenge, powerless to restore my lost time.

Perhaps the situation will be changed when some of the peddlers are reinstated in their former trades. Perhaps when the housepainter and iceman and carpenter who now take vegetables from door to door find openings in the callings of their first choice, perhaps when the electricians who are now demonstrating vacuum cleaners have houses to wire, perhaps when ad-writers and manicurists and stock market clerks are again in demand, the housewives may return to the peace of an earlier day. In the meantime, however, I fear that we shall have become old and haggard and that our part-time professions will have languished from disuse.

Tide

By Fredericka Blankner

The Sea
Tumbles pearls to me.

Though when I hold
They turn to gold,

Then in my hand
Is only sand, —

Beauty is ever
Instantly, —

The Sea
Tumbles pearls to me.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by
HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE orderly process of the seasons having been rudely interrupted by a momentary return of the kind of New York weather that drives its survivors to make very bad jokes about humidity, etc., it is a little hard for the Landscaper to realize until his gaze falls upon overcrowded shelves that another autumn is actually under way, and that before many weeks have passed anxious book publishers will know definitely whether they have survived the worst year in their history — financially speaking — or merely one of the worst. It is true that a lone maple tree, not in very good health at best, flames scarlet close to where this is being written, and also true that the crickets have sounded more melancholy for a week or so — does their song really change or is it merely that all of a sudden it fits into the symphony of the declining year and takes color from its surroundings? — but not even these signs and symptoms are quite convincing when it is possible to wake before dawn into a world still as steamy as the steamy day that has gone before. (We'll probably all be freezing by the time this appears, but it *was* hot in early September, wasn't it?)

But the books are here; their looming physical presence is not to be denied. Publishers are a hopeful lot — one reads with some amusement that after all the talk of reduction of lists that has gone on since the depression began, there were actually two hundred odd titles more brought out in this country during the first seven months of this year than in the first seven months of 1930. There is every chance that the year will show a substantial gain, and this in the face of extremely difficult conditions throughout the trade. Retailers of books have suffered especially, for theirs is a business that is not profitable enough in the best seasons to provide them with any large surplus, so that when dull times come, they are often hard put to it to keep their heads above water. At best, the book business of America is nothing for the patriotic to cheer about, for as a highly literate nation whose wealth is fairly well distributed, we should buy a great many more books than we do; at worst the business drives a good many publishers into bringing out virgin-novels in the faint hope that the public will insist upon

having its sex, no matter what other luxuries it may surrender under pressure. If the weeks that lie between us and Christmas are not fairly prosperous for publishers and booksellers, however, it will not be for lack of salable merchandise; the variety is as wide as the world, and the quality rather above the average.

Among the Indispensables

ONE WORK of fiction of the early months of 1931 seems to have made its way into the indispensable class. As is so often the case, the exact reason for its success remains a secret. The book is Pearl S. Buck's *The Good Earth*, mentioned here before, a fine novel, but its large and continuing sales can hardly be attributed to its intrinsic merit, since many works of fiction as good or better have sold their few hundred copies and sunk silently to rest since it first appeared. There is an old book trade legend that people do not like novels of the soil, and who then, granting the truth of the legend, could believe they would like a novel of the Chinese soil? Whatever the reason, however, *The Good Earth* must be read if one is to keep a place in literate society. Perhaps it is a lucky break for those who have not yet read it, that it really is worth reading. It is probably rank heresy to suggest at this point, with all the new books lying about, that a reward awaits the reader of an old book, but Mrs. Buck's first novel, *East Wind, West Wind* was a good one. It is worth seeking out, if the second pleases you. The Landscaper read somewhere recently that an elaborate survey was under way to discover what people like to read about; when it is finished, this observer, for one, will not believe it, because he does not think Chinese agriculture will be one of the favorite topics. It is interesting to note that in a period of waning influence for the book clubs, Mrs. Buck's *The Good Earth* had the advantage of selection; a good start is usually essential to successes of this kind, although we must not forget Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, which made its way with no other help than the cheers of all the critics in the country. How many times these same critics have cheered themselves hoarse to no avail!

A Brilliant First Novel

AMONG the more recent novels that are not likely to be blotted out by the forthcoming avalanche is George Davis's *The Opening of a Door*, a well-written piece of fiction that is more than a little reminiscent of Glenway Westcott's *The Grandmothers*. Mr. Davis's novel was submitted in the Harper Prize Contest, the award going to what seems to the Landscaper a distinctly inferior book, *Brothers in the West*, by Robert Raynolds, a mystical and somewhat muzzy story of the foundation of America's western empire. Mr. Davis's book seems at this writing to have caught on very definitely. Shall we say a small prayer for him right now that he does not go the way of so many promising young Americans and rest content with what is, measured in terms of the work of other first-rate novelists, a mere preliminary sketch for a career? What is it that makes the literary output of our own times so slight both in quality and quantity? We do everything we can

for our young writers, including sending them abroad with subsidies, and they take a lifetime to furnish enough work to go between respectable book-ends. How many of them, this observer often wonders as he goes about among them and among their writings, are driven to typewriters by any itch of creation as compared to those who go for dozens of reasons that have little or nothing to do with creative writing? In this mood, one feels like putting finickiness aside and worshiping for a while at the shrine of Theodore Dreiser, the collected edition of whose works will attain at least a satisfying bulk. Before this homily is concluded, let it be said that the Landscaper is not measuring literary output by the number of words a writer can turn out in a day, for if he were his admiration would go to the manufacturers of reading matter for the "pulps"; but it is true that the great novelists have almost without exception written much, from Cervantes to Tolstoy. Shall we stop at Tolstoy? It's safer, perhaps, although one might mention Galsworthy as one of our own who has turned out a good many hundreds of thousands of words, most of them meaning something, too.

Modern Library Giants

SPEAKING of Tolstoy, *War and Peace* has just appeared in the Giant series of the Modern Library, priced at $1, the first of a number of notable novels of somewhat too great length to be handled in the usual format of this admirable venture. The Giants are as good looking as the regular books in the Modern Library, prime bargains for people who do not care to risk their money in the gamble of buying contemporary fiction. Among the recent additions to the regular Library at ninety-five cents is Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, already become a classic, a fate it deserves, and richly. Careful buyers will do well to keep an eye on the Modern Library lists; they pay dividends.

Among the recent novels the Landscaper has read with pleasure is Dagmar Doneghy's *The Border*, a story of the Civil War period in the Missouri-Kansas territory, which is rich in personal and intimate detail. It is told from the point of view of a small child, which sets definite limitations upon the characterization, since the people must, in the interest of consistency, appear only as the youngster would see them, but even with this handicap, the book reads well. One of its principal fascinations is the account of the family's struggles while the War is on; there is the irresistible flavor of Swiss Family Robinson in certain pages of the book. Miss Doneghy has been careful with her history, and at the same time careful in the omission of the more disagreeable details of the times, so that older children may enjoy the book as well as adults. The novel is called a "saga," which it pretty definitely isn't; can't we have a moratorium on this abused word? It can not be correctly applied to any book that happens to deal with the life of a family, even if some of the members are heroic. One should add that Miss Doneghy has done a charming child in her novel, a feat worthy of a more experienced workman.

Life Among the Acadians

ANOTHER novel that is concerned with a pocket of this vast country, although its time is the present, is Nevil Henshaw's *Tiger Bayou* (King, $2.50), a skillfully written tale of the Acadian country in Louisiana, around the Teche, to be exact. The plot has a strong tinge of melodrama, but the author manages to achieve very genuine suspense, and to convey, without overloading his pages with either dialect or local color, an exact sense of an exotic setting and people different altogether from the standard American model. Mr. Henshaw has done other stories of the Teche country; he deserves a place well up among the contemporary students of the American scene — the "regional" writers, of whom there are a good many just now.

One of the worst of the current novels is Upton Sinclair's *The Wet Parade* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), which is as savage and unrestrained a tirade against the Demon Rum as one might have heard in a Baptist camp meeting twenty-five years ago. Mr. Sinclair is not a novelist except by accident — to him art is simply a means to an end, and he isn't much concerned with the means. He thinks drinking liquor is a crime, and that's that. *The Wet Parade* treats specifically of the ruin of a Louisiana family through drink, and winds up with the statement in capital letters that Prohibition has not yet been tried, which gives Mr. Sinclair one point, at least, for accuracy of statement. In fact, there are a good many accurate statements in Mr. Sinclair's novels, for the man is a good reporter, but the sorry business of Prohibition enforcement is a pretty well worn-out farce by this time, so long a run has it had in the daily press. One is privileged to doubt that *The Wet Parade* is effective propaganda, although it will be read by the intransigent Prohibitionists with great delight. Its thesis is too ridiculous to convince any one, for Mr. Sinclair belongs to the die-hards, who can see no good in drinking liquor, and who consider it as evil and anti-social for sensible people to have fine wines with their meals as for a bar-fly to lie in a gutter filled with bathtub gin — the bar-fly, not the gutter. Prohibition has been tried in this dear country of ours in a manner of speaking, and the verdict is not in much doubt. One can not leave the general subject of Mr. Sinclair, however, without expressing some admiration for his capacity to become indignant over what he considers moral issues. Moral Indignation is one of the American stocks that reached a new all-time low in 1931, even if George M. Cohan did write a song advising the racketeers to flee the wrath to come, which doesn't seem to be coming.

A German Experiment

A VERY long — two volumes, anyway — German novel in a somewhat Joycean technique which attracted much attention in Continental Europe, but which does not seem to this usually-wrong prophet to have much of a chance on this side of the Atlantic, is *Alexanderplatz, Berlin: The Story of Franz Biberkopf*, by Alfred Döblin, translated by Eugene Jolas (Viking Press, $5). Franz Biberkopf is a workman who has re-

cently been discharged from prison, and who determines to go straight. After many adventures he loses his mind, but eventually recovers. One's sympathies are supposed to be deeply aroused by his troubles, but it is hard to keep an eye on the sufferings of the hero while trying to follow the twistings and turnings of the author's symbolic style. There are, as is usual in novels of this sort, moving passages, but the betting seems to the Landscaper pretty strong against the opinion of the German critics that Herr Döblin has given birth to a masterpiece. It is a not uninteresting novel; hardly a great one by any accepted standards.

To return to America for a brief spell, there are other novels available that might have been mentioned with Miss Doneghy's and Mr. Henshaw's, that is, stories of various corners of the country that have been well peered into by competent eyes. One of these goes along with *The Border* particularly well, since it, too, deals with a Civil War border. This is *Penhally*, by Caroline Gordon (Scribner, $2.50), Miss Gordon being the wife of Allen Tate, the Tennessee poet. Her novel is concerned with a Kentucky estate between 1826 and the present. This covers a full period of development, with a world of incident, and plenty of drama. It is a solidly well-written piece of fiction, and shows Miss Gordon to be a novelist of very real talent, working with material which she has mastered.

Our Landed Aristocracy

WILLIAM FITZGERALD whose ironical *Gentlemen All* launched him on a promising career as a novelist, has turned from Virginia, the setting of his first book, to New Hampshire in *The Old Crowd*, his second (Longmans, Green, $2). This is the tale of Colonel Wilfred Harlan, dead twenty years when the story opens, and completely idolized. Then the whole truth comes out, not only about the Colonel, but his associates as well. The connection between Mr. Fitzgerald's two novels is, interestingly enough, that they are both books about America's landed aristocracy, a rich subject. The Landscaper did not share the opinion of a good many critics concerning the superlative merits of Mr. Fitzgerald's first novel, which was brilliantly done and painfully easy to forget, but there is certainly talent here, and the new book has all the qualities of the other.

Another novel of the American scene is *Black Daniel: The Love Story of a Great Man* by Honoré Willsie Morrow (Morrow, $2.50), Black Daniel being Daniel Webster. The book is concerned with his second marriage to Catherine Leroy, and her great influence upon his continuance of a public career. Mrs. Morrow had a good story to her hand, and she has made excellent use of it, as usual. There is a dependable quality in everything she writes; for one thing, one does not have to worry about the care that has gone into her historical research, and the years she has put in on this period have furnished her with all the necessary materials for satisfactory backgrounds.

Good English Novels

A NUMBER of good novels that began life in England have reached these shores recently, one

of the best of the lot a queer story called *Precious Porcelain*, by Neil Bell (Putnam, $2.50), which is an account of strange goings-on in the cathedral town of Welling. It is a bit of a horror-novel, but not too much, and unusually well written. Mr. Bell will bear watching, even if his first effort is not a best-seller. Putnam's list also includes Gerard Hopkins' clever *An Angel in the Room*, in which the entire action is encompassed by a Chelsea dinner party, and the chapter headings are taken from the names of the courses. The technique is not wholly original, and it can never, even in the hands of a master such as Mrs. Woolf, result in anything any more important than "little masterpieces," but Mr. Hopkins has handled his drama with skill, and the book is worth an evening. From the same house comes a new collection of Dunsany stories called *The Travel Tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkens*, Mr. Jorkens being an unrestrained liar. These are amusing yarns with much of the best of the Dunsany charm in them. The price is $2.

To Relieve Your Worries

OTHER recent novels designed to take one's mind off the daily charts in the financial pages of the newspapers include D. L. Murray's *Stardust* (Little, Brown, $2.50), a very long and entertaining story of the circus; Thomas Washington Metcalfe's *One Night in Santa Anna* (Macmillan, $2), a tale of love on an ocean-going yacht and adventure in South America which had a success in England earlier this year, and which makes good reading; *The Blanket of the Dark* by John Buchan (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), a corking historical romance of the time of Henry VIII that no lover of Buchan should overlook; *The Virtuous Knight* by Robert Emmet Sherwood (Scribner, $2.50), a mediæval tale of a perfect, gentle chevalier, with plenty of irony between the lines — this is the first novel of a brilliant young playwright and critic, and a beginning worthy of the high standard of his work in other fields; and *The Love of Mario Ferraro* by Johann Fabricius (Simon and Schuster, $2.50), a romance by a young Dutchman, translated by Winfred Katzin, which opens in Capri and goes on finally to the jungles of Paraguay. It has plenty of action, and its backgrounds are extraordinarily rich and detailed. The author is a traveler and knows the countries about which he writes. This is one of the autumn novels that is likely to please almost any class of reader.

Books About America

A GOOD start has been made already upon the season for biography. Those who care to read about people in connection with the history of their own country will find interest in such volumes as *Native Stock: The Rise of the American Spirit as Seen in Six Lives*, by Arthur Pound (Macmillan, $2.50), a gallery of six portraits, the subjects ranging from William Pepperell to Elkanah Watson. During the period covered by the lives of these worthies occurred the birth of a nation — what was to be the United States spread from a narrow fringe of colonies along the Atlantic all the way across a continent almost to the

Pacific. Mr. Pound has sketched his gentlemen with humor and understanding. *Gun Notches: The Life Story of a Cowboy-Soldier*, by Captain H. Rynning, as told to Al Cohn and Joe Chisholm (Stokes, $3), is another tale of the West, which carries an introduction by Rupert Hughes, expressing great admiration for the sturdy virtues of Captain Rynning. There is a wealth of exciting incident in the volume. *Plain Anne Ellis: More of the Life of an Ordinary Woman* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) continues Mrs. Ellis' chronicle of *The Life of an Ordinary Woman*, and is up to the high standard set by the first part. Literary reminiscences of a high order that deserve reading by a wider audience than those whose business it is to think of books and authors in one way or another are to be found in Hamlin Garland's *Companions on the Trail*, the second volume of his memoirs (Macmillan, $2.50), covering the period between 1900 and 1914. There are innumerable good stories in this book, as in its predecessor, and it is also filled with material for informal literary history, a really delightful book to read and to keep for re-reading. Joseph Lewis French, the indefatigable anthologist, has collected tales of some of the choicest characters of American frontier history in *A Gallery of Old Rogues* (King, $3), among them Quantrell, Murrell, Billy the Kid and others. The East is also represented in this entertaining book.

Hermann Hagedorn has written the whole story of Leonard Wood in a two-volume work (Harper, $10), which, like all good biographies, also contains a vast amount of interesting historical material. It is a biography of the official type, and written obviously to glorify its subject, so that the public's interest in it will depend somewhat upon the potential readers' own feelings toward Wood. Mr. Hagedorn has left out nothing; the controversial material is especially worth reading. Wilson's refusal to send Wood to France is still a subject that might be used to start a debate in a good many places in the United States, although by this time there is a generation that has probably never even heard of the gallant General.

A Stimson Looks at Us

My United States by Frederic J. Stimson (Scribner, $3.50) is the autobiography of a member of a distinguished family, which is also an informal history of a period. Mr. Stimson was born in Massachusetts, moved to Iowa, was graduated from Harvard in '76, and lived in New England or New York up to the time of the World War. He was once ambassador to the Argentine, and held other positions of importance, so that he collected a vast amount of information about many topics. A book on the United States of entirely a different sort is Sherwood Anderson's latest, which he calls *Perhaps Women* (Liveright, $2), and in which he sets forth the theory that the country is already a matriarchy, with the power of women increasing every hour. He wants the woman to do something about the Machine Age. The thin volume is a collection of stray magazine pieces, done in Mr. Anderson's poetical vein, and seems to this observer to have very little value. About every-

day things, Mr. Anderson was never known as a thinker, and there is no clarity in the reflections gathered together in *Perhaps Women*. It is more than a little pathetic to realize that a talent as real as Mr. Anderson's appeared to be a decade ago has run out so thin as the present volume would indicate.

La Salle and His River

Among other biographies of especial interest are two of La Salle, *The Fatal River: The Life and Death of La Salle*, by Frances Gaither (Holt, $3.50), and *La Salle*, by L. V. Jacks (Scribner, $3). It is an odd coincidence that two lives of this gallant gentleman should appear in the same season, as it has been years since he was made the subject of a full length study. Mrs. Gaither's volume is the more solidly scholarly of the two under consideration, less touched up, and more detailed. It is less obviously dramatic, perhaps, than Mr. Jacks', although those who follow its pages carefully will find that it grips the imagination. Mr. Jacks' *Xenephon* established him as a writer of attractive biographies. Mrs. Gaither's book has the advantage of many illustrations from contemporary maps, and endpapers that give in detail the many voyages and journeys of the redoubtable young Frenchman from Rouen, who found a great river and lost his life in the finding.

Another important recent biography is J. Alexander Mahan's *Marie Louise: Napoleon's Nemesis* (Crowell, $3.75), a book the material for which came out of a long study of the Austrian archives in Vienna, and which contains many new and interesting facts. It is Dr. Mahan's theory that the Austrian wife of the Little Corporal set out to make France pay for the execution of that other Austrian, Marie Antoinette, and he has made an exceedingly dramatic story out of his findings. Edward Wagenknecht has told the life story of the best-known singer in the world, in *Jenny Lind* (Houghton Mifflin, $3), and the account contains much that will be new to most people. It is a sympathetic and carefully prepared biography of an extraordinary career which was interesting enough, although without sensational incidents.

A False Messiah

A book that brings to light a curious chapter in the story of the human race and that gives life to one of the strangest charlatans of whom we have any record is *The Messiah of Ismin* by Joseph Kasten (Viking Press, $3.50). This is the account of the life of Sabbatai Zeva, a noted student of the Kabala, who, in the Seventeenth Century, claimed to be the Messiah, and was believed by many Jews. Called upon to perform miracles, he failed. He lived long enough afterward to be married four times, and to sound the depths of despair. The background is a history of Judaism in the period, and the author has colored his narrative with the legends that have grown up about the figure of this odd person.

It will not do to leave this subject — biography and memoirs — that is, without at least a word about a charming book by a man who has made a fine contribution to literature through the editorship of the famous Everyman's Library, Ernest

Rhys. This is *Everyman Remembers* (Cosmopolitan, $4). Mr. Rhys has known every one of any importance to literary London since the days of William Morris and he reminisces gracefully and entertainingly.

There is still no sign of a let-up in the flood of books about Russia, and no reason for the let-up, either, since Russia continues to be about the most important subject in the world just now. Liam O'Flaherty's *I Went to Russia* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), which the Landscaper read some months ago in England, is now available here, and is an excellent book, both about Russia and about Mr. O'Flaherty. It is informal, but has a lot of good stuff in it, and is very agreeable reading. A novelized account of the Revolution, *February, 1917*, by Alexei Tarasov-Rodionov, has just been published by Covici-Friede, laden with encomia from the European press; William A. Drake is the translator. Coward-McCann are the publishers of *Russia and the Soviet Union in the Far East*, which deals, of course, with one of the most important phases of the U. S. S. R. activities, and which is by A. Yakhontoff ($5).

Books for Bibliophiles

BEFORE diving into the miscellaneous group, the Landscaper would like to call especial attention to a small list of recent books that is of especial interest to bibliophiles. This is an ideal period for collectors who have any money, for prices are very definitely down, and as certain to rise when the market again becomes active as are good stocks, so sound information for them is valuable. There is a good deal of it in *The Romance of Modern First Editions* by Henry de Halsalle (Lippincott, $2.50), which contains a number of good stories and also furnishes some lists of contemporary authors whose work Mr. Halsalle thinks is worth keeping an eye on. Our own William Faulkner is one of these, and since the Landscaper has been crying up the wares of this young man for a good many years, it delights him to see his books become "collectors' items." Barton Currie's *Fishers of Books* (Little, Brown, $4) is a handsomer and more elaborate work than Mr. Halsalle's. It is the recollections of a famous bibliophile, who has spent a good part of an interesting lifetime running down first editions and rare manuscripts. The volume is well illustrated and contains several suggestive lists, compiled by the Grolier Club, A. Edward Newton, William Lyon Phelps, and others. It is a book any true bibliomaniac will take to his bosom.

The Beginning of Things

ALSO for lovers of books, although much wider in its appeal than the two volumes just discussed, is Carl Holliday's *The Dawn of Literature* (Crowell, $3.50), which is a highly stimulating introduction to Oriental literature, among other things. It furnishes fascinating glimpses of the literary art in Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Persia, India, China, and so on. Public taste was not so different in these countries from what it is today; doubtless if they had the not-unmixed blessing of the printing press their best-seller lists and ours would not be very different. There are many examples of the literatures of the various coun-

tries in Mr. Holliday's excellent work. Also for the professional, although appealing to others as well, is Ernest Weekley's small volume, published by Dutton at $1, called *Cruelty to Words, or The "Boners" of Literature.*

Good American History

THE long array of miscellaneous books awaiting attention offers a few at least that must not be overlooked, among them James Truslow Adams' *The Epic of America* (Little, Brown, $3), a one-volume history of our country that is delightful to read and a fine example of how good historical writing can be in our time. It is illustrated with woodcuts by M. J. Gallagher, and ought to be in all good libraries, large or small. Less trustworthy in some of its conclusions, but exciting enough reading is Eugen Georg's *The Adventure of Mankind* (Dutton, $5), translated from the German, another one-volume story of the race that puts forth a number of new theories, and outlines the next steps forward. The German authority stands by the possibility of an Atlantean civilization of a high order, which was scattered through the Mediterranean countries after the continent that saw it born had disappeared beneath the waves. It is curious how this myth — if myth it be — refuses to die. Many Spaniards credit it, and are sure that Spanish civilization sprang from a few survivors of the highly cultured race that was all but wiped out by one of the greatest cataclysms in history, or pre-history.

Readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW who know Mary Lee Davis as a delightfully intelligent interpreter of Alaska and the Alaskans will find her new book, *We Are Alaskans* (Wilde, $3.50), a valuable complement to her earlier *Uncle Sam's Attic*, and her light and entertaining *Alaska, the Great Bear's Cub.* The present volume is about the people of Alaska. This author has rendered invaluable service not only to her beloved territory, but to the citizens of the United States, many of whom are still in pathetic ignorance of the riches and the appeal of the great Northern area we bought from Russia.

Dr. Adler on Life

TO COME closer home, Dr. Alfred Adler has put his theory of psychology into a large volume called *What Life Should Mean to You*, in which he discusses a wide array of human problems and what to do to meet them. His theory is, of course, that practically everything wrong with the human race starts with the old Inferiority Complex, and while it would not be seemly for a mere book reviewer to take issue with a psychologist from Vienna, the Landscaper has the uneasy feeling that some of the doctor's statements are a little too sweeping. This business of trying to fit human nature into a neat pigeonhole has been tried before, and without much luck. But taken with as many grains of salt as are necessary — most modern psychology needs a bit of such seasoning — the book should prove stimulating.

Hensley Rec.

North American Review

December

Prosperity from the Poor

By Harry W. Laidler

Bilbo — the Two-Edged Sword . . . . . Hilton Butler
The Anti-Aircraft Fable . . . . . A. G. West
Why Kick the Farm Board? . . . . . C. O. Moser
New Heaven and New Earth . . . . . Geoffrey Dennis
The White God Cracks . . . . . Wayne Gard
Ella Bernes (*A Story*) . . . . . John Lineaweaver
More Dust . . . . . Frank E. Gaebelein
The Spur of a Hard Winter . . . . . Robert W. Kelso
The Spinster Looks at Marriage . . . . Louise Maunsell Field
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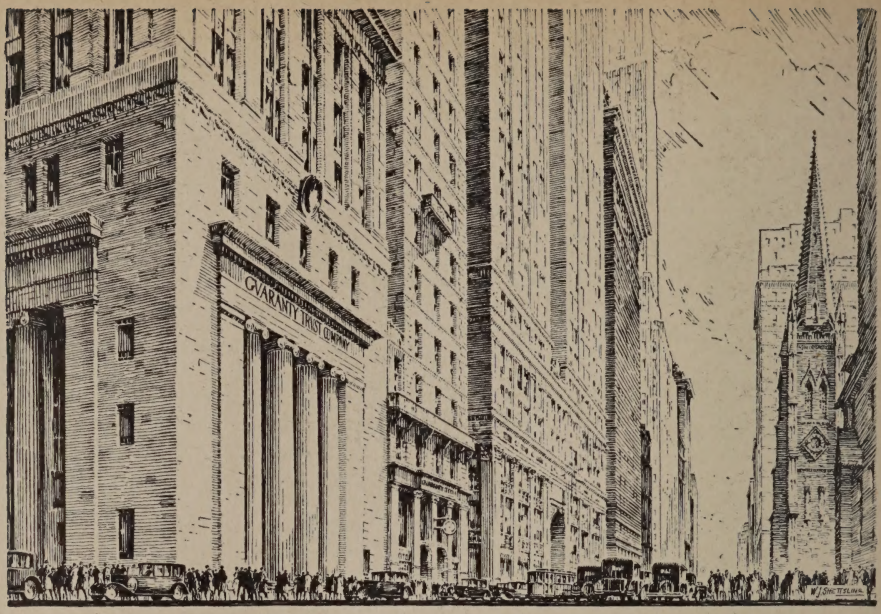

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Editor

WILLIAM ALTON DEWITT
Managing Editor

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ONE-HUNDRED-SEVENTEENTH YEAR

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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

Wealth

Current financial gossip (financiers, as they are always dealing in uncertainties, are the greatest gossips in the world) centres around such questions of expediency as the gold standard, the silver standard, the paper standard or regulated currency, bimetallism, selling the pound short, selling the dollar short, selling everything short, and prohibiting short selling.

In view of the widespread confusion, it is well to review the basis of all this speculation, wealth. In a recent issue of the *Annalist*, Walter Renton Ingalls computed the wealth of the United States at approximately four hundred billion dollars. A little more than half of this total was real estate, the balance divided into eight headings: railroads, public utilities, cattle, farm tools, manufacturing machinery, chattels, stocks of goods, and miscellaneous.

Wealth, in other words, consists wholly of tangibles. It is the earth which supports all life, the houses in which we live, the railroads on which we travel, ships, automobiles, machines, chairs, pencils, scrap-baskets, and even toothpicks. It is not stocks, bonds, deeds, contracts, promises, or any other symbols of possession. The standard of symbolism which we use is entirely a matter of expediency, and has no effect whatever on real wealth. We may compute our nation's wealth at four hundred billion gold dollars, eight hundred billion gold dollars, a trillion silver dollars, a billion trillion paper dollars, or at one ruble, without altering our standards or pursuits. A house and a plot of land, as some of us have come to realize, is more useful than a paper profit.

The purpose of the paragraphs above is to try to enable a layman, who does not pretend to understand the intricacies of currency and international exchange, to formulate a sensible investment policy. It is my belief that the possession of real wealth should be the basis of such a plan. In other words, avoid watered securities, inflated currencies, and even gold, which, in a sense, is suffering from inflation. Put your money into land, buildings, equipment for your business or home, and securities (bonds, preferred and common stocks) which represent the possession of real wealth, and which return an adequate income currently earned. When considering the purchase of bond A or stock B analyze not only its earnings record and management policy but the condition and value of its assets. In other words, find out, as far as you can, just how much and what kind of actual property you are acquiring a lien on or title to. Remember that when you are buying a bond you are merely participating in a mortgage and when you are long of a stock you are a partner in an enterprise which owns a factory, utility or transportation system, which certain men have been hired to run or manage. Just how much equity in the plant does your stock certificate convey? When you have determined the book value of your stock, analyze the bookkeeping for the detection of intangible items, such as good-will. Finally, when you have done all of these things, buy securities.

I should not confine security purchases to any one group or class, but rather try for a well rounded portfolio. Common stocks — those which can stand the test outlined above — need no longer be avoided. In fact, in some cases they are preferable to preferreds and bonds. The important thing, I repeat, is the tangible property — its condition and its usefulness — behind the security. The panic in common stocks is the result of their abuse during the bull market days. The public was so avid for common stocks during the bull market that many issues were floated which had little or no tangible property behind them and other sound issues were split up or watered to an unreasonable extent. This

class of securities will not come back for a long time — until, in fact, a prolonged bull market makes them desirable again — and those who cling to them are playing hope rather than judgment. But their fall has brought sound equities down to an investment basis — for the first time in many years. Even if we go off the gold standard and there is a European or Asiatic war, sound income bearing equities will be salable again at current levels within a reasonable length of time.

Laval

I FIND an interesting analogy between the visit of M. Laval to our shores, and the earlier visit of the Marquis de Lafayette. Laval and Hoover have certain striking points of similarity, just as, at the earlier time, Lafayette and Washington had. The latter were both revolutionaries and, at the same time, both aristocrats. They were the representatives of two great bodies of people working along the same lines toward a new experiment in government.

Laval and Hoover, on the other hand, are both conservatives who have risen from humble origins. The nations which they represent have it in common that they are the dominating units in the world's economy. Their governmental heads are in fact the most powerful political leaders in the world today. Their conversation in Washington, we are told, centred around three subjects, each of world importance — the gold standard, intergovernmental debts, and political peace.

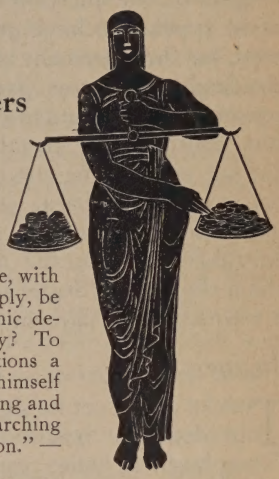
On the first of these subjects, it was agreed that the two nations should make the gold standard workable for each other, which means that the panic-stricken movements of gold are to be stopped by the action of the central banks. It was also agreed that the two nations which have so large a part of the world's supply of monetary gold, must together find the means of reëstablishing monetary stability in other countries.

When it came to the discussion of debts, Mr. Hoover, in my opinion, did a big thing: he showed that he is strong enough to change his policies, first by acknowledging the connection, which we have always denied, between debts and reparations, and then by

YALE

America Weighs Her Gold

By James Harvey Rogers



To what extent is maldistribution of gold responsible for the present world-wide distress? What is the future of the gold standard? Why should we, with half the world's gold supply, be facing the worst economic depression in our history? To these and similar questions a keen economist applies himself in this brilliant, convincing and timely volume. "A searching analysis of the situation." — *New York Times.*

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Sun Yat Sen

By Henry Bond Restarick

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American Foreign Relations, 1931

By Charles P. Howland

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acknowledging that revision of reparations must take place within the framework of the Young Plan, rather than outside of it as in the moratorium of June. In other words, no further steps to cancel debts will be initiated by us.

Again on the question of disarmament M. Laval appears to have got rather the upper hand, for the statement issued jointly by the two leaders contains practically a flat acceptance of the fundamental French thesis that limitation of armaments must follow and not precede the organization of political security. By political security, France is understood to mean a system of mutual assistance between the major powers with which the United States would be associated in a consultative agreement.

Business

THERE are as yet no signs of improvement in domestic business. The New York *Times* business index continued to decline throughout October. The *Annalist* Indexes of Factory Employment and Payrolls show further decreases in September when they should normally, of course, have shown increases. The chart of building contracts, based on the F. W. Dodge figures, after appearing to improve slightly in September, turned down again in October.

Commodities

THE commodity situation has been more encouraging and is, at the moment, one of the principal sources of hopefulness. It is beginning to be clear that although the farmers failed to learn their lesson last year, they are not going to have to be shown again. Throughout Missouri and other parts of the West, report has it, great numbers of farmers have made up their minds to live off the land until things get better. Instead of planting winter wheat, this autumn, great numbers of them are planting potatoes, beans, corn and so on, food crops for themselves, their families and their cattle. Knowledge of this movement — the only sensible thing for the farmers to do — has been one of the causes of the steadiness of wheat futures in recent markets, and will undoubtedly continue to have a constructive influence during the forthcoming months.

Another factor which has been helping wheat prices is the knowledge, learned from experience, that Soviet crops do not come up to expectations. The crop estimates circulated by the Soviet Government during the summer are evidently based on hopes rather than actualities. The danger, of course, is that we shall get into the habit of underestimating Soviet crops.

Credit

AT THE beginning of October credit conditions in this country had reached the stage of extreme panic. Bond and stock prices were falling precipitately, banks closing their doors by the dozen, investment houses suspending their activities in hordes. There was no end in sight, except the complete collapse of our financial system when on October 3 Mr. Hoover heroically stepped into the breach with a plan perhaps devised by the astute Mr. Mellon. The announcement of the plan to form a National Credit Corporation to extend credit to embarrassed institutions on frozen (but not weak) collateral rallied all markets and, momentarily at any rate, relieved the situation.

It has been rumored that Wall Street did not look upon the plan with unmingled enthusiasm, and that there was some difficulty in securing the services of twelve men of what may be called national standing to form the Board of Directors. It is easy enough, for that matter, to see the bad points of the plan. It is nothing but inflation, pure and simple, and that is the evil spirit which has brought upon us all our woes. No new wealth or earning power has been created. The corporation is merely to extend new credit on the old and worn collateral. Furthermore, if the plan fails, if the Corporation lends to its capacity without stemming the tide of liquidation, the situation will be worse than ever, as was the case when the similar Farm Board failed to peg the price of wheat. The situation today is like that of the speculator who, receiving a margin call after the break in October, 1929, borrowed his wife's securities to put up as additional collateral. If he pulled through, all well and good, but if he was finally wiped out he felt infinitely worse than if he had merely lost his own speculative fund.

On the other hand we may be near bottom today. Perhaps the last straw will pull us through. I believe the plan was worth trying. It is clear that its immediate effects were most beneficial.

Railroads

THE long awaited Interstate Commerce Commission's answer to the railroads' plea for a fifteen per cent rise in their freight rates was at last announced on October 21. No one expected and few wanted the full fifteen per cent increase in rates. Since one of the causes of the railroads' difficulties is competition it is obvious that the cure must come not from higher rates but from lower operating costs. The I. C. C.'s proposal that the stronger roads should give pecuniary aid to the weaker was, however, a complete surprise, which resulted in a swift decline in railroad securities listed on the Stock Exchange. The plan would have to be managed by some sort of Government interference, and too many people can remember the results of the last experiment in Government-operated railroads. Within forty-eight hours of the publication of the announcement, the Association of Railway Executives, in session at Atlantic City, had appointed a committee to confer with the Commission at Washington regarding details of the plan for pooling railway earnings, whose main idea seems to have been to suggest lending money to the weaker sisters, rather than giving it to them.

Some observers, expressing disgust at the pooling plan, overlooked several constructive statements in the I. C. C.'s report. One of these is the acceptance of the principle that "inasmuch as railroad earnings must inevitably fall below normal in times of depression, they may properly be permitted to rise above normal in times of prosperity." As Standard Statistics interprets it, this seems to foreshadow a policy of allowing railroad rates to move in consonance with commodity prices (though within far narrower bounds), instead of a hopeless and destructive policy of attempting to move them in opposition.

If recent strength in the price of farm products continues, the railroad problem will solve itself, for farmers will have long-needed equipment and supplies shipped to them.

(*Continued on page XX*)

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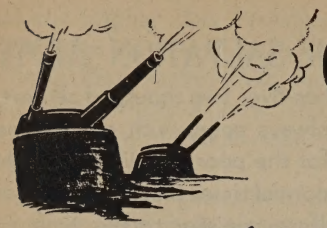

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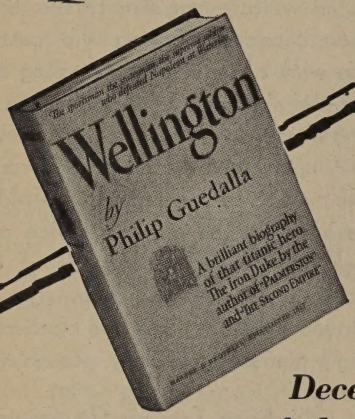
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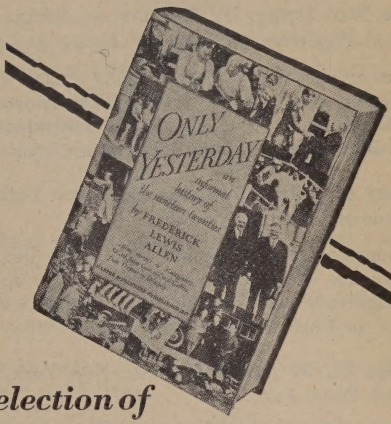

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By VIRGINIA BARNEY

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A White Bird Flying. By *Bess Streeter Aldrich*. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

A compelling picture of a modern young woman who is torn between ambition for a career and the demands of home life. A solid novel about the descendants of pioneers in a small city of one of the prairie States.

The Story of Julian. By *Susan Ertz*. New York. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

The younger generation's search for a happy life, and the hindrances of the older generation, make up this novel delightfully and skillfully drawn against a background of the English countryside.

Napoleons All. By *Isadore Lhevinne*. New York: The Mohawk Press. $2.50.

Here is retold the doom of the Russian White Army and the aristocracy in the social upheaval of 1920.

Grand Old Man. By *Dyke Acland*. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.00.

A straightforward, successful business man does too much for his family and gets no reward, except the delightful companionship of his granddaughter.

Sea Change. By *Eleanor Mercein Kelly*. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

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POETRY

Arrows of Desire. By *Mary Hoxie Jones*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

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Forsaking All Others. By *Alice Duer Miller*. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.00.

The story of a man and two women, old in theme but presented in a new and telling way.

BIOGRAPHY

Hindenburg at Home. By *Helene Nostitz von Hindenburg*. New York: Duffield and Green. $2.00.

That this German statesman has quite a different side than that which he has shown as soldier and President is told in this intimate biography by his niece.

Gun Notches. By *Captain Thomas H. Rynning*. As Told to *Al Cohn* and *Joe Chisholm*. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.00.

The career of this cowboy-soldier should appeal both to those who like the tang of adventure and to those interested in the history of American frontiersmen.

Stepchild of the Rhine. By *Oscar Ludmann*. New York: Alfred H. King, Inc. $3.00.

A dramatic autobiography of a life spent in Alsace where people are so torn in allegiance that they hate nationalism as they have seen it and are sustained only by love for their own province.

Bodyguard Unseen. By *Vincenzo D'Aquila*. New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc. $2.50.

The author tells of the strange events and novel adventures in his life, and of the force that enabled him to meet them.

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Cathedral France. By *Sydney A. Clark*. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.50.

This is not a volume of architectural technicalities, but an appealing story of cathedral towns, and the faith of cathedral builders.

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Here are out of the way scenes and interesting sidelights on the life in Spanish villages, by one who walked through France and Spain to Madrid.

OUR TIMES

America Weighs Her Gold. By *James Harvey Rogers*. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50.

Professor Rogers gives a clear presentation of the circumstances leading to the unbalanced distribution of the world's gold supply and points out the responsibility of America, as a creditor nation, in the international economic situation.

They Won the War. By *Frank H. Simonds*. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.00.

An account factual and critical of the achievements of the World War leaders. Contemporary history in a brief, clear review.

Taming Our Machines. By *Ralph E. Flanders*. New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc. $2.50.

Important aspects of our civilization under the machine are dealt with here — among them moral problems in relation to the machines, raising the standard of living, beauty in the machine age, etc.

(*Continued on page XI*)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of *The North American Review*, published monthly at Concord, N. H., for October 1, 1931.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest Fisher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the *The North American Review*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37 Street, New York City; Editor, Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37 Street, New York City; Managing Editor, William Alton DeWitt, 9 East 37 Street, New York City; Business Manager, Ernest Fisher, 9 East 37 Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37 Street, New York City; Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37 Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ERNEST FISHER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of October, 1931.

[SEAL.] Dorothy Crowne.

(My commission expires March 30, 1932.)

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

(*Continued from page X*)

OUR TIMES

(*Continued*)

The Church in the Modern World. By *G. Stanley Russell.* New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc. $2.00.

A Toronto clergyman of wide pastoral experience sets forth the problem of the church: to adjust itself to the present-day social situation without sacrifice of its ideals.

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Cold. By *Laurence McKinley Gould.* New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam.

An account of exploration and the scientific results of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition written by the man who was second in command.

Oceanography. By *Henry B. Bigelow.* Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

If you have been curious about life deep below the sea's surface, here are explanations about the animal and plant life, the geology and chemistry of the ocean.

Peter. By *Juliska Daru* and *Charlotte Lederer.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50. Illustrated by Charlotte Lederer.

This story of a little boy who saves a king's throne from being seized by a pretender will appeal to all children who like to read of adventure in far away countries.

Why Be Afraid? By *Leon Mones.* Boston: The Stratford Company. $1.00.

This is a simple and clear explanation of the causes of fear, with a workable method for its cure.

The Cross of Carl. By *Walter Owen.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.50.

A war story, mysterious and allegorical.

Making Farms Pay. By *Cornelius J. Claassen.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

Mr. Claassen cites group management as a successful method of farm operating.

How to Spend Your Money. By *Ernest McCullough.* New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.00.

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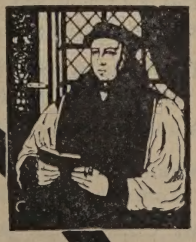

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Americans began by taking Cuba seriously. That was back in '98. To the men in the Army, eager for action, she stood for weary waiting, hard-tack, the wrestling with thousands of cantankerous mules, yellow fever and mosquitos, with the faint hope of a dash of glory. But when we sloughed her off our hands and gave her her head, we began to see that we had reckoned her all wrong. She was not meant to be taken seriously, but gaily, frivolously, if you will. Americans have developed an abiding affection for her ever since that discovery. She is the perfect antidote to our hard-working complex, and thousands upon thousands of us go down there every year just to have a good time. And Cuba knows how to give it. She has become the hostess *par excellence* of the sunny Caribbean and already this year no less than ninety special winter cruises have arranged to pay her their respects, with many others to follow.

Cuba in Festive Mood

Havana, of course, is the centre of attraction. Not only will her season of winter horse racing open at Oriental Park on December 19th with many thousands for stakes, but the Gran Casino Nacional, Havana's superlative gambling and supper club, will throw wide its doors on the same momentous date. Later in the season the craft of American yachtsmen will find congenial berth in the safety of Havana's blue harbor for the opening of the annual International Star Class Sailing Championships, and the Cuban Motor Boat Regatta. At one time severe customs and harbor regulations rather held boating enthusiasts at arm's length, but this year, through a proposed special new ruling, these will be much modified, and many more pleasure craft will sail guilelessly in beneath the shadows of Morro Castle and the Cabana, once the despair of pirates. In fact, special dispensations in favor of the American tourist, who it has been recently estimated spends seventy-five million dollars annually in Cuba and Mexico, seem to hold good along all sorts of lines this year. Even the golfer, who for so many seasons has faced the impracticability of joining the exclusive Cuban clubs for a short stay and found no municipal or public courses at his command and had to forgo his pleasures in consequence, is to be rescued from his despond, and through the good offices of Mayor Tirso Mesa is, if he be an accredited member of an American golf or country club, to be given membership in the exclusive Havana-Biltmore Yacht and Country Club for the duration of his stay. And what a different aspect this puts on the face of the situation for the American golfer, for the course at the Havana-Biltmore is one for any man to try his metal on.

Along the New Cuban Motor Highway

But this year Havana is not going to have everything her own way. Charming though she be, this spoiled beauty is in for quite a bit of competition, for, after all, there is lots more of this lovely isle of the sea than simply Havana, and the new million-dollar Cuban Central Highway is disclosing new vistas of its beauty, fresh, appealing, and even more Spanish than we dared hope. This shining new road runs for 850 miles from one end of the island to the other, and affords the motorist opportunity for a more intimate acquaintance with Cuba.

Matanzas, Santa Clara, Cienfuegos, Camaguey, and Santiago de Cuba, will all be changed from mere names on an always fascinating island map, to enchanting actualities pulsating with life, tropical color, and distinctive character. A visit to some of the vast sugar plantations along the road, and to the sugar centrals or factories, such, perhaps, as the Ingenio de Toledo which has a large yearly output, might bring this in-

dustry into clearer focus, and lift it from a stock market illusion to the vigor of actual reality. Tobacco fields, groves of pineapple, palms and clumps of silvery bamboo lend a soft beauty to the landscape throughout the countryside and reveal an entirely new Cuba, a Cuba barely imagined in the sophisticated life at Havana. These cities along the highway are rural in character, but none the less they have splendid hotels where you may put up with entire satisfaction and comfort, for, though it may have been the American régime under the late General Leonard Wood which first started the regeneration of Cuba along sanitary lines, the Cubans themselves have forwarded the idea with untiring energy, and her hotels are among the finest and most luxurious in the world.

Cuba's Sugar Bowl

MATANZAS, more genuinely Cuban than Havana itself, lies in the basin of the Yumuri River, a rich sugar-growing region, and divides its fame between its daiquiri cocktails and its astonishingly beautiful situation. Two rivers busily keep it divided into three sections, the oldest part of the city and that most cherished by the lover of scenes of other days, being hemmed in between the two streams as though more fondly to protect its rich Moorish beauty. Motoring on about two miles southeast of Matanzas you will come upon the Bellamar Caves, which you may enter through their narrow opening and be dazzled as have been those before you, by the glistening "Gothic Temple," a chamber fully two hundred feet in length.

In Dreamy Camaguey

SANTA CLARA and Cienfuegos have their many attractions, but when you reach Camaguey you will be seized with that peculiarly Spanish notion of *mañana*, *mañana*, for you will ardently wish to linger in this engaging old Cuban city that once bore the name of Santa Maria de Puerta Principe, and someway, in spite of its modern hotels and surroundings still manages to wear the air of living in the days of the haughty Spanish monarchy. Founded in 1515, it clings to its many ancient buildings and cherishes with tender sentiment its delicate wrought iron balconies.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

An Old-fashioned Christmas

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American and European Plans

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ATLANTIC CITY

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Echoes of 1898

SANTIAGO for us all is reminiscent of things more martial. It will always smack of Hobson and the Merrimac, of Roosevelt and of Shafter. On its outskirts you will pass the "Surrender Tree," an old ceiba or "silk cotton," where the unconditional surrender of Santiago was made to General Shafter, and if these warlike scenes stir you, further on you will find San Juan Hill still gleaming in the tropic sun, its summit crowned by a simple shell-topped column "in memory of the officers and men of the United States Army who were killed in the assault and capture of this ridge." A more tender sentiment will take you to the old Filarmonia Theatre near the Plaza in Santiago where Adelina Patti made her childhood début.

How About California?

CALIFORNIANS have been telling the world about California so long and so glowingly that it would seem the world at large has at last become quite convinced that they are right. Ernest Elmo Calkins has written: "You may deplore the Californian's attitude; you may think that he boasts too much, that he talks like a prospectus; but you must admit that he has the goods." At least one never hears any successful arguments advanced against this opinion, and more and more the world is visiting California each year, particularly in the winter.

It is not exactly easy to pin people down to a single reason for their enjoyment of California, and if you ask a dozen people you will receive as many answers, but many of them will mention the gentle climate, the lingering romance of the ancient Spanish Missions, Death Valley under the winter sun or the stars, the Butterfly Farm, the contrast of mountain and desert, the profuse loveliness of the flowers, or perhaps the movies and their masters.

Which Way Shall We Go?

OTHERS find their delight in California beginning long before they reach there, in the many different ways available to them for arriving at this promised land and in the vast variety of country and scene through which they must necessarily travel. Three

fine trans-continental railways serve Southern California; trans-continental motor stages rumble tirelessly across desert, mountain and plain on regular schedules, often taking you entirely off the beaten track of the steel rail giants; two airlines land their passengers lightly every day, without flurry, in the great airports this lavish land has prepared; you may speed over splendid, low-altitude motor highways via the sunny southern route that skirts the Mexican border or the Grand Canyon region in your own car, if you will; or travel by sea from the Atlantic ports through the summer seas and the Panama Canal. Could you be greedy enough to ask for other modes of travel? Besides, you can always arrange to go one way and return home the other thus allowing yourself a variety both from the standpoint of scenery and conveyance, which undoubtedly adds to the pleasure of any trip. Let this, then, be part of your California adventure.

History Hides in Her Names

CALIFORNIA did not really become American territory until 1847, only a short eighty-four years ago, and, as she had been Mexican and Spanish before that, we may still trace beneath her placid American exterior much of the warmth and color of her early ancestry. Adventurous Yankees, many of them drawn into the vortex of the gold rush, who married Spanish-speaking wives, proudly carried the prefix "Don" before their names, and Temple Street in Los Angeles was in reality named for Don Juan Temple, which is ever so much more entertaining to think about than plain Temple Street. Many of the street names in Los Angeles, such as Pico, Figueroa, and Verdugo, were once borne by real people, these being among the 315 who in 1800 constituted the entire population of that enterprising city. In the San Fernando Mission, north of Los Angeles, you may still find marks of one of the wealthiest of all the old Spanish Missions, while if you journey south, along El Camino Real, the King's highway laid out more than a century and a half ago by patient Spanish Padres, you will come upon the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, so easily peopled in imagination by brown cassocked priests and helmeted Spanish soldiers, as, side by side, each in their own peculiar way, they carved the foundations of a new empire. Or you may just feel like strolling in the sunshine through Olvera Street, the very oldest in Los Angeles, and dining in true Spanish fashion in one of its many restaurants.

A Zig-Zag Trail South

NOT far away is El Monte, the end of the old Santa Fe Trail, and after a visit

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there the wonders of the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles, with its valuable collection of Indian relics, seem to take on a new and freshened meaning. Going on further south, past the fantastic cliffs of La Jolla, you will reach San Diego and doubtless thoroughly enjoy the beauty of its curving harbor and the amethyst witchery of its mountains. Then, turning inland, through groves of orange trees and beneath the waving tracery of softly pinkish pepper trees, you will pass snow-capped San Jacinto and steal into the desert. Time was when coming to a desert place was looked on as a calamity rather than an enchanting prospect, but even the desert here in California wears a new aspect. We have discovered many of the secrets of these great stretches of arid land — their painted mesas, palm-lined canyons where the sound of rippling water comes sweet to the ear, strange date gardens, the stillness of a lilac sunset, and the mystery of desert nights.

Into Those Bewitching Desert Resorts

OUTSTANDING among these desert resorts, and they are popular and many, is Death Valley with its metropolitan hotel, Furnace Creek Inn. In 1850 this desert strip meant death to adventurous gold seekers— today it spells revivified life. That many tastes may be satisfied, Palm Springs, with its group of fine hotels, on the western rim of what is known as the Colorado Desert of California, provides smaller hotel accommodations and even apartments. If you are fortunate and arrive here in time for the opening of the desert season in November, you will be able to witness the annual Desert Play.

California Has Her Winter Sports

THOUGH loath to leave, you will nevertheless push on down to San Bernardino — the gateway to Arrowhead Lake and the Big Bear resorts in the San Bernardino mountains, where for the sake of contrast, you will throw yourself with just as much enthusiasm as you had for desert ways, into the very midst of the winter sports that carry on here all through the winter season. Between times, you will find opportunity to take that drive over the highway between these two lakes, that road familiarly known as "the Rim of the Word Drive," from which you glimpse on one side the purple desert, and on the other vivid green valleys splashed with orange, while shimmering below is the distant sapphire sea.

Where We Get Our Flower Seeds

PASADENA with its "Rose Bowl," scene year after year of the New Year's Day East-West Football Classic, is a necessary stop on any Californian visit and near by at San Marino is the Henry E. Huntington Estate where are to be seen the famous Gutenberg Bible and so many renowned paintings. These will of course be on your itinerary, before you carry on to Santa Barbara and reconstruct for yourself even more of the romance of California's early history. Flowers may impress you here as they never have before, and if you skirt the coast for a few miles farther north you will come upon such a profusion of blossoms as you could scarcely dream of in a single spot. This is at Santa Maria, and at Guadalupe and Lompoc also, for in these valleys are grown sixty per cent of our nation's flower seeds. With the vision of these waving fields of flowers in mind, it is not surprising that those who find inspiration and relaxation in the wonders of nature return year after year with affectionate anticipation to California.

Nassau Looms on the Horizon

WHEN the leaden skies of winter begin to lift, about two days out from New York, and the long gray rollers of the Atlantic which have been sending our ship to the South with ceaseless regularity, suddenly change their color and assume the magnificence of deep-dyed peacock blue, then you may know that you are nearing the shore of an enchanting little island — Nassau. There she sits, quite casual about our coming as only an English bred-island could be. But though she turns this unruffled gaze to the world and to strangers who approach her from the sea, once you set foot on her coral beach, she seems to come to life astonishingly, and before you know where you are, you have been swept off to an English tea party — high tea, perhaps — at Government House, or if you are fortunate, to a

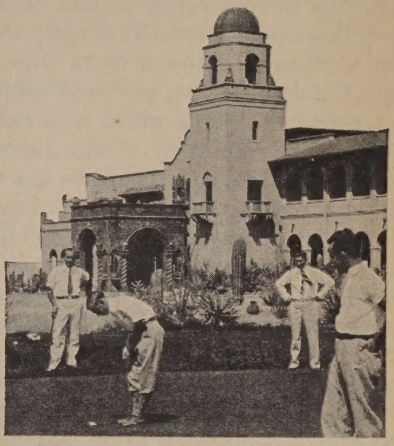
ball on some starry sweet-scented night, and you begin at once to feel at home, to know everybody and find out just what English hospitality can mean — how delightful and altogether whole-hearted it really is. You begin to understand Nassau, and say to yourself what hundreds of Americans have said before you, "This is just the spot I've been looking for, and if I don't find myself down here next winter and the winter after, I shall know the reason why."

Cruising the Caribbean

SOME ONE has said, and many travelers have discovered, that if you can not take a world cruise, and still hanker after making friends with almost as many nationalities as the world affords, the next best thing is to decide on making a cruise of the West Indies. It does not begin to take you away from home for such a long time, and when all is said and done, it offers a tremendous amount of national variety. Spain, of course, obligingly discovered these islands for us, and the French, English, Danes and Dutch immediately set about seeing if there was room enough on these little bits of land to establish their worlds, and here and there established footholds which, through thick and thin, they have clung to. Most of the islands have changed hands many times, but Jamaica, which was conquered by an expedition sent out at the behest of Oliver Cromwell in 1635, has the pleasant distinction of remaining stanchly all these years under the beloved folds of the Union Jack. East Indians and Chinese were introduced and have multiplied in vast numbers, spreading from island to island, and lending their share of picturesque interest to the scene. If you would like, you may even visit a real Hindu Temple on this cruise of the Caribbean.

Nassau, being so pleasantly and conveniently at hand near us, tempts us always to linger. She has so many things about her that appeal, from her splendid hotels to her charming little pink and white coral built houses, and even to the remains of old Blackbeard's tower. Someway the sailing in her waters is swifter, the sand a bit softer, the moonlight a shade more silvery on her sea-washed shores, and those who would hold fast a jewel cling to Nassau, and keep their secret.

Going away THIS WINTER?



consider Tucson, Arizona

THIS YEAR especially, you owe it to yourself, to consider Arizona's warm, invigorating climate. You should hear this good news! In Tucson, your riding, golf, tennis, or hunting plans are seldom delayed by inclement weather. For here, the sun shines more daylight hours (84.6%) than any other place in the country.

El Conquistador Hotel offers you all the freedom and fun of a guest ranch, plus the conveniences of a modern, distinctive resort. Accommodations are available in the main building or private bungalows.

Write H. A. MacLennon, Manager, for a copy of "The Sun is Shining in Tucson"

EL CONQUISTADOR HOTEL

TUCSON UNITED HOTELS ARIZONA

(*Continued from page VII*)

Gold

AN EXTRAORDINARY example of the rapidity with which the economic scene shifts is the fact that but three months ago we were worried by our mounting oversupply of gold, whereas now we are worried by the drain on our gold supply. In spite of the large sounding figures of gold exported and earmarked during those panicky weeks of early October, when Continental bookmakers were busily selling the dollar short, our gold supply has not reached the point where it is necessary to discuss the possibility of our abandoning the gold standard, so it would be idle to consider what effects this move might have.

The great quantity of gold and gold notes hoarded in this country is, however, a matter of serious proportions. In this connection, it seems to me that the Federal Reserve's easy money policy was a serious blunder, since it completely failed in its avowed purpose — to stimulate business — but at the same time discouraged depositors from leaving their money in the banks since the return on deposits was so meagre. It is to be hoped that the higher interest rates on time and call deposits will stimulate a return of funds to the banks. Nothing very much can be hoped for in this direction now, until there is a real return of confidence.

Politics

CONGRESS will be in session again all too soon. I believe that bills will be introduced at an early date dealing with two very important and entirely different subjects: beer, and short selling.

Referring to the latter, every Congressman should be (and probably will be) given a copy of Mr. Richard Whitney's excellent address before the Hartford Chamber of Commerce. Everyone who has had anything to do with security transactions knows that short selling does not cause bear markets but, on the contrary, is the greatest alleviator of panics. Any further governmental interference in the conduct of our stock exchanges would have nothing but ill effects.

A redetermination of the degree of alcoholic content pronounced intoxicating is a distinct possibility at the forthcoming Congressional session. Actually such a change would not have so very much effect on employment, grain prices, or the earnings of important corporations. But its psychological effect would be widespread and extremely beneficial, a stimulant to general confidence.

The results of the off-year elections were about as expected. During the final year of Mr. Hoover's present term, he is going to be handicapped by a hostile Congress, besides a hostile community generally. But if business recovers to something like normal, his reëlection is assured; if not, defeat is almost as certain.

At the moment, I should say that Newton Baker is the strongest candidate for the Democratic nomination. He is in a position to carry the South (once again solidified), the remaining admirers of Wilson and the League of Nations, and the wet industrial centres of the East. I learn from a usually well informed source that his backers have engaged one of the most successful publicity men in the country.

England

THE sweeping victory of the National Party in England, news of which appeared on the same day as the disappointing third quarter report of the U. S. Steel Corporation, was interpreted bearishly by our stock market.

The reason for this apparently illogical behavior was the fear that the new powerful Government party will erect tariff barriers against United States exports. I am told on good authority, however, that such fears are overrated and that the new Government is not in favor of a stringent tariff. On the other hand, the sweeping victory means that England is practically assured of a stable Government for at least three years, a fact of great constructive significance.

Conclusion

DURING the last month the English elections, Premier Laval's visit to the United States, and the Interstate Commerce Commission's decision, all helped pave the way for improvement, which so far has been shown only in the commodity markets. If this improvement holds or continues, the other markets are sure to follow.

RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD, N. H.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

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Apéritif

Depressio ad Abs . . .

How long ago did the last craze — Tom Thumb golf, backgammon or whatever it was — sweep the country? A year ago, two years ago?

I was wondering. People had begun to smile at depression cures and causes — wanly, of course, with emaciated faces — and I was wondering whether this thing could be a true, technical craze. It seemed to be costing the experts a good many charitable donations to keep contract bridge in the newspapers; backgammon was quietly receding to the background and I could think of nothing newer along their lines. Yet everywhere, all the time, on everybody's lips, from the bank president down to the shoe black, I heard: "Now, this is my theory . . . " It did seem to be the newest game.

As a rule I avoid these pastimes, possibly through a feeling of superiority, possibly because I am no good at them. But this one, apparently, was different. Such estimable people were engaging in it, and seeming to enjoy themselves so thoroughly that — well, in short, I decided it was high time to try this game myself.

The point, as every one knows, is to find something new to Blame the Depression On. (It becomes increasingly difficult; at one moment I had a discouraging idea that the only causes left were sitting in a draught and E. Phillips Oppenheim.) And the rules, except that you must have an urgent, fanatical faith in your own skill, may be anything. I began by worrying.

Mr. Albert Jay Nock was responsible. He wrote an article criticizing the feminist movement for its failure to civilize America. I should not, under ordinary circumstances, have turned a hair at this, but he based his indictment on the fact that American women control more of the nation's wealth than the men, using solid statistics to prove it. He said that economic power leads to all other kinds of power and that therefore these women had no one to blame but themselves for our barbarity. He said a great deal more, too, of course, but this was practically all that worried me. I was afraid he was going to blame women for the depression, and I wanted to do that.

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ALTHOUGH part of the fun in this game is to make your solution as complicated as possible, both as to cause and to cure, mine came out quite simply. The reasoning was: women have most of the money; they refuse to spend it; therefore we have depression.

The statistics are that several years ago women legally owned forty-one per cent of the nation's wealth, a steadily rising percentage, that they were beneficiaries for eighty per cent of the $95,000,000,000 of American insurance and, most important, that their husbands let them spend most of the money that did not legally belong to them, also. It seems probable that the stock market crash sent the percentage up much farther, more men being involved than women, and particularly in the suicides that followed.

These were mainly Mr. Nock's work, for which I am duly grateful. But I dug deeper. I went to the census reports and found that women are creeping up on men numerically, too; that in the cities we are already outnumbered. In the District of Columbia, for instance, are some 254,000 women and only 231,000 men — which has a dire enough significance.

After convincing myself of the foregoing facts I began to wonder what lay under women's refusal to spend. Could it be only the fact that their incomes had been reduced? That was the obvious explanation and it would have been easy to answer yes and let the whole matter go. But it occurred to me, had I known many women to stop buying things when their bank balance was low? Worse, had I known many women who ever even bothered to find out whether their balance was low? No, there was more to it. Women do not let such silly things as money stand in the way of their spending. And anyhow, according to the best respected economics, if they had gone on spending, they would have had the money.

The more I thought the more it seemed to me that women had some motive of their own, some deep-set purpose. Without it they never would have let their insatiable hunger for shopping go unappeased. Then I discovered something suspicious: in 1930 the $750,000,000 a year beauty industry, according to the president of its trade association, had *not* fallen off. What did this mean?

It meant that for their (nearly) exclusive wants women had money; that they were not depriving themselves of vanity. I began to suspect that they wanted a depression — not for themselves, obviously, but for men. It was a punishment, a means of forcing men to do something they wanted.

Now I was making progress. The next question was: what did they want? I thought over the complaints most frequently voiced by articulate women. One was that men had not given them an equal opportunity in business or politics; had saved the best positions and best salaries for themselves. The other was that American men gave too much attention to their business and too little to their wives; that they lacked interest in home, family, cultural pursuits and, above all, the art of love. These gave me the clue. Women have long been dissatisfied with the domestic conduct of American men, and

although they have had complete sway over the home and almost complete sway over the purse strings, they could not change it because men still had business as a refuge from them. Emancipation began when women fully realized this, the depression when they saw that men would not give up their stronghold without a battle.

They may say that they need fulfillment in work, just as a man does, but the premise is equivocal. I have never believed that men like to work; even those who expound its virtues most mellifluently avoid it. But whatever their reason, women intend to gain control of business and there is no slightest doubt that they will succeed.

The reasons why they will are several. First, they have this economic bludgeon over our heads; second, they have a suffrage which they will eventually learn to use; third, and my favorite, hyperdulia. This is the important one, for without it they never would have acquired the economic power by which Mr. Nock explains the "ice-water-drinking gynecocracy" that we are. Their social power is only made firm by their economic situation; in reality it grows out of hyperdulia, which is the faith of American manhood. I love the word. On Mother's Day I intone it before every florist shop.

Perhaps wrongly, I think it has not been used in the vast literature of American matriarchy, just as Carlyle's "eleutheromania" was flagrantly overlooked in the literature of Scott Fitzgerald's Jazz Age. For the not too reverent, it expresses to a nicety the average American's attitude toward his related women, right down to this day. I think it became his attitude when religion ceased to be anything vital in his life, and my reason for thinking so is a belief that when religion was something vital in America, women were not treated with such remarkable consideration.

You see what a strenuous game this is.

Still all I have to do now is snatch a cure out of my magic hat. Without any incantation, simply, the cure is for men to surrender. The more quickly they do it the more quickly we shall have prosperity again.

All executives of every degree must turn over their jobs to their wives, at once. If no wife obtains, any handy female will do. I would not even have them wait to explain the office routine; for within a week the women would know more about it than they ever did, and would have reduced it to an effectiveness that would be sheer horror to the men. Then things would begin to move; pent-up female demand would burst forth in an orgy of buying; production would reel with its burden; unemployment would disappear in a moment.

Gilbert Chesterton expressed wonder, sprinkled liberally with patent paradoxes, that business should have become complicated. Perhaps he explained why: that men have made it so because its simplicity bored them. I forget. Women, being pragmatists, would change that. It would take them no years of musty browsing in statistics to find the essential truths of economics — and they would apply them.

People who insist that our troubles

come from a war between capital and labor are silly; the real conflict is between men and women, one controlling production, the other consumption. If women ran both, our economic machine would have perpetual motion.

As for the big business of government, I am not so sure, but Congress, anyhow, might be replaced with some well integrated female organization, such as the Camp Fire Girls.

WELL, this would end the depression and give us quickly the matriarchy toward which we have been tending with all this tribulation. But what would happen to the men?

There are about sixty-two millions of them. Some are too young to worry, others too old. Of those in the middle the great majority would continue to work, some at the heavier manual labor still necessary in a mechanical age, some in the technical direction of machines. Many in a higher category would be needed for engineering, chemical, professional and other kinds of special knowledge. Few inventors, for instance, have been women and it might take long to develop them. Women's special job would be the destiny of the whole, the purposes and aims of it. Women would hold all posts that affect such things — the posts, in other words, in which men have made most of the money. The cleverest men in America.

There would be no justice in leaving these brilliant men to while away their lives on the golf course, in the speakeasy or on the street corner selling apples. But they are just the material for Mr. Nock's civilization. Apply their high-powered intelligence to the problems of art, music, literature, philosophy. This is the answer. What a magnificent work they could do! What a Golden Age they could bring to America! . . .

So the game goes. If people are announcing the upturn, raising grain prices, they are cynics, spoilsports.

On the Other Hand

HE WAS very insistent. I would turn my shoulder and edge away, but he went right on. "I can do anything," he kept saying, looking drunk.

There was a crowd and it seemed that I ought to be able to confuse myself with it and get away, but he stuck beside me. "Try me," he insisted, pushing my ribs with his fist.

"Go on. Go on," I muttered, stepping apologetically on a woman's toe.

"Look. You can't even stand up straight." He spoke so loudly. "I can do anything. Why don't you try me?"

The woman bleated and I shoved him, but he shoved me back against her again. She stepped hard on my foot with a French heel. It was embarrassing. "Cut it out," I said angrily, and he drew down his heavy brows, stuck out his Cromagnon jaw.

"I can do anything. *Anything!*"

I looked around. The ambulance doors had closed and it was beginning to move. The crowd thinned. Breathing more freely, I started to squirm along. There was a corner there and I got around it somehow, stopping

to wipe my face with a handkerchief. His ugly face appeared under my arm. "Come on, try me. I can do anything." He was persistent, all right.

I was annoyed already, but this made me feel so futile that I broke a rule: I said, "Go to hell." And then he disappeared — just went out of my sight. It was astonishing. I turned around in circles, looking everywhere for him — feeling dizzy. After a moment he spoke from behind me: "How was that, mister?" and I jumped quite satisfactorily. He thumbed his nose, walked cockily down the street.

Ordinarily a practical joker is just so much wasted space to me, but this man had doom before him and I had to see it. I followed him, discreetly. He had no knowledge of it, I am sure.

Curiously, this one joke seemed to be the extent of his repertory; he used it again and again, with unfailing success. The secret, I suppose, was in his choice of victims; invariably they were mild people, unlikely to be presumptuous enough to take the joke out of his hands. Afterwards they would blush, clench their hands in impotent anger and hurry off. Repetition seemed only to increase his pleasure.

Then he came upon a group of people standing before the closed doors of a bank, most of them woebegone. He chose a little weazened man with gray hair and nondescript pince-nez, and began his weird recitation. The man said nothing, made no move, preserved an absolutely straight face. My friend said, "I can do anything," three times, three times pleaded for a suggestion. Then the little man spoke up, saying, "Let's see you kiss your elbow."

The missing link leaned back on his heels, for a moment aghast. His situation was unprecedented, what he should do about it doubtful indeed. I watched his face with the greatest satisfaction.

Suddenly decision was marked on it. He raised his arm in experiment, drew it in, strained harder, cursed in a muffled voice, then gave up momentarily. Staring down obliquely at the recalcitrant member, he muttered a while, then jerked again into action, evidently trying to surprise himself. Still his efforts were of no avail and anger grew visibly in him. He growled, worried at himself. The futility of his struggles egged him on into more furious exertions. He bent down rapidly and jerked up; his arms and legs began to gyrate; he leaped into the air, turned cartwheels, stood on his hands, rolled over and hopped, frog-like, here and there. He grew still angrier, and the angrier he grew the faster and more insane were his circumrotations. They ended abruptly and he lay on the pavement, his arm twisted under him, face gray. The little man coughed, unemotionally, and he looked up, worked himself into a sitting posture. Then he lifted his left arm with his right, bent it agonizingly at the elbow and a point above it, pushed it against his mouth and gasped: "How was that, mister?"

"Not bad," said the other, passively.

"Hell," said the Cromagnon, "I can do anything." He stood up painfully. "Anything else you can think of?"

The little man considered, his weazened face in a judicial pucker. The eyes under their vague protec-

tors blinked around at his surroundings and lighted on an iron hoop, left on the sidewalk through one of those inexplicable metropolitan contradictions. He said casually: "Well, I've always heard it was a pretty tough job to square a circle."

My friend's face went through a veritable kaleidoscope of expressions trying to comprehend this, but he got it eventually, staggered over to the hoop and picked it up with his good arm. He put one foot on it, then the other and pulled. He pulled first on the right, then on the left; he turned the hoop over and pulled again; turned it again, and yet again. His face became brick-red and exuded perspiration. The result was slow in appearing; despite his primeval strength the iron presented difficulties and his broken arm was a definite encumbrance. He began yanking. He yanked more desperately. He yanked with abandon. Then on one yank he lost his grip. Like a released jack-in-the-box, his body arced up and backwards; he went heels over head over the curbing. In some curious manner one foot slid into a drain opening and caught fast. The rest of his body went on over. There was an ominous crack and he lay moaning in the gutter, leg, too, broken.

The little man was examining the hoop, eyeing it carefully. He decided: "Not bad."

My friend opened his eyes. "I can do anything," he whispered. "Try me."

"Well," said the little man slowly, "I've been thinking. What would *you* do about the depression?"

Dully, tortuously, the Cromagnon rose on his one whole leg. He looked into the little man's face without words, turned sadly, silently, hopped out into the street. A careening taxi tried to avoid him, failed. He sighed: "I can do anything." Quietly died. W. A. D.

Prosperity from the Poor

By Harry W. Laidler

The American Construction Council, a body including some of the most prominent architects, engineers, practical builders and students of social problems in the country, has been urging a nation-wide programme for rebuilding slum and overcrowded tenement districts, giving as their economic reason that this is one of the largest and most important fields of building and engineering construction available for the coming decade. Others, too, have pointed out the meagre supply of decent workmen's homes as the one oasis in our desert of overproduction.

Take the great city of New York, with its 7,000,000 inhabitants; New York, the centre of world finance, the richest city in the world. Building after building has been erected during recent years. Great skyscrapers have been shot into the heavens almost over night. Park Avenue apartment houses, requiring a fortune to rent, have helped to transform this into the wealthiest avenue in the world.

Houses for people of more moderate means, renting at $15, $30, $50 a room, have been built around every park area and open space in the city. They have gone up irrespective of demand, and today hundreds of office suites are now housing nothing but an occasional ray of sunlight and thousands of apartments in the well-to-do sections of the city have long grown misty for lack of occupants. In Brooklyn a society has recently been formed to agitate against further building of middle class houses!

While this type of construction has been going on, practically nothing has been done for the lower paid workers. In New York City, according to the State Board of Housing, there are still more than 1,700,000 people living in old law tenements, "tenements structurally so inadequate that they could not be altered so as to meet even the most modest of modern standards."

A report of the New York Commission on Housing and Regional Planning a few years ago described the plight of many of the people having to exist in these tenements.

"Thousands and thousands of people in the city are sleeping and living in apartments so dark that gaslight must be burned all day; so airless that in summer the families are forced to sleep on the roofs; so foul smelling because of garbage in hallways, and courts and streets, and because of adjoining stables or factories, that one of the only two windows in the whole flat has to be kept

shut. The tenants must climb five or six flights of stairs to dispose of garbage, for the dumbwaiters are seldom in repair. Toilets for two to five families are in the yards. The sanitary condition of the toilet is indescribable. There is insufficient water, neglected plumbing, no ventilation or light — these tell the condition without further description."

Other housing commissions have given during the past few years similar descriptions of housing conditions in some of the smaller cities of the State. And all over the country it is the same, in greater or less degree. Even, it may be said, more has been tried in New York to alleviate conditions than elsewhere.

Nor are these houses being rapidly abandoned. For the rent is low and many of the residents can not afford to live elsewhere. At the present rate of evacuation, according to the commissions, many, many thousands will still remain in the old law tenements after twenty-five or fifty years. For one or two generations workers will be subjected to ugly, unsanitary, overcrowded, crime breeding and disease breeding tenements of the East Side, Harlem, San Juan Hill, Williamsburg and other sections of the city and to similar housing conditions in many other cities of the country.

IN THE meanwhile, European cities have begun to tackle the problem in a sensible way. I visited the city of Vienna right after the War. I went to its outskirts and saw hospital after hospital filled with children suffering from rickets and tuberculosis, innocent victims of the War and of social neglect. I saw a city that was overcrowded; a city where workers lived in tenements unfit for human habitation.

I returned to Vienna two years ago, the next year and the next, and I have seen a new city built under my very eyes. The history of the development of the new Vienna is an interesting one. Before the War, nine-tenths of the apartments in working class districts consisted of one room. Out of a thousand apartments built for workers, over 950 had no water supply, and 920 no water closets. Gas and electricity was a scarcity. Rents were high and tenants had few rights.

The War and the revolution came. During these years, building was, for the most part, suspended. Little repairing was done. And after the revolution, thousands of the former officials of the Austro-Hungarian Empire flocked with their families into the city and asked for accommodations. Housing conditions became increasingly difficult.

The ensuing housing crisis was first dealt with through stringent rent laws. These rent laws made it unprofitable for a man to own a house, let alone to build new houses. Yet they seemed to be demanded by the tragic economic conditions of the workers.

The city government — now in the hands of Social Democrats — at first tried to encourage the development of voluntary coöperative enterprises. A considerable number of attractive garden settlements were built by coöperative societies. These settlements, however, scarcely touched the fringe of the housing problem. So, in September, 1923, the city council initiated its first great

housing programme providing for the erection of 25,000 apartments to be constructed within a five-year period. Later this number was increased to 30,000 and, in May, 1927, a programme was launched for the building of another 30,000. About 50,000 apartments have already been completed.

In constructing these houses, the city followed certain rules. It required that not more than fifty per cent of the land be occupied by an apartment house. The remainder should be given over to courts and to open spaces. The houses should be built around these courts.

The buildings should be fire-proof and the walls sound-proof. Every window should be open to the sunlight. Balconies with space for balcony floor gardens should be widely distributed. Narrow corridors and air shafts should be forbidden.

There were other regulations. No more than four apartments should enter upon the stairway in any one story. Every apartment should be supplied with running water, a toilet, gas and electricity.

And, very important, an effort should be made to secure the best architects available and to have these architects design the buildings with an eye to beauty.

The apartment houses should, furthermore, be equipped with up to date electrical machinery for washing and ironing in the central cellar, with central — though not individual — baths, with nurseries, with auditoriums for meeting purposes, with coöperative stores and other community services.

Everything should be done to make the inner courts attractive — flowers and shrubs should be planted and playgrounds should be provided for the children, and an occasional paddling pool. And throughout all of the houses, tenants should be encouraged through their own organizations to keep the apartments in apple pie order.

The houses were built. They were financed from house taxes and luxury taxes. The rents, which range from only $2 to $5 a month, pay for the upkeep. As the capital has been secured from taxation, there are no capital charges. In deciding what tenants shall be chosen from the long list of applicants, the city officials grade applicants according to their needs. Those who are living under the worst housing conditions and have the largest number of dependent children, are given first preference. The others whose needs are less, follow along.

Already over 200,000 workers live in these homes, and the pride and satisfaction which they take in their clean and attractive apartments is an exceedingly pleasant thing to see. The 60,000 apartments planned provide but a part of the working class population with decent homes, but they have made an excellent start toward this objective. Rickets — despite the difficult economic conditions in Austria — as a result of this and other social achievements of the city government, has virtually disappeared and these new and beautiful homes of the workers have meant much for the physical, mental and moral life of this Austrian capital.

Last year I talked with Dr. Karl Breitner, former banker, now the city controller and financier.

"What could you do in New York

to clear the slums if you were the financial officer of the city administration?" I asked.

"In New York," he exclaimed, "with all the wealth of that city! What could one not do!"

Vienna is only one of many cities in Europe with an extensive programme of municipal homes for workers. During the last two years, I have witnessed other municipal ventures, some apartment house "complexes," as many call them in Europe, in the heart of the cities, and some garden cities in the suburbs, notably the experiments in London, the suburbs of Paris, Zurich, Frankfurt, Stockholm and Moscow. Through its large apartment houses and its garden communities, London houses no less than 200,000 of its people.

I have likewise visited many voluntary coöperative ventures undertaken with or without city or State aid, and a number of enterprises initiated by private corporations, but regulated, as to rent, service and profits, by the municipality. The horseshoe settlement in Berlin, with its sloping lawns and gardens and pools and striking colorings, is one of the most impressive of these.

As the experience of Europe has indicated, there are several ways of financing and administering slum clearance and housing ventures on a large scale.

Extensive working class housing developments may be conducted by private corporations. These corporations, as in Berlin, may secure financial assistance from the municipal and State governments, paying a minimum interest rate, and, in return, charging the rent and performing the services which the government requires.

Dwight L. Hoopingarner, Executive Director of the American Construction Council, has recently suggested that the Government establish intermediate credit banks to help in the equity financing of such ventures to supplement existing first mortgage and other financial institutions. These banks, he declares, might be owned by the Government, or their capital might be supplied by subscription of private financial institutions as is the case with the membership banks of the Federal Reserve System. Under any circumstances, they should operate under strict governmental supervision.

Should the Government own the intermediate credit housing banks, Mr. Hoopingarner asserts, it would "be possible for one dollar of Federal money to do work many times its own size and thus reduce the need of any large Federal appropriation for this purpose. . . . An appropriation from $100,000,000 to $250,000,000 wisely distributed over twelve districts of the country should serve this purpose, or a like sum privately subscribed by member institutions would enable millions of dollars of work to go forward."

Mr. Hoopingarner is confident that the rebuilding of slums and obsolete tenement districts, with proper financing, would succeed.

"There is now sufficient experience and actuarial data to show conclusively that such building projects provide a sound investment under careful management and adequate safeguards, and offer just as good

security as the regular preferred stock or debenture issues of our industrial companies serving a real economic need in the community. The Grand Street development in New York City, and other projects serving a similar purpose like the Rosenwald development in Chicago based upon private investment either by the occupants of the buildings themselves or private individuals, or both, are illustrations of what can be accomplished."

Many believe that the task of clearing the slums and erecting comfortable homes within the reach of the ordinary worker can well be assumed by the six per cent limited dividend corporation. The legislators of New York State have expressed special confidence in this form of individual enterprise — an undertaking pledging to limit its profit-making propensities to a six per cent return on actual investment. Recently they exempted from taxation for a twenty-year period buildings constructed by this type of company.

The most outstanding corporation of this nature thus far organized in New York is the City Housing Corporation, the creation of Alexander Bing, noted builder and social idealist. In 1924 the City Housing Corporation purchased a considerable tract of land in Long Island City, within easy reach of Manhattan. It constructed thereon a large number of attractive brick apartment houses and one, two and three family houses of old English style. It sold these houses or apartments for a moderate sum, ten per cent of the purchase price to be paid immediately and the remainder over a period of twenty-two years. It made numerous provisions against speculative buying and selling.

This interesting development in the meadows of Long Island, now known as the Sunnyside development, has had numerous social values. It has provided for the several hundred residents of the settlement plenty of air and light, garden spaces before each home, ample courts and playgrounds for the children and numerous community activities.

The more recent experiment of this corporation in Radburn, New Jersey — the establishment of a "city of the motor age," a city free from the danger of passing automobiles and trucks — is likewise a fine, pioneer venture in social planning. And financially it has proved to be a paying proposition.

In Brooklyn, Louis H. Pink, New York attorney and housing reformer, initiated a similar type of corporation and, largely through money supplied by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., built an attractive group of Garden Apartments on Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, and another in the Navy Yard section of Brooklyn. The Brooklyn Garden Apartments is a semi-coöperative. A tenant has to take out $100 in shares on moving into an apartment. He pays an average rent of between $10 and $11 a room a month. About one-half of the land is given over to courts and air and sunlight are plentiful.

THESE houses, however, have not attracted working people from the old law tenements. They have not solved the problem of the slums. They have attracted firemen and policemen and skilled artisans and writers and artists who have saved a

few hundred dollars necessary for the initial payments and who can afford to pay the monthly charges. And despite the encouragement which these corporations have received from the State, few builders or philanthropists have stepped forward to organize building corporations along similar lines or to help to extend the undertakings of such institutions as the City Housing Corporation.

Recently the city undertook to tear down the seven blocks of tenements around Chrystie and Forsythe Streets and then held itself open for bids from the wealthy citizens of New York to construct workers' houses renting at $9 a room a month. But thus far no offers have been made. The venture gives no chance of speculative profits. Hundreds of families formerly occupying these ancient tenements have moved elsewhere — no one knows where — but no clean, airy rooms, with modern plumbing and lighting have appeared in their stead.

Coöperative advocates have likewise made their attempt to grapple with this problem. Among the pioneers in this field is the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Through their initiative, assisted by the Amalgamated Bank, a group of unusually attractive apartments has been built opposite Van Cortland Park in the Bronx. The union has also had major charge of the development in the heart of the slums in Grand Street. No one visiting New York and interested in the home life of the masses can afford to miss these undertakings, particularly the Amalgamated's garden city in the Bronx. It is the nearest approach to the Vienna houses that we have in America, while in plumbing, in the nature of the case, it greatly surpasses its rivals on the continent of Europe. The Farband and several other genuine coöperative ventures have been organized on a successful basis.

But none of them has been able to rent rooms at $8 a month and make it possible for the unskilled workers to move into them. Large numbers of workers can not pay $500 a room as its purchase price — $150 down and the rest in instalments — nor can they pay the average rent asked by the Amalgamated of $12.50 a month a room.

In the city as a whole, genuinely coöperative homes for workers, and apartment house settlements built by six per cent limited dividend corporations have pointed the way to better things. Up to the present time, however, they have given accommodation to but a few thousand families.

A FINAL suggestion is the financing of working class houses by the *municipalities*, following the successful example of scores of cities abroad. This is the suggestion of the City Affairs Committee of New York. Its arguments are simple:

> Almost all of the apartments built in New York by private builders in recent years rent for more than $15 a room a month. Even under the most favorable circumstances the private speculative builders can not build houses to rent for less than $12 a month because of the high cost of private credit.
>
> Social relief agents have agreed that the working class family should not pay more than one-fourth of its income in rent. A man getting $32 a week, therefore, should be able to get a decent four-room apartment in New

York for $8 a room a month. Where shall he get it?

The city of New York should build its own houses and rent on the model of the Brooklyn Garden Apartments and rent them at cost. The city could do this without disturbing its tax rate. The houses could be self-supporting at $7.50 or $8 a room a month.

On this last point the City Affairs Committee goes into considerable detail. It points out that the city could borrow money at four and four and one-quarter per cent interest with only nine-tenths of one per cent amortization charge. The limited dividend corporations, on the other hand, must pay five per cent for mortgage money, six per cent on stock equity, and amortize at the rate of three per cent a year. The city can also exempt its own housing land from taxation, and save considerable amounts now spent by private companies for insurance, accounting and legal fees. The experience of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company with low-priced apartments in Long Island City indicates that low priced municipal apartments would not have vacancies.

Secretary George Cove of the State Board of Housing estimates that houses of the style of the Brooklyn Garden Apartments could be constructed at the present time for thirty-six cents per cubic foot and that plenty of land is available in Brooklyn, Queens and Bronx at $3 a square foot. Some architects contend that this figure is too low and that the cost of building would be forty-two cents per cubic foot. On this basis the rental would be $8. While land in Manhattan is more expensive, municipal houses on the lower East Side could be self-sustaining, the Committee estimates, at $9 a room a month. Even in the case of Mayor Walker's ill conceived venture on Chrystie Street, houses could be built and rented at a little more than $9 a room a month.

"If New York," the Committee concludes, "embarked upon a five-year municipal housing programme to provide homes for one million of its working class families, 30,000 building trade workers who are now unemployed would be sure of regular work until 1936. The benefits would be cumulative and far reaching."

Such a venture in New York State and in other States would require an amendment to the Home Rule Act empowering the city of New York to acquire land, erect dwellings thereon and rent them at cost under suitable restrictions to families for whom private business initiative has failed to provide safe and sanitary housing.

A city law would also have to be passed to create a new department of housing whose functions in the housing field would be the same as the Board of Transportation in the subway field. The houses could be constructed directly by the city, or the city could contract the work out to private contractors under proper safeguards, after a public bid.

If the programme of the City Affairs Committee should be enacted, every effort should be made to place the housing programme of the city in efficient hands. The development of public corporations of the type of the Port Authority of New York is indicative of a healthy trend toward efficient, non-political control, but such control can not be left to chance.

A slum clearance and building programme in any city, as the American

Construction Council well points out, should likewise be coördinated with other phases of city life. A careful study should be made as to what districts should be cleared of the old houses and whether the areas formerly occupied by tenements are likely to be best adapted in the future to residential, business, industrial or recreational purposes.

"When the rebuilding is for residential purposes, ample consideration must be given to adequate facilities for parks, playgrounds, streets, light, air, etc. The influence of these districts on child life, as well as low cost buildings of the proper structural design and standards, needs to be considered." Traffic and transportation aspects should not be ignored. And every effort should be made to prevent the formation of new slum areas in other districts.

Finally, those ousted from the old slum districts should be given an early chance to move into decent and healthful quarters. They should not be pushed back, as they have been pushed back in many cases abroad, into other slum sections, while the higher paid worker takes their place in the new apartment houses. Careful consideration should always be given to the family needs of the applicants.

WHEN we have to, we in America can move quickly. We move quickly in time of war, in time of earthquake and fire and hurricane and cyclone. We are now faced with a major emergency. Continued neglect to act in this unemployment emergency will mean untold misery to millions and actual death to thousands of our fellow citizens.

Even when the curve of employment begins to mount upward, it will be, under ordinary circumstances, a long time before we have the "prosperity" which we enjoyed after the crisis of 1921.

During the War building was largely suspended and the end of the War found us with a dearth of office buildings and high priced apartment houses. Following the 1920 crisis, as I have before stated, we built and built and built, until at last the market became saturated with skyscrapers and with apartments for the well-to-do. Following the present crisis, we can not hope to keep our labor busy on that kind of construction.

After the War, Europe needed to be reconditioned. It borrowed vast sums of money from us and used that money to buy goods from our factories. Our trade is not likely to be stimulated following the present crisis in the same manner.

After the 1920 crisis, our automobile industry got its real start and, for seven or eight years, sales mounted higher and higher. Many accompanying industries were likewise tremendously stimulated. Following the present crisis, the increase in automobile demand is not likely to duplicate that following our first post-War explosion. It must likewise be realized that new machinery is enabling the same amount of labor to turn out far more automobiles than was the case ten years ago. One machine recently installed in Milwaukee can now produce, if fully utilized, 3,000,000 frames a year, as many frames as there were automobiles produced in 1930.

Following the last crisis, we sold on the instalment plan — as never

before in our history. With the savings of tens of thousands of workers mortgaged in this way, it is questionable how effectively we can use this plan to stimulate prosperity in the days to come.

Finally, we must realize that, during the so-called prosperous years of 1921–1927, we were not so prosperous as some people imagined. At the peak of this period we had a million and a half idle men. In other years the number went up to two or three million.

The task before us is, therefore, a double one: to find an industry which will give us an initial start up the hill to another period of prosperity, and which, after that start has been made, will see to it that we do not come to a sudden stop before we have reached the half-way house.

Construction is our best choice. It employs vast numbers of workers; its prosperity is beneficial to business in general; and it has this unique opportunity.

Why not try our hands at a "clear and rebuild the slums" programme?

Continuity

By Mary Wentworth King

If I shall feed some quiet tree —
This lesser me —
The while I sleep,
So shall I trysting keep
With continuity.

Bilbo—the Two-Edged Sword

By Hilton Butler

A Mussolini for our most backward State

"What Mississippi needs today," publicly suggested its five-foot-two Governor Theodore G. Bilbo, "is a Mussolini!"

An anti-Bilbo wag, surveying the results of a twenty-year domination of the Mississippi political scene by the little pistol-butt-scarred, piney-woods lawyer and licensed Baptist preacher, said that what the State apparently needed most was a good dose of Pluto water.

What it actually has, however, is the nearest approach to a Mussolini in the governor's chair legally possible under its constitution. Bilbo goes out in January, a still preserved section of the constitution preventing gubernatorial successorship, but with the same bland bravado that he once confessed taking a $645 bribe for a senatorial vote, he has announced that he will offer himself to the people in 1934 as a candidate for a seat in the United States Senate by the side of Pat Harrison.

The issue was "Bilboism or anti-Bilboism?" when Mississippi staged its quadrennial general elections in August. The Bilbo faction was ousted from every important State office, and only thirty-one out of the 189 legislators who served under the Bilbo administration saved their seats for the new four-year term beginning in January. But the wholesale routing of the Bilbo crowd from the political trough does not disturb the Napoleon of the faction that has controlled Mississippi State affairs sixteen out of the past twenty years, eight of which Bilbo has been governor, four lieutenant governor and four State senator.

"It was nothing but the Mississippi echo of a temporary international revolutionary state of mind," Bilbo insisted to capital correspondents at Jackson. "If the Democrats could have taken a whack at Herbie Hoover in August, they would have ripped that high collar off his neck. Folks are restless. Communism is gaining a foothold. Right here in Mississippi some people are about ready to lead a mob. In fact, I'm getting a little pink myself."

He professed his pinkness publicly at an extraordinary session of the Mississippi legislature called one month after the August elections that sent his factional followers reaching for the curtain strings — a special session that his political enemies charge was designed coldbloodedly to camouflage the record

of an administration that Bilbo himself says was "rather tragic."

IN A mellow moment, a previous Mississippi legislature officially adopted a State song that raises the lusty, if not lyrical, chorus:

> Mississippi! Mississippi!
> Land of a true and loyal race,
> Where hope's heavenly light
> Is seen on every face.
> Proud land whose story glows
> With deeds of heroes brave,
> Dear land that hateful tyrant
> Never shall enslave!

Meanwhile, in the "dear land that hateful tyrant never shall enslave" the four State-owned institutions of higher education are under indefinite suspension from national rating bodies for "political domination of personnel and policy." Demotion came after Governor Bilbo, in control of the board of trustees, fired three presidents and 179 professors and employes last summer without assignment of reason other than "new blood is needed." That it was classified as Bilbo blood did not seem to disturb him.

The "proud land" has less than 850 miles of its 57,000 miles of public roads in hard-surface, and less than 15,000 in gravel. For four years Bilbo and the legislature split over the way to finance road-paving. Bilbo, friendly at that time to Rogers Caldwell and Colonel Luke Lea of Tennessee, moguls of a now-defunct bond buying house, wanted an $82,000,000 bond issue as a starter. The legislature wanted the "pay as you go" plan. Three special and two regular sessions ended in deadlocks — and Mississippi is still in the dust or the mud, according to the weather.

"Hope's heavenly light" played on the last regular session of the legislature for a revenue scheme that would at least meet the necessary governmental expenses. A series of taxes reminiscent of War days were enacted because the politicians, afraid to arouse the voting ire of land-holders, declined to increase the *ad valorem* levies. Cigarette, amusement and gross sales taxes failed to net the required amounts, and the State ran up a $6,500,000 deficit in its 1931 expenses. Curiously enough, but politically clear, the legislature declined to tax tobacco chewers. Only the smokers had to pay the twenty per cent tax.

Among the "deeds of heroes brave" in Mississippi was a three-year deadlock over a State insane asylum. A $5,000,000 hospital was authorized by the legislature in the administration that preceded Bilbo, and the commissioners in charge were anti-Bilbo men. The project was urgent because 2,500 patients were crowded in Civil War buildings erected to hold only 1,500. A grand jury this year found five inmates sleeping regularly on one bed. The terms of the commissioners were such that when Bilbo became governor he could not obtain majority control. He thereupon declined to exercise his office as chairman and it stopped all meetings. The half-completed plant lay idle, and one patient was burned to death in a Thanksgiving Day ward fire in the old buildings that endangered the lives of 200 others and let fifteen insane men escape. A grand jury denounced the stand of the governor, and cries of "inhuman act" came from his political opponents and many of his friends. Ultimately he made an odd

proposition to the commission: if it would appoint his friend, Colonel Vinson Smith, an associate architect at $10,000 a year, he would attend meetings and let the work proceed. The harried commissioners grabbed the chance. The associate architect, incidentally, has devoted much of his time to helping Bilbo build his $75,000 "dream house" in Poplarville, 150 miles from the asylum.

To a threatened default of the full faith and credit standing of Mississippi on bond markets when $600,000 in principal and interest fell due last May 1, Bilbo manifested a cold indifference. He had precedent, of course, for in her younger days Mississippi not only pledged her faith to bonds and then broke it, but wrote into a new constitution a permanent refusal to honor the issues, a fact to which descendants of English purchasers still point rather acidly. It was not until 1903 that Mississippi bonds were again accepted on New York markets at AAA rating. When the May 1 installments were due and only a special session could have provided the money, Bilbo declined to call it because the members had not agreed to sign a pledge against investigations and impeachments.

"Let the damn Yankees wait," Bilbo was quoted by capital correspondents. Mississippi bankers, convinced that the Governor was ready to let the State's paper go to default if he could not have his way about the special session, held an emergency meeting and subscribed the money. But a previously rejected refunding issue was sold at the last minute and the State met its payments, although the money did not reach New York until eight days after it should have been there. That did not perturb the governor.

"Well, those Yankees got their money, didn't they? What difference does a few days make?"

One of the differences that it made was that bond buyers point-blank refused to bid on a $5,000,000 Mississippi bond issue for another matter two months later — and to date that issue is still unsold.

United States Senator Hubert D. Stephens, the man whose seat Bilbo is going to seek in 1934, was sick in a Memphis hospital but took time enough to issue a blistering statement about the Bilbo administration, including a charge that Bilbo was privately expecting Stephens to die, and was dangling around a prospective senatorial vacancy as political bait in the State race then in progress.

"He is a liar," retorted Bilbo in a signed statement. "He is a cold-blooded, vicious, malicious, pusillanimous, premeditated, plain, ordinary, typical United States Senatorial liar!"

IF THE August verdict at the polls was a censure for the way he ran things in Mississippi for the past four years, Bilbo believes that time will heal the wounds and that all needed for a restoration of his faction is his own voice crying in the wilderness. Others are inclined to believe that a little sunlight has blessed the State; that agricultural high schools have helped to rout R. F. D. demagogery; that the voters have at last revolved and that suspended schools, mud roads, faulty and offensive taxation, a $6,500,000 deficit for current expenses that threatened closures of

schools and eleemosynary institutions, and a deluge of unfavorable national publicity as a result of the Bilbo domination means that it is not the Isle of Elba, but St. Helena, for the Napoleon of Mississippi politics.

The shrewder ones say that it is the reason he has abandoned his hope of being Governor of Mississippi three terms — something no one has yet accomplished in 114 years of State history — in favor of a chance at politics in Washington, with his friend, Huey P. (Hurricane) Long of Louisiana as competitors for the rôles once played by Tom Heflin and Cole Blease.

If Bilbo of the Bulrushes goes to Washington as a United States Senator from Mississippi, his biographical sketch in the Congressional directory probably will omit the following court-recorded story:

The Mississippi Senate — back in the days before the popular election of United States Senators — was dead-locked between James K. Vardaman, commoner, and Leroy Percy, aristocrat. State senator Bilbo had been voting steadily throughout fifty-five deadlocked days for Vardaman. On the fifty-sixth day, to the amazement of the senate and the State, he switched his vote and Leroy Percy was nominated.

Two nights later, on the stage of a Jackson theater, Vardaman charged that money had passed hands in the election. A grand jury swung into action, and Senator Theodore G. Bilbo bluntly confessed taking a $645 bribe to change his vote — but he had an ingenious and patriotic explanation: he had done it, he said, to "trap" the Percy supporters. "Here is the original $645 they gave me," he shouted. But despite the fact that United States Treasury experts testified that the bills Bilbo exhibited were not printed until after the bribery incident, a jury believed his curious story and turned him free. But his senate became a fridigaire, and tried to expel him. With the aid of Vardaman, he rallied sufficient strength to keep his seat by a one-vote margin. A night later this resolution was written in the senate journal by almost unanimous vote:

> Resolved, in view of the unexplained inconsistencies and inherent improbabilities in the testimony of Senator Bilbo, his established bad character and lack of credibility, that the Senate of Mississippi does hereby condemn his entire bribery charge and the statement of the rôle he played as detective and decoy as a trumped-up falsehood, utterly unworthy of belief.
>
> Resolved further, that as a result of the conduct of Theodore G. Bilbo in this matter, and the testimony introduced in this investigation, the Senate pronounce said Bilbo as unfit to sit with honest, upright men in a respectable legislative body, and he is hereby asked to resign.

He did not. Instead, he plunged immediately into a race for Lieutenant-Governor of Mississippi, which automatically would make him the presiding officer of the senate that tried to expel him. He was elected in the first primary, and celebrated his thirty-third birthday with a copy of a resolution, adopted unanimously, expunging the previous expelling resolution from the senate journal. It was in his campaign for lieutenant-governor than an irate citizen named John Henry, offended at something Bilbo had said, cracked him in the face with the butt of a pistol. The vote-getting scar still remains.

The gentle art of politics remains a matter of personal visitation in Mississippi, just as dirt and loose gravel remain the principal ingredients of its highways. High-pressure ring tactics, radio speeches, campaign documents, full-page advertisements and brass-band ballyhoos are taken as insults by the country voters unless mixed with the flesh and blood of the candidate himself. They demand that the office seeker make a personal appearance, extend his weary hand for the sign and the pump, eat their chicken dinner and cake on the ground, and use his husky voice to praise the poor and damn the rich, particularly the corporate rich.

NO MAN knows the rural mind in Mississippi better than Bilbo. No man can call more voters on the banks of the creeks and at the forks of the road more readily by their first names than Bilbo, nor enquire more accurately after their first-born. It is the reason that he dismisses the urban voters with a contemptuous snort for their measly eighteen per cent of the voting strength. It is also much of the reason that he has been Governor of Mississippi or has dominated the election of governor since 1915 with but one lone death-disturbed exception. It is likewise the reason he will enter the race for the United States Senate in 1934 with the country cockiness born only of repeated successes.

On the stump Bilbo is a human autogyro. His stubby arms whirl constantly above his head, his deep voice alternately roars and idles, and he can lift his audience into fevered shouts one minute, dropping it gently on the brink of tears the next. It is not an oratorical trick of the William Jennings Bryan variety, but an evangelistic zeal surviving from Bilbo's earlier preaching days. Moreover, he knows what to feed the multitudes, and how to attract the eye. In his last campaign for governor, he advocated a State-owned printing plant and the paving of roads with vitrified brick made by convict labor.

He carried a school book in one hand and a brick in the other, whirling them dangerously above the heads of his hearers whenever he reached those subjects. It was too palpable a demonstration to be forgotten, and when the ballots were counted in 1927, the majority went for Bilbo, books and bricks. Only Bilbo is left today. The legislature refused his printing plant scheme and he neglected to go further with the vitrified brick idea after the victory was won.

It was the same campaigning in which his surviving opponent in the second primary, Dennis Murphree, faced the highly embarrassing necessity, from a Mississippi political standpoint, of calling out the national guard to keep the talented citizens of the capital from lynching a Negro. Bilbo gently hinted that no Negro was worth calling out the national guard to protect, and the brothers of the white-robes and hoods agreed that he was correct. It garnered some hundred per cent American votes for Bilbo that otherwise might have gone for law and order.

If any of his friends gets into trouble, Bilbo, himself no stranger to a jail cell, draws no boundary line in

rushing to their rescue. He sent eighteen national guardsmen to accompany one of his friends on a ten-mile trip because rumors of a fist-fight in which his friend might come off second best had reached his sympathetic ears.

Built like a bantam-weight, Bilbo not only talks like a fighter, but looks as if he might have done fairly well with his fists in his younger days. Wherever he goes, the voters see a wiry little man with a pistol-butt scar down one cheek, a diamond horse-shoe stick-pin in a red necktie, an expensive but unpressed suit, and a pocket-full of cheap cigars. Whatever the introducing speakers say about him, he ignores it absolutely, and not from a stab at modesty.

He disdains anecdotes. He probably has never told a half-dozen jokes in all his twenty-five years of public speaking. Privately, he has a favorite bed-time story that has been carried over the continent by traveling men, and in a hotel lobby, surrounded only by admiring males, his repertoire is as purple as that of a half-lit Congressman. But on the stump, before his beloved people from the bushes, a shout of "hooray for Bilbo" is sweeter music to his ear than a round of laughter, and for a benediction he prefers an amen to a guffaw.

His fame as a speaker spread to the East, and in 1928 the National Democratic Executive Committee sent an S.O.S. to Bilbo to take the stump for Al Smith. The solid South was reported slipping and the faithful and effective were needed at the helm. He lost little time. In Memphis at a burlesque theatre he charged that Herbert Hoover stopped his special train in Mississippi during the 1927 flood, debarked at an all-negro town called Mound Bayou, and danced on the station platform with a Negro woman. The story hit the country overnight and Hoover's headquarters in Washington faced the job of answering it in such a manner as to disturb neither white nor black at the polls. It was a difficult job, and rather crudely done, as George Akerson admitted when it blew over. Bilbo grinned at the fabrication.

"It was just like asking old high-collar Herbert if he had quit beating his wife," said Bilbo. "He couldn't say yes and he couldn't say no."

Mississippi went heavily for Al Smith. Other States of the solid South broke away, but Bilbo of the Bulrushes delivered the children of the wilderness. In recognition, he has been notified that he is to be among the principal speakers of the Democratic party in the 1932 campaign.

"MY NAME means a two-edged sword," Bilbo told the capital correspondents watching him sign a vitriolic message to the legislature. "What's more, I'm both edges."

He is substantially correct both in the definition and the application. An admiring clerk in the Department of Archives and History discovered a column of data under "Bilbo" in the new Oxford dictionary and lugged a volume up to the governor's office for his inspection. Two things amazed him: the bulk of material under his curious name, and the fact that there was a dictionary in existence larger than his Webster's unabridged.

"The man Bilbo," his Napoleonic way of referring to himself, was born

October 13, 1877. Seven other Bilbos preceded him, and when Theodore was christened, the elder Bilbo decided he had contributed enough to God and country. From then on he devoted his talents to the frantic task of feeding the little Bilbos, a first class job in a second class country. That was back in the days when South Mississippi farmers surveyed the tall and stately yellow pines that cluttered their holdings, and cursed Jehovah roundly for putting them in the way of the plough. When shrewd Northern lumbermen offered the Mississippians from twenty-five cents to two dollars an acre for the right to cut the trees away, the amazed natives hastened to sign on the dotted line, and then rushed off behind the barns to give the horse-laugh to the damn-fool Yankees. For who could cut away an acre of trees with an axe? Skidders, loggers, geared-wheel locomotives and circular saws moved to the edge of the pines and gnawed in to the tune of around $500 an acre profit for the damn-fool Yankees. Today the land down there is as naked as nudists, and chief among the administrative problems of the little piney-woods runt now occupying the governor's chair in Mississippi is some way to re-forest the desolate lands or to get rid of their stumps to make them "fitten fer to plough."

As a native of the piney-woods, Bilbo showed the effects of a poor country childhood and ceased growth at sixty-two inches. His school days found him distinguished neither in scholarship nor leadership, and when a struggling little Pearl River county high school awarded him a diploma he fell in line with the customary habits of the natives of his section and plunged into an early marriage. He took his bride to Nashville and entered Vanderbilt University. J. Ham Lewis of Chicago was a law school class-mate. In 1907 Bilbo graduated, rushed home and announced for the State senate. He was overwhelmingly elected. It was the political birth of the Mussolini of Mississippi, red-necks substituting for black shirts.

Not a year has passed since 1907 without the rasping voice of Bilbo being heard at the forks of the road and on the banks of the creek in behalf of his beloved common people. Of course he was shrewd and demagogic enough in the beginning to select the side of the majority. In Mississippi, seventy-two out of every hundred qualified electors are rural citizens, residents not of small towns, but of star routes, R.F.D.'s, country lanes and straggling farms. Bilbo is their hero and the hero of their children. The worship they once lavished upon James K. Vardaman, governor, United States Senator and founder of the rural faction in Mississippi politics, is now bestowed upon the little piney-woods runt who succeeded him as the leader of the boys from the bulrushes. Its members are perpetuating his name in Mississippi by use of it as a Christian handle for their legitimates. More than 200, most of them now bordering the age of adolescence answered that way to the 1930 census takers.

His first term as Governor of Mississippi — 1916 to 1920 — gave him the title he likes: "Bilbo the Builder." Bilbo survived the World War period without volunteering dramatically as a buck-private or being called a

pro-German; he signed his name to the document that made Mississippi the first State in the Union to ratify the Prohibition amendment to the Constitution; he advocated and succeeded in getting the lagging Mississippi to build a State tubercular sanatorium, a colony for the feeble-minded, an industrial training school for juvenile criminals, a group of charity hospitals and another State teachers' college. He thought the State advancing so rapidly that it was time to force cattle-owners to drive their animals to the dipping vats. But that was a political mistake, even at a time when Mississippi was so infested with cattle tick that surrounding States hastily erected barbed-wire boundary fences and pronounced indefinite quarantines. A circuit judge opposed the cattle-dipping law and on that one issue alone defeated Bilbo in 1918 for a seat in Congress — Pat Harrison, who went to the Senate that year victor over James K. Vardaman, one of the "wilful nine" whose defeat was demanded by Woodrow Wilson.

After the Congressional defeat, and being barred by the Mississippi Constitution from succession in office as governor, Bilbo publicly announced that he would help promote his friend Lee M. Russell from the lieutenant-governorship. It was a whaling victory for the Bilbo faction, but three years later Federal deputies were hunting Bilbo at his Poplarville pecan farm with a subpoena. He was wanted badly as a witness in a $100,000 seduction suit brought against Governor Russell by a capital stenographer. Bilbo refused to testify and a Federal judge sentenced him to thirty days in jail for contempt of court. The deputies took him to Oxford, site of the University of Mississippi, and lodged him behind the bars. The chancellor of the University brought him three good meals a day. Admirers by the hundreds sent him books, cigars, money and advice. A martyr was again in the making. At the end of ten days the sentence was lifted. Out the jail doors walked Theodore G. Bilbo — exactly one hundred days before the voters of Mississippi were to nominate another governor to succeed the incumbent Lothario.

"That jail-bird Bilbo," cried the opposition, "is politically dead from now on."

Women had just been enfranchised and Henry L. Whitfield, president of the Mississippi State College for Women, was running away with the gubernatorial race. Bilbo calmly announced as a candidate, and in the most hilarious hundred days in Mississippi political history he ran up enough votes to get into the second primary. Whitfield won by a skimpy margin, but word went around that it would be Bilbo four years later.

It was. He sold his little newspaper for a dollar and the friendly mortgages and moved back to the familiar scenes of the capital and the mansion.

Bilbo of the Bulrushes had been commissioned once again to lead his people out of the wilderness. The status of the State today suggests that something evidently went wrong with the compass.

The Anti-Aircraft Fable

By A. G. West

Every nation has its legends, persistent and well-nigh incontrovertible. Not the least among America's is her theory of self-defense, which is almost as venerable and outdated as the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

Along with many other supposedly modern nations she still retains a childlike faith in forts and in navies: forts that are the lineal descendants of medieval castles and city walls and the high towers which, enabling an irate citizenry to hurl defiance and anything else handy in the way of stones, hot coals, boiling oil, arrows or javelins at the hostile troops below, were such popular examples of municipal architecture; navies whose family tree has roots deep under the waters by Salamis, where they first achieved glory and firmly established the tradition that a nation with its back to the wall could save itself by the strategic use of sea power.

Yet history nowhere records that either fortifications or fleets are a guarantee of protection. Carthage is gone and Greece and Rome also. Certainly the sea power myth was not borne out by the records of battleships in the World War. Indeed, British official historians disclose that:

> The Grand Fleet could only put to sea with an escort of nearly 100 destroyers, no capital ship could leave its base without an escort of small craft, and the German U-boats hampered our squadrons to an extent. . . which had never been foreseen.

Yet the submarine alone was responsible for this blow to naval prowess. The airplane had not yet advanced to its later successes, nor had chemical warfare entered the picture. The tradition of Salamis was still invincible until one fine morning it was learned that a little submarine, the U-9, which cost perhaps half a million dollars, had torpedoed three large British armored cruisers off the Broad Fourteens, with a loss of about 2,400 lives and about $15,000,000.

The staggering shock of this event, coupled with the subsequent sinking of the superdreadnaught *Audacious* by a submarine-laid mine, blazed a sea trail for the smaller, swifter vessel of the future. No government can afford to risk such costly investments in battleships or the effect of their loss on the people's morale.

The action of the British Admiralty is highly significant, for with the news of the loss of the *H. M. S. Cressey*, *Hogue*, and *Aboukir*, we are informed by Lieutenant Commander J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., Member of

Parliament, in his *New Wars; New Weapons*, that:

> This was the first actual demonstration of what one of the newer weapons could do. The Admiralty and Higher Command awoke with a start. The Grand Fleet evacuated the North Sea as fast as its long lines could steam, taking refuge in Lough Swilly, on the north coast of Ireland, hundreds of miles from the fighting area. . . . These were the days when the greatest battles the world had ever seen were raging. . . in France — the Marne — Ypres. . . . And the Grand Fleet, very symbol of the might of Britain, was literally off the map. . . . Defenses were hurriedly erected at Scapa Flow. . . old liners and passenger ships sunk in the wide entrances . . . nets and booms laid down, batteries and searchlights established. Finally, the Grand Fleet was able to emerge from the Irish mists and take up its station at Scapa Flow . . . until the defenses in the Firth of Forth were completed.

THE airplane is said to have engaged in only one actual conflict between rival fleets during the War, this event being celebrated each year by a dinner in London of the former personnel of the *H. M. S. Engadine*, from which converted channel steamer a seaplane went up at the Battle of Jutland. But the menace of air attack was already recognized by that astute observer, Admiral Sims, chief of the United States Naval Forces in Europe, who stated:

> It has been said in the past that the battleship is the backbone of the fleet, but I believe it is so no more. A battleship has no defense against aircraft but small anti-aircraft guns. On the Western Front, one hit in a thousand was considered a good average with massed batteries firing at a plane, with plenty of observations to decide the range. The best experts now agree that the results of anti-aircraft firing from a ship are negligible. In my judgment, it matters little whether the big ships now in use in the world navies are scrapped or left as they are, because in any case, they will be of no further use.

In view of the astounding claims that have since been made by various "experts" as to the successes of "Archy" fire, this clear-cut comment from an authoritative source deserves the most thoughtful attention. Remember this: that the effectiveness of anti-aircraft gunners in peacetime operations is theoretical to a high degree, because such practice is carried on with towed targets. It is practically impossible to hoist these above 15,000 feet, they slow down the towing plane, and the aviators are unable to make sharp banks and sudden turns or do other acrobatics with them, because the cable line snaps off easily, and the target is dropped.

However, the "record firings" of the anti-aircraft forces are impressive events, and to the average layman on the ground, the bursts of shells in the air seem as effective as one might wish. The truth is that the anti-aircraft advocates are up against an exceedingly stiff proposition and they know it. Aviation has made tremendous strides in the last ten years, and the present type of speedy, maneuverable, high-altitude plane presents painfully ticklish problems to the gunner.

Technical and service journals often have significant statements on anti-aircraft firing that indicate the weakness of certain vital phases in its present stage of development. For example, one writer in a recent issue of *Mechanical Engineering*, in speaking of a new automatic anti-aircraft data computor, remarks:

It must be admitted that the solution, though theoretically exact, does not result in perfect accuracy of fire. The projectiles, passing through several atmospheric strata, are acted upon by variable conditions of wind and air density which are very difficult to determine in advance from the ground. The maneuverability of the modern airplane makes it difficult to predict where it will travel during the time of the flight of the projectile. In spite of these very real difficulties, satisfactory percentages of hits are expected, and actually obtained in tests approximating service conditions.

The theoretical attitude, and the atmosphere of hopeful expectancy are typical of anti-aircraft defense. To what extent it may be considered that the "tests" in question even very remotely approach service conditions — i.e., war-time activity — will be shown later. It is this great gap in the present method of training gunners that forms the crux of the disbelief of aviators in the future success of anti-aircraft firing, when arrangements of the weather, wind, clouds, fog, hour, ceiling, course, speed, will not be altogether in favor of the gunners, as is now the case.

Unfortunately, the Coast Artillery as well as the Navy seem to have been far more intent upon obtaining impressive official records to present to their chiefs in Washington than in maintaining persistent, constructive practice with free-flying aircraft whose course, altitude, and speed were not already determined in advance by the gunners.

In the present procedure the aviator takes off with his "towed sleeve" trailing out behind him and a stand-by plane ready to relieve him if his gas runs out while the anti-aircraft battery spends six or seven hours getting ready. Finally, the "rehearsal runs" are concluded and the gunners start the real "test firing."

But in a war, it is obvious that no gunner can hope to have the enemy wing commander radio in, "Get all set, boys. We're coming over tonight at 25,000 feet, at around 225 miles per hour, and will 4 a.m. be all right with you? Or do you want a bit of practice?"

Even when the air attack is anticipated, and the squadrons are on the alert or in the air on patrol, the defenders are apt to be sold short. This fact was demonstrated at Panama a year or two ago in the spring maneuvers, when the Army and Navy forces combined to "protect" the Canal from hostile air squadrons.

The carrier *Lexington* with about a hundred planes was assigned as the "enemy," while a vastly superior force of Army and Navy planes from ships and shore stations, anti-aircraft batteries and vessels of the Scouting Fleet guarded the locks. The air squadrons took off from the *Lexington* at three in the morning, while it was still dark. A cruiser had trailed them all night, and though notified that it had been "sunk" by the carrier, refused to believe it, and duly reported the activities of the "enemy."

An hour later, the naval aviators arrived over the Canal, still uncaught. It was growing light in the sky, but was still dark and misty on the ground, as the planes "rolled over" at 15,000 feet and dived down on their target, the locks. Very lights indicated the success of the maneuver, and the aviators leveled off to watch the performance on the field below them, where the startled gunners were running out of their

pup tents, their shoes and trousers in their hands, to man the guns.

In spite of the return of the Army pilots at this moment, the naval aviators made their escape, a reserve squadron protecting their departure and again "bombing" the defenders. This maneuver proved to the Army and Navy officials, what European experts have also discovered, how difficult a problem it is to protect a strategic point against air attack.

But the anti-aircraft forces do not want to admit this. In fact, they refuse to admit it. Our generals are still peering back into the thin mists of the Civil War, when sea-coast cities demanded their just due of at least one fort apiece, complete with cannon, grass terrace, and in later years, the disappearing gun.

This simple trust in forts, however, received a terrific blow in the first days of the World War, with the fall of Liège. The United States had, with the enthusiastic aid of its politicians, invested heavily in sea coast defenses in 1895, just prior to our war with Spain, and a grand total of $250,000,000 had been expended upon these impressive fortifications, in the years that ensued. Every one supposed that they were absolutely impregnable, up to the moment that the German Army cheerfully demolished this legend by capturing Liège, nine forts and all. Nor must it be forgotten that this fall of the mighty was attained without aid of gas or aircraft, the two greatest weapons against forts, today.

According to the combined opinions of the world's keenest experts and strategists, future wars will be radically different from any we have known in the past. They insist that the Four Horsemen of future victory will include air power, on a new and startling scale; gas, and a choice of explosive, incendiary, or poison bombs; tanks, of greater range and mobility and speed; and submarines.

General von Diemling, former commandant of the Fifteenth German Army Corps, recently commented:

> All air maneuvers organized by the Great Powers in recent years have corroborated the opinion that no effective defense against air attack is possible . . . . French citizens are mistaken if they think they can sleep peacefully behind the eastern fortifications now being built.

Another of the advocates of an offensive system of protection is General Douhet of the French Army, who believes that the only sure defense against enemy air attack is counter-air attack with battle planes. The perils of gas have been graphically discussed by many experts, among whom Professor Langevin, of the Collège de France points out that a large city, like Paris, could easily be annihilated in an hour by the gas bombs carried by a hundred planes.

Incendiary bombs are equally dangerous to the city dweller, and being small, can be carried in quantity by air squadrons so that fires would break out in so many places that no fire department could hope to cope with the situation. The termite filling of these bombs develops such a tremendous heat that water does not extinguish it.

Much of the supposed protection from anti-aircraft defenses is in defiance of these facts, as the advocates discount the dangers in advance, exactly as they discounted the psy-

chological effect of strafing men from aircraft. Yet in the short "war" recently carried on against the rebels in Chile, a brief twenty minutes was entirely ample to subdue the fleet. Surely this is a world record! But it is also a practical example of actual air conflict, as opposed to theory, and is quite in line with the work done by British air squadrons in policing their mandate in Iraq and the northwest frontier of India, where the effectiveness and low cost of air control has startled the entire world of experts.

All this is ignored by the anti-aircraft factions. They are not interested in the problems of cost, or of upkeep, or of the value and the importance of time, and its relation to air power, nor do they yet admit the deadly effectiveness of air attack. Raids will invariably be made at unexpected hours, from approaches and angles least favorable to the gunners, and safest for the attackers; yet the defenders are evidently expected to live through explosive, incendiary or poison gas bombing, and still fire accurately at their elusive targets, seen dimly, if at all, through clouds of smoke screen, and moving at dizzy rates of speed well over 200 miles an hour.

As the concentrated fire power of an attack squadron is about 54,000 rounds of ammunition, the gunners are expected to survive the equivalent of fire from a whole division of infantry — some 75,000 men.

Lieutenant R. C. Oliver points out in a recent issue of *Field Artillery*, "The time from first to last sight of the enemy planes will not be over two minutes and they will not remain within effective range more than forty-five seconds. There will be no time for unlimbering or setting up the machine gun tripods, after the planes are sighted."

In order to handle anti-aircraft defense properly it is necessary to set aside a tremendous number of men, not merely to man the guns, but to carry on the various connected duties. Searchlights, sound-locators, battery instruments, signal wires to headquarters, all require men, and behind the scenes more men to feed and supply them. The War Department would need to set apart approximately twenty per cent of the six million men needed to mobilize for any big emergency in this one type of work.

Aside from all this is the tremendous cost. Congress plans to spend $35,482,198 on a programme of sea coast defenses. These will bolster up our thirty-five-year old fortifications; a further addition of $8,000,000 will be required for searchlights. But it was indicated last winter before one of the committee hearings in Washington that whether the guns were or were not effective, to place them everywhere they might be needed would bankrupt the nation. This statement was made by Congressman Collins, who added:

> . . . at one time this was planned on the island of Oahu . . . so that they could shoot various distances, and so thick around the island that no enemy could ever approach it. But it was discovered that it would cost two or three *billion* dollars to defend that one spot, so they had to abandon it on that account.

THE theory of anti-aircraft gunnery is something like this: a shell from the standard, three inch, 75 mm. gun, is supposed to have an

effective radius of fifty yards from the bursting point. An imaginary cube with a fifty-yard edge is constructed around each shell burst, and if the tow target is anywhere inside that imaginary cube when the shell bursts, the artillery takes credit for a safe hit, and a plane shot down, even though no sign of a hit shows up on the target.

But the three inch guns are said to be almost wholly ineffective at altitudes under 3,000 feet, because of the rapid change in the angular declination of the plane. At 8,000 feet, about twenty-five seconds are required to get the shell up to its bursting point near the plane, and in that length of time the pilot has probably changed both his course and his altitude. At 12,000 feet there are still more troubles for the gunner, for he has to contend with the deflection of the wind drift, air density, and also has difficulty in determining the exact altitude of the plane, particularly under conditions of fog, clouds or darkness.

Further, it must be realized that the actual area of vulnerability on an airplane is small, consisting chiefly of the motor and pilot. This fact was well known in the War; many planes though badly scarred and shattered, were flown safely back to their respective airdromes if the aviator and the engine came through without a direct hit. A modern plane, traveling at, say, 175 miles an hour, presents little opportunity for such a hit: the width of a burst of shell has been estimated as being somewhere near forty-five feet of danger wide, and about a hundred feet of danger long; thus the aviator can move out of danger in roughly a sixth of a second, particularly since the spray of a shell tends to go forward, and there is said to be no backward explosion.

After a plane has actually been sighted certain definite things must be done to get the shell started into the air, and even for the most highly trained gun crew in the world these take time, if only a few seconds, or fractions of seconds. This period can be, and will be, fully translated by the pilot in terms of speed, different altitude, and course; and, as was shown at Aberdeen in the fall of 1928, this fact is going to make many of the present "victories" claimed by the anti-aircraft factions look very different.

It was said to have been the first occasion in the history of the Air Corps that their pilots had been permitted to fly just as they wished on such a test firing, and the results were astonishing to the gunners. The pilots had decided to use a plane which was new to the Coast Artillery and which had a speed of fifty miles an hour more than the old DH, with which the shock troops had so carefully trained.

The exhibition started with the pilots coming over the range at varying heights, from 3,000 to 9,000 feet, and at speeds far beyond what the gunners had anticipated. Instead of shoving calmly along on an easy straight line through the air, the aviators darted around the sky like mosquitoes. According to one observer, the shots did not come within 300 yards of an actual hit.

A performance along rather different lines was conducted in Hawaii several years ago when the Coast Artillery decided to "defend" Pearl Harbor by night, and ordered the

aviators to come in over the one clear area in a little triangle whose apex was usually free of clouds or fog. Eight searchlights were concentrated on this spot, and although there were open 270 degrees of an approach far more favorable to enemy air squadrons, the gunners insisted that the pilots use the clear area.

Thus badly handicapped at the start, the aviators decided to interpret their orders so that they could use planes adequate to the occasion, and with no favoring clouds to mask their approach, climbed up to 12,000 feet, throttled well down to about 1,000 "revs," and gliding over the target, set off four flares in succession apiece.

The second night was a repetition of the first. So the third night, the Coast Artillery decided that enough was enough, and issued an order for the Air Corps to use the old Martin bomber, whose Liberty motor was capable of ninety miles an hour, and which had a ceiling of perhaps 8,000 feet. Then the site of the target was moved up nearer the Point and the searchlights were placed away from it. After all of this the artillerymen made their startling record of fifty per cent of possible hits.

On one occasion when the anti-aircraft forces were giving one of their nocturnal exhibitions, a certain energetic general of the ground troops, who was reviewing the event, became curious about what looked like automobile spotlights shining on each of the planes. On hearing that they were ordered by the gunners to enable them to see the fleeting targets, he bitterly exclaimed: "This is a hell of a record firing, if the pilots have to carry spotlights for you!" Then stamped indignantly from the field.

Night firing, as it appears in the news reels, is quite a convincing affair; the flame-belching, roaring guns seem very threatening indeed. But no plane in actual danger of being shot down would ever move so calmly along on an even keel at so constant a speed as these do.

IT SHOULD be evident to the most dispassionate observer that the idea of protecting our nation by anti-aircraft defense is no more than a revival of the old theory of walls, towers and forts, brought up to date, completely upholstered with lights and sound-locators, and streamlined with favorable publicity.

The War Department, taken as a whole, is naturally antagonistic to the encroachments of new weapons, whether tanks, chemicals, submarines, or aircraft, and jealously guards the old line defenses as best it can. The cavalry is instinctively hostile to any weapon that may supplant the horse, and the infantry, still worshipping the tradition of the "Queen of Battles," the foot soldier, persists in seeing the airplane as a mere adjunct to the other arms. So it goes.

The whole theory of anti-aircraft is in essence a denial that air power is effective. So it is that we find our military and naval leaders attempting to divide our strength; attempting to put back the hands of time, and hoping to invest the wealth of the nation in schemes that great strategists of other nations, and far-seeing leaders of our own, have declared to fall short of the demands created by the newer weapons.

Instead of wasting millions of dollars in guns, sound-locators, and other paraphernalia that will only clutter up an army on the move, why not do the sensible thing, the only sane thing, and put a mere fraction of this tremendous appropriation into fast model air squadrons? We can not afford to risk the lives of our people merely to please contractors and politicians. Can we not realize, while there is time, that if we spend our money on vast superdreadnaughts — rather than on faster, maneuverable vessels — and on countless expensive anti-aircraft devices, we are wasting men and money exactly as though we threw them into the seas?

In Tanks or Globes

By Sherwood Trask

Frivolous fish at sport in the tank
With mouths agape and belly-shaped, or lank,
Chortle globuled bubbles,
Swim the tank in doubles,
Nibble on a leek-like weed,
Spice it with a tiny seed;
Have no vision anywhere
Except into the open air
To which their eyes, abead with blear,
Can no more see than through a tear,
Which is their world: a monstrous tear.
In tanks fish have not even fear
To prime them for the after-place.
I take it they're to know no later grace.

Why Kick the Farm Board?

By C. O. Moser

It has accomplished considerably more than those who think only of its half-billion-dollar stabilization scheme would like to admit

An overwhelming world surplus in both cotton and wheat has served to focus public attention on the future of the Federal Farm Board and the new national policy of coöperative marketing. The whole question doubtless will be to the fore in the next session of Congress, and it is apparent, even at this early date, that efforts will be made by the opponents of the Board to destroy its effectiveness.

Quite naturally the central point of all recent discussion has been the record low prices of the last four months. But this narrowing of the subject has been most unfortunate, for in its haste to draw a final judgment against the price stabilization operations the nation at large has utterly neglected for the moment the many constructive achievements of the Farm Board.

We can not justly dismiss as a mere expression of hope the words of President Hoover in announcing his approval of the Agricultural Marketing Act, on June 15, 1929: "After many years of contention we have at last made a constructive start at agricultural relief with the most important measure ever passed by Congress in aid of a single industry."

Or what Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, said two days later:

> The Agricultural Marketing Act is the first real step for the rehabilitation of agriculture in these United States. I believe it is the most important piece of farm legislation ever enacted in this or any other country. It is intended to be for agriculture what the Federal Reserve Act is for commerce, what the Transportation Act is for railroads, what the protective tariff is for manufacturing and labor.

It is, of course, too early to attempt any final appraisal of the programme, for, as President Hoover emphasized in charging the Farm Board with its official responsibilities in July, 1929, "We are building, not for the present only but for the next year and the next decade." Nevertheless, it is reasonable to ask, "How far have we traveled in these two years?" Even if the ultimate goal is not yet in sight, the nation still is entitled at all times to ask, "Are we on the right trail?"

Most frequently neglected in discussion of the Farm Board's operations to date is the fact that the programme launched in 1929 involved a new basic national policy, to

be worked out over a period of years. The price stabilization efforts were merely incidental, designed to meet the extraordinary situation precipitated by the stock market panic.

The major objectives of the Farm Board were outlined by the then Chairman, Mr. Alexander Legge, in his first public announcement of policy at Baton Rouge, in August, 1929. This policy contemplated (1) that the Board should assist the farmers in organizing their own marketing agencies and (2) that the farmer-owned and farmer-controlled marketing machinery should undertake to control surpluses "at the source," that is, by the adjustment of production to going demand.

This clearly defined policy was closely followed until the October crash in Wall Street created panicky markets in every major agricultural product. Through the cotton and wheat stabilization operations the Board diverted some of its funds to checking the decline of prices before they should touch ruinous levels.

It is the contention of those who advocated the stabilization policy that the cotton and wheat farmers realized far more through the higher prices obtained on their 1929 and 1930 crops, than the Farm Board invested in the operations. On the other hand, opponents of the policy declare that through stabilization United States prices were held at a point out of line with the world markets, which resulted in a relatively larger consumption of competitive foreign products; and this, in turn, tended to create still larger surpluses in America. Hence, runs this argument, the cotton and wheat farmers stand to lose on this year's low prices whatever they may have gained last year and the year before through the artificially high stabilized price. The verdict, of course, will be rendered by economists when all the facts are in. They are not in today, nor can they ever be available until the stabilization accounts finally are closed out by the sale of the stocks withdrawn from the markets of the world. Meanwhile, whatever the final verdict on stabilization may be in dollars and cents, it is an historical fact that it was purely an emergency measure, dictated by extraordinary conditions. Its abandonment does not signalize, as many have suggested, the failure of the Agricultural Marketing Act.

DURING the two years in which stabilization, unfortunately, has been the focus of public interest, a great constructive work has gone forward in the organization of a national coöperative marketing system for agricultural products. I believe it is a fair statement to say that the achievements to date in this direction have been in every sense up to the expectation of those who labored for years to prepare the ground for the new national policy.

In the two years ending July 1, 1931, there was an increase of 33.4 per cent in the membership of farmers' coöperative selling organizations in the United States, and a concurrent increase of 28.8 per cent in the volume of products marketed through the coöperative system. Today there are approximately 250 regional or national coöperative marketing organizations in the country. Their combined affiliated member-

ship aggregates some 800,000 farmers, which reduces, after allowances for duplications, to about ten per cent of the total number of farm families enumerated in the 1930 census. The total sales of these organizations in the last calendar year were in the neighborhood of $2,000,000,000, or about twenty per cent of the total of the national agricultural production. Coöperative sales in 1930 were four per cent greater than in 1929, despite a decline of eighteen per cent in the general index of farm prices in the two years.

Nor is this the whole measure of the progress of coöperative marketing since the Farm Board launched the new policy. While the great national sales organizations have been building up their membership and perfecting their business methods, new community units have been organizing at an accelerated rate. From the report of the Extension Service, United States Department of Agriculture, we learn that during the calendar year 1930, county agents assisted in the formation of no less than 1,685 new community coöperatives, against 1,124 during 1929. Thus, in two years there were established 2,809 new community pools of all types. Moreover, in a dozen Southern States, alone, some 55,000 farmers registered during these two years in special evening classes teaching the principles and practices of coöperative marketing.

In the grain coöperatives, some 4,000 farmers' elevator pools operated throughout the country in 1928, but only about 50,000,000 bushels of wheat were marketed through the coöperative machinery on terminal markets that year. Under the Farm Board programme the scattered selling efforts of these 4,000 pools have been centralized through the Farmers' National Grain Corporation, whose regional members last year placed a little more than 200,000,000 bushels of coöperative grain at terminal markets.

Similarly, in cotton, the combined membership of the community cooperatives was about 93,000 in the spring of 1929. Today the active affiliated membership of the American Cotton Coöperative Association is in excess of 160,000 farmers. In 1928 the cotton coöperatives marketed 1,163,000 bales and in 1930 a total of 2,312,000 bales, an increase of ninety-nine per cent in volume in two years. The 1930 receipts of the cotton coöperatives represented about seventeen per cent of the crop, against eight per cent handled cooperatively in 1928.

Even more striking are the results achieved in the marketing of wool. Here, the coöperatives handled about eight per cent of the clip in 1928, a total of approximately 20,000,000 pounds. Last year the National Wool Marketing Corporation, sponsored by the Farm Board, handled thirty-five per cent of the clip, or about 120,000,000 pounds, and more than eighty per cent of the mohair.

In live stock, the coöperative agencies handled four per cent more animals in 1930 than in 1928. Comparable figures might be cited for cheese, eggs, butter, grapes, citrus fruits, vegetables, apples and nuts. And twenty-one coöperative farm *purchasing* organizations handled $101,000,000 worth of supplies in 1930, an increase of twenty per cent over 1928.

THE second great objective of the Farm Board's programme was the readjustment of acreage in wheat and cotton to the current trend of world demand. Winter wheat acreage in 1930 was ten per cent less than in 1929, and the United States cotton area this year was 5,500,000 acres less than the 1929 planting, a decrease of approximately twelve per cent. In the case of cotton, however, the average yield per acre for 1931 is estimated by the Department of Agriculture at 185.8 pounds, against a ten-year average of 154.4 pounds for the decade ending 1930. Unusually favorable weather throughout the growing season, therefore, has more than offset the two-year acreage reduction campaign, so far, at least, as concerns this year's harvest. But this is not the whole story, for the fact yet remains that the 5,500,000 acres taken out of cotton since 1929 have been planted to other crops — fruits, vegetables, live stock feeds. Thus, the diversification programme which, all cotton authorities agree, ultimately must provide the stable and balanced agriculture so greatly needed in the South already has been accomplished on about twelve per cent of the 1929 cotton area.

Furthermore, in unifying the scattered coöperative associations into strong national organizations, the Farm Board has established a closely-knit Belt-wide association of producers, and this has greatly facilitated work looking toward improvement of crop quality, decreased marketing costs and increased consumption. Through this system the cotton farmers are enabled to work together on their mutual problems, just as the lumber interests, the bankers, the railroads, the oil men and the shipping interests work together through their national trade associations. The incalculable value of this advance was forcefully presented recently in an address by Mr. E. F. Creekmoore, General Manager of the American Cotton Coöperative Association:

> We do not presume to say that the cotton grower's problems will be solved simply by a better marketing system, which will give him a larger share of the price the mill pays and a fair premium on the higher grades and staples. Overproduction and under-consumption, competition from abroad and other obstacles that hinder the grower's return to prosperity are deeply rooted. But the untangling of these obstacles can best be achieved by the planned, united action of the farmers themselves, working through the coöperative associations.

PERHAPS the most important direct contribution of the coöperative marketing associations to the advancement of orderly marketing of cotton has been realized through the establishment of Government-licensed classers at some 150 country markets throughout the Cotton Belt. Since the value of cotton depends upon the length of the fibre as well as upon character and color, careful classing by scientifically trained experts is a fundamental consideration in the determination of true market values. Fibre lengths vary by one-sixteenth of an inch in the standard market grades, which means that classing never is a job for an amateur. Indeed, years of experience are necessary before a man can "pull a sample" from a bale and merely by rolling it in his fingers determine whether the fibre is thirteen-sixteenths of an inch, or seven-

eighths of an inch, long. Yet this matter of one-sixteenth of an inch may mean from three to five dollars' difference in the true market value of the bale.

Before the advent of the Government-licensed classers at the country markets the street buyers were, on the whole, only a little more qualified to determine actual spot values than the growers themselves. A report published by the United States Department of Agriculture last April embodied a survey made in Oklahoma in 1927–28 to determine to what extent cotton growers were paid equitable premiums for preferred grades and staples. This report concluded:

> No premiums were received by growers for staple lengths longer than seven-eighths inch. The average price received by growers for seven-eighths inch cotton was as great, or greater, than that received for any other staple length. Compared with central market prices, individual farmers in Oklahoma were, in effect, penalized for producing higher grades and longer staples and paid a bonus for producing the lower grades and shorter staples. This practice made it impossible for individual growers to realize the full benefits of their relative advantage for producing high-quality cotton.

With these facts before us it is not difficult to understand why the quality of American cotton has been declining steadily for twenty years, until today average foreign growths are really in direct competition with the bulk of the American crop. In 1928, for example, approximately eighteen per cent of the United States cotton crop was untenderable on futures contracts in the great exchange markets. And the following year 24.3 per cent of the entire crop was untenderable. So long as the favored Southern grower could not realize his due economic reward for superior quality — a reward, be it noted, which always has been paid at every phase of the movement beyond the primary markets — he found no incentive to improve his yield with selected seed, fertilizers and intensive cultivation. Under the coöperative marketing system Government-licensed classers mark every bale received in the country towns just as if they were classing for mill consignment or export at New Orleans, Dallas, Houston, New York or Memphis. Thus, the premium for superior quality goes to the farmer, and every grower thereby is given a compelling economic incentive constantly to improve his cotton. Similar systems of rigid standard grading have been extended in like manner to the actual producers of wheat, wool, tobacco and other farm products now moving in the coöperative marketing system.

THE coöperative organizations realize that no business is better than its management. They are striving constantly for improved methods. Their motives in this quest are identical with those which impel all other business organizations to seek ever greater efficiency — increased profits for stockholders. Nor do the coöperative managers believe that wealth may be created by the mere passage of a law. Rather, their concerted energies are directed to the great problem of all business — to bring about a fair margin of profit between the cost of production and the selling price, without at the same time stimulating excessive production.

This may be accomplished, the coöperative interests believe, by strict adherence to tested business methods — (1) reducing marketing costs, (2) insuring payment of going market prices to the grower for superior quality, (3) improving crop quality generally and (4) regulating the year-around flow to market so as to avoid seasonal gluts and consequent cut-throat competition under the pressure of storage and demurrage charges.

These methods, all business men will agree, I am sure, are not wild panaceas from the plains and prairies. They are, rather, the acknowledged and accepted methods of established business. The historical significance of the Agricultural Marketing Act is that it marks as national policy the general application of these tested principles to the business of the farmer.

Such, then, is the broad outline of the road we have been traveling since 1929. It has been at times a rugged and trying journey. There have been some arresting mistakes, both in policy and execution. But what great enterprise can boast a faultless record during the two years? The errors of the coöperative managers have been more conspicuous, I believe, principally because their business generally is conducted in the show-window of public affairs.

But despite the errors and occasional groping, I review the whole accomplishment with a sincere feeling that a great constructive work has been securely planted on a firm and lasting foundation. And as a prophecy I venture this single observation, born of some twenty years' intimate contact with agricultural marketing: the great outstanding fact in more than fifty years history of farm-marketing coöperation in America, and nearly a hundred years in Europe, is that nowhere is there to be found a record of any substantial number of producers going back to privately controlled or speculative marketing once they have experienced the advantages of selling their products through the coöperative system.

New Heaven and New Earth

By Geoffrey Dennis

Every day they change in size, and shape and speed. Every day, with fairy-tale suddenness and splendor, they show a new face and a new soul.

Einstein's Whole is a cylinder, a great rolling-pin, so many billions of parsecs long, so many billions of parsecs round; De Sitter's is a sphere, a wild cosmic orange, so many billions of light years across.

The rest of us stare and wonder and, ignorant all of us, incline to believe.

Here in this short article it is desired to offer a few marginal considerations touching the present-day cosmogonies: earth and heaven as contemporary science has fashioned them. Of late these cosmogonies have imperiously seized the layman's fancy, in every sense of the word become popular. It is not proposed to discuss the schemes and theories in detail, nor even their broadest philosophical implications; still less the technical-mathematical problems nor the rock-bottom metaphysics involved. I am competent to discuss none of these, and seek only to offer a few remarks about how the outside of the new heavenly sciences strikes a non-scientific outsider without knowledge, training or experience.

The first point of all is that this subject — these books — this group of sciences — *is* popular. The group, I mean, that sweeps (in a world-line of majestic non-Euclidean splendor) through space-time from physics via relativity to astronomy. There has been nothing to match it since the first post-Darwin decades when Haeckel and Huxley disthroned God the Father, made apes paternal in His stead, and sold into seven figures. So to-day, Sir James Jeans is a best-seller, the Earl Russell and Professor Eddington are oracles, even Whitehead and Alexander have disciples among the multitude, and Einstein is a great high priest. In what I write I shall be thinking most often of the less technical volumes to the names of Eddington and Jeans, the most truly popular of them all, and therefore for our purpose the most significant.

Why are they so popular? Some of the reasons are trivial, irrelevant to fundamentals, or rather may be deemed so.

I would put as first reason the literary and explanatory talent of the chief popularizers, their gift of exposition, their gift of English. They write cleanly and clearly. I reject entirely a view I heard expressed the other day, that Sir James

Jeans is no more than Sir Robert Ball up to date, providing simple science for the simple, juggling acceptably with the jargon of the moment. That is merely not true. Apart from the difference in technical authority, intellectual grasp and firmness of outlook, the new vulgarizators are, as regards presentation, description, persuasion, purpose, effect, in a different universe — much more different, I think, than the universes they portray — from good friendly Sir Robert's magic-lantern lectures and dear lovable Camille Flammarion's exclamation marks and gush and froth. This point of their writing ability is important; for while enabling them to present difficult matters to the multitude (us all) and so shape the general thought of their time, it has also secured for them the kindly approval and patronage of the literary pundits (those few) who are so powerful in hindering or helping the march of non-literary movements, artistic, political, and scientific alike.

What applies to the great English vulgarizators of the hour, applies, with not much less force — though the English are, I think, just now the best of all — to their French and American and German opposite numbers. Nordmann and others across the Channel, a host of popular books and university monographs across the Ocean, say their new cosmic say for all to understand.

With the cosmogonists' great talent as writers and teachers, contrasting with it and heightening it, is to be put the lack of such talent displayed by most of the expounders of most other modern sciences. Biology — cosmogony's chief could-be rival in present-day appeal — biology in particular is ill-served by its would-be vulgarizators. Vulgar all right they are, in style as in temperament. Cocksure all right they are, and ungrammatical. A recent volume, cried up to the blue skies by the leaders of biology, or at least of biological journalism, as equalling More, Voltaire, I know not whom else, was at best as dull and characterless a réchauffé of text-book facts and pseudo-facts as the eighth-class mind of a complacent and illiterate little atheist could contrive. The simplest rules of grammar were ignored, the simplest sense of God denied. This young author's ideal (as of almost all of them, one or two of the professional biologists indeed excelling him) is Wells at his worst. Wells at his worst.

The anthropologists are of a better stripe altogether; but chance to have no leader who combines wide appeal with wide authority. By contrast, therefore, with the exponents of these and some other sciences, as well as by positive merit, the Jeanses and the Eddingtons find it easy to hold the field.

The second reason I suggest for astronomy-cosmogony's present primacy of popularity consists in the special handicaps, weaknesses inherent (not incidental such as their spokesmen's scant gifts), that at the moment happen to hamper its fellow-sciences. Chemistry has gone into business, turned wholly technical-industrial; in its latter phase is altogether too common-sense, too much of the earth-earthy, to appeal victoriously to either heart or head. Geology, that was always of the earth-earthy, has lost even its old

attraction of blasphemy, of anti-Pentateuchal naughtiness, now gone over *en bloc* to biology. Psychology, on the other hand, is not common-sense *enough* to make wide appeal to the saner multitude; and savors too much of the brothel (the baser Austro-Hebraic disciples of Austro-Hebraic Freud) and of bedlam (the wilder behaviorists of American college culture). Biology itself has against it many various drawbacks, creditable and discreditable. It hurts man's vanity, it scorns God's grace. It is arrived at a stage of uncertainty and sharp inward conflict; its byways and undercurrents are innumerable, and muddling, and muddled. It makes outrageous assumptions; it displays ambitions quite disproportionate to its achievements. It is the scientific last ditch of anti-religious bias — a bias which, fortunately or unfortunately, the human race as a whole does not share. Over against it, astronomy has also the valuable advantage of decency. You can't say to your little daughter, "Gaze at the generative process!" You *can* say to her, "Behold the heavens!" Venus the goddess is pornography, Venus the star is pure.

As third reason I put the definite anti-materialistic trend of the newest physics, now finally divorced from Haeckel, Bradlaugh, Foote, Ingersoll and other such husbands. Max Planck makes the material world less material. Heisenberg plumps for indeterminacy not predestination. In thermodynamics good luck ousts iron law. Bohr and Born lift up a ψ-starred banner against Calvin and all other enemies of the soul's freedom. Lemaître is a priest, Eddington is on the side of the angels. In simplest statement, the new cosmic physics has withdrawn its time-honored support from deterministic law and materialist monopoly: *the electrons may jump either way.*

My last reason should have been the first. Cosmogony alone of the sciences ministers adequately to man's aesthetic instinct, his soul-curiosity as well as his mind-curiosity, his sense of the terrible Infinite.

Such are some of an uninformed layman's explanations of this science's appeal to uninformed laymen. Of its separate glory as a monument to human intelligence, industry and devotion, a glory reflected in different degrees on England, Germany, America, France, the little countries, all countries, I do not propose to speak. Nor of its achievements in themselves: whether intensive, as regarding the structure of the atom, or extensive, as fixing the margent of space and time; whether as illuminating the inward properties of light, or drawing the outward shape of the universe of darkness. A man who merely despises the manifold discoveries of the last twenty-five years, in all their range and subtlety, such a man is surely himself despicable.

Our questions come from another angle, outside the intellectual sphere, outside the technical, outside the metaphysical also. Our chief question is this: the fantastic development of these sciences since the century turned, since the War ended, how much has it done for mankind, his spiritual welfare, his intellectual unity, his clear seeing of himself and non-self? How much nearer truth and reality and final value are

Jeans and Eddington than Flammarion and Ball? A little, we think — as, for instance, in the desertion of determinacy — but only a very little.

The sphere of interest has certainly widened. Count the number of chapters on the solar system and on the stars in any astronomical book published forty years ago and any astronomical book published yesterday. The centre of interest has certainly shifted. Earth is in a galactic backwater, and the nodal point of their studies now follows the careering nebulae. Count the number of the stars themselves. It has grown beyond measure; they are enrolled by billions, not millions. Distances have grown still more; they are reckoned in parsecs, not trillions. Time is longer. The cosmos is larger. There is much more of everything. Number, triumphant to new *n*ths, is all-ascendant.

What of it? A bigger universe, with more stars in its far-curved garment, and that garment spread wider — what improvement, what extra significance, what greater verity, what use? Size, quantity, number; do these contain virtue in themselves? (The mystical, Pythagorean virtue of Number they all deny.) This microscopic and macroscopic megalomania — whither leads it? In what sense does "more" spell "better"?

"We are drawing plans and laying foundations for a longer future than we can well imagine," says Jeans, as the last sentence of his best-known book. What hope in that poor comparative? What meaning, what advantage, in having fifty million years ahead of us instead of five thousand — if in the end the End must yet come?

And the End, they all say, must come. End of the earth: by cold, they believe mostly — fire, flood, drought are out of fashion; collision not in serious favor — but final, anyway, and disposing forever of the children of men. End of the universe: by heat, they declare unanimously, by calorific equalization, degradation, entropy; by the pitiless ineluctable *Wärmetod*. In virtue of a thermodynamic "law" their brains have evolved — who, Saviour, evolved their brains? — they have condemned the universe to death.

Now this law, perfect no doubt within its own technical prison, that holds "the supreme position among the laws of Nature," against which opposing theories have "no hope," is one the human mind and human heart alike reject, that hangs without foothold in the logic of the brain or of the soul.

The soul rebels.

The Universe *shall* not die! Space shall be infinite. That whole cosmos of theirs, which embraces the uttermost nebulae, which sweeps a thousand million times wider than the trillion-mile pitiful corner seen from Mount Wilson, around which light, swiftest of all things, takes one hundred thousand million years to travel, it is but a bubble enwombed in the ether, in empty ether stretching out to infinity. And entropy of infinity is a phrase that has no sense — no, not even in transcendental physics. The law of degradation breaks down. We are saved.

Light can reconstitute matter; can build up stars to start all over again. It is last year's newest evangel.

Entropy is only an average, a probability, and so must sometimes fail; as sometimes heat does pass from cold nebulae to warmer stars, as one day those apes will ride the Tempest, and red outrun black even till it break the heavenly bank.

If *Wärmetod* must happen, why has it not happened already, happened always? If the calorific stillness were inevitable it must,

unless the fundamental laws have changed, unless temperature was once infinitely irregular — which is not sense, no not even in thermodynamics — have come long ago, been eternally. There must always have been entropy; there can never have been a Universe. Yet one is there; *here.**

In its supremest suggestion the new cosmogony breaks down. For, despite it, the universe is here.

And if it is wrong in its most ultimate effort, its basic theory of cosmic destiny, we are driven to doubt all its theories, to ask whether the facts on which it generalizes are not far too few, to ask whether they are facts at all, to ask what facts are.

The whole physical world is a mirage; their clockwork construction is but a mirage of that mirage.

In the realm of politics, the results of the scientists' pronouncements are curious, and of doubtful value; not perhaps chiefly through the scientists' own fault. The postponement of man's death sentence, a paltry consolation if ever there was — a mere numerical increase in the number of æons (minutes) we have in which to strive (for nothing) — has been seized upon by the sociological and political optimists as an argument for Progress: because we have more time to progress in. The principle of indeterminacy, an ethically neutral principle if ever there was, has been seized upon with no less speed and glee by the ethical optimists as an argument for Moral Progress; because the electrons, being free to choose how they jump must naturally jump in the direction of Virtue. For good or evil, with justification or without it, modern physics is being used as an arsenal by statesmen and sociologists and philosophers whose policy, for evil or good, without justification or with it, is based on the theory of human perfectibility.

It is curious. Eternal Death is hardly a shining goal of hope.

From one present-day scientific belief, hope for or at least pride in the human race follows more naturally. This is the one belief which, as against the view of a generation ago, presents a diminution, not an increase, in number; namely, in the number of living beings in the universe. Man is now being made rarer again, and so more important. In 1880 the cosmos was held to be full from end to end of conscious life, physical and mental, and man did not therefore count for very much, so usual, so ubiquitous, so infinitesimal was he. In 1931 life is adjudged rare, occurring maybe on one heavenly body in a million, on a favored "freak formation" here and there; it is "more of a rarity than our fathers thought" say even the most conservative; it is here on the earth only, proclaim many, rejoining Aristotle and Plato, and the Eternal Church. Man is unique in the cosmos, and so may rightly take pride.

Pride perhaps; but hope? Of cause for hope in the individual heart, this science offers little, or of means to assuage fear, or mitigate misery. Nothing for man's needs, or God's; no joy, no solace; no palest explanation of the Mystery.

Here at the last we arrive at the major distinction and merit of the new science, which separates it from all Nineteenth Century systems. Like them it does nothing to

* *The End of the World.* By Geoffrey Dennis. (Simon and Schuster.)

explain the Mystery; but, unlike them, it allows, admits, almost insists, that there is one; and confesses, with a modesty that biology (for instance) has yet to learn, that it can itself do nothing to explain it. The physicists now declare roundly that Reality — whatever that is — is elsewhere, and their whole constructional universe of physics but a shadow of it. Eddington writes:

> The frank realization that physical science is concerned with a world of shadows is one of the most significant of recent advances.

and again:

> The symbolic nature of the entities of physics is generally recognized; and the scheme of physics is now formulated in such a way as to make it almost self-evident that it is a partial aspect of something wider. . . . This is not merely a philosophic doctrine to which intellectual assent might be given, but has become part of the scientific attitude of the day, illustrated in detail in the current scheme of physics.

They now declare roundly that the Reality is not only elsewhere than, but something more fundamental than, science, which itself is able to answer none of man's first questions. Jeans thought with a mind much less open than Eddington's to the artistic and religious meaning of "the Universe around him," even Jeans says:

> It is rare indeed for science to give a final "Yes" or "No" answer to any question propounded to her. When we are able to put a question in such a definite form that either of those answers could be given in reply, we are generally already in a position to supply the answer ourselves.

and also:

> It is difficult to form even the remotest conception of the realities underlying all these phenomena. The recent branch of physics known as "wave-mechanics" is at present groping after an understanding, but so far progress has been in the direction of coördinating observed phenomena rather than in getting down to realities. Indeed, it may be doubted whether we shall ever properly understand the realities ultimately involved; they may well be so fundamental as to be beyond the grasp of the human mind.

This frank and whole-hearted recognition by the leaders of science of the limits, the tiny limits, of their special world, this their recognition that that world is but one aspect (metrical, notational, mathematical-symbolical) of the Whole World, is now the chief fact about science at all, and the most important since long ago, in private heart or public practice, it first struck out a separate pathway from religion.

This recognition may be, as some think, its weakness, a sign of metaphysical error, atavistic sentimentality, cowardly truckling to the priests, abject abasement before the gods; or, as we think, its strength, the courageous avowal by the brain of its lord the spirit, the natural submission of the part to the whole.

What is the Whole?

Whether we believe it to have a spirit or to be a spirit, whether it should most truly be described as the Soul of God or as His Body, whether it be the dream or the dream's Dreamer, that I do not know. If any one — this side Paradise — knows, it is not the scientists but the saints.

The White God Cracks

By Wayne Gard

Our chaotic age is reflected in the changing status of the white race

Those who believe that the future of civilization depends upon the maintenance of white supremacy have had several alarms lately. Recent census figures show the colored races growing considerably faster than the whites. And now Lord Irwin, who has just ended five years' service as Viceroy and Governor-General of India declares that in that wealthy land the prestige of the white man has gone forever.

Certainly Lord Irwin, of all people, had opportunity to enjoy whatever vestige of supremacy might remain for the white man in the East. Surrounded by regal trappings beside which those of George V would seem like small-town circus properties, the viceroy ruled with the pomp of a Mogul emperor or a Kublai Khan. Yet he knew, even if his superiors in London did not, that his authority was scarcely more than a paper shell. The real power had vanished. Much of it had gone to a scrawny, brown-skinned man who wore only a cotton loin cloth and subsisted — often in jail — on a meagre diet of milk and fruit.

What Lord Irwin told his fellow Conservatives in England is wholly true, and it holds for all the Orient. In a sense, it always has been true, for the white man never was worshipped by the Asiatic to quite the degree he imagined. Kipling's *Man Who Would Be King* and Conrad's *Lord Jim* lost in the end the advantage which their white skins had gained. And in real life the white man's prestige often has depended more upon guns than upon the awe of a supposedly reverential people.

Take, for instance, the case of Philip de Brito. This Portuguese buccaneer came in 1600 to the Talaing town of Syriam, in what is now lower Burma. Appointed by an Arrakanese king as a local governor, he quickly turned traitor, drove out the Arrakanese, and held the king's son for ransom. Later he desecrated the nearby Buddhist pagodas, stripping them of their jewels and gold, and forced the Talaings to accept Christianity. Yet these people looked upon him not as a god but as a vulnerable devil. In 1613 they tied him high on a pole in front of his own house, where he died after three days of agony.

There has been, of course, an awe of the white man in the East, a

respect engendered by his scientific contrivances and his genius for social organization. Even his arrogance often has had the intended effect of intimidation. But all that is gone now. When the Oriental salaams the white man today, he does not intend this gesture as an abasement toward one of superior caste. Often his politeness is the disguise of contempt or hatred; he is quietly biding his time until he can push the white man entirely out.

LORD IRWIN attributes the loss of the white man's prestige to three causes: the defeat of the Russians by the Japanese, the use of Indian troops against white men in the World War, and the influence of motion pictures in the East. These factors, plus the spread of nationalism and industrialism, have dimmed the white man's star.

The Russo-Japanese War was not the first instance in which Asiatics had seen white troops routed by those of darker skin; the annihilation of a British army by Afghans in 1842 encouraged the Indians to mutiny fifteen years later. Japan's quick defeat of Russia in 1904–05 was, however, a devastating blow to white prestige and one which could not be hidden. Japan's victory and her subsequent development as a major industrial and naval power have heartened nationalist leaders throughout the Orient.

The final doom of white supremacy came with the World War and its consequent social upheavals. The use of Indian and Arab troops against white men was one factor. These imported fighters saw that the white soldiers succumbed to bullets and bayonets as easily as did the blacks and browns, and with no more courage. They realized that white people were unable to keep peace among themselves; they concluded that Christianity was the religion of the machine gun. They were made aware, too, of the dependence of the whites upon colored — and supposedly inferior — allies.

Moreover, to insure loyalty in their Eastern colonies and to gain support for their military campaigns, European powers gave promises which their failure to fulfill led to serious trouble after the war. At various times during the conflict, David Lloyd George and other spokesmen for the Allies assured the Islamic world that the holy places of their religion would not be molested or placed under Christian rule and that Turkish territory would not be delimited. In addition, it was announced in Parliament in 1917 that the British Government intended to introduce legislation for the "gradual development of self-governing institutions" and the "progressive realization of responsible government" in India.

The promises to Islam were broken notoriously in the treaty of Sèvres, announced in May, 1920. And, although the rise of the formidable Khilafat movement forced three years later, in the treaty of Lausanne, a partial restoration of territory and the ending of foreign interference in Turkish affairs, the Moslem people continued to nurse grievances. The white man, it appeared, had no hesitance over breaking his promises.

The promise to India brought even more tragic consequences. India had responded instantly and whole-

heartedly to the calls for arms and money. M. K. Gandhi, who was in England when the War began, had volunteered for ambulance work, and, when sickness took him back to India, he had engaged vigorously in a recruiting campaign. When the War was over, India naturally expected fulfillment of the promise of home rule.

But the India act of 1919, commonly referred to as the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, proved little more than a sham. The paper legislature it set up was scarcely more than a debating society; the real authority of the Government remained with the English viceroy. The new constitution soon proved unworkable. Since then, dominion status has been specifically promised to India — but only in some distant and hazy future. As a result, the Hindu, like the Mohammedan, has lost faith in the white man's word.

In parts of the East, the War also harmed white prestige by letting loose a multitude of European beggars and other floaters. To the Chinaman, who regards the beggar as an outcast, it was disillusioning to have thousands of Russian refugees limping along his streets with outstretched hands. Where, he asked, was the white man's vaunted economic superiority?

Some Americans may have been surprised at Lord Irwin's mention of motion pictures as a principal factor in the loss of white prestige in the Orient, yet this influence has done much to blast the myth of Occidental superiority. Many Asiatic people, of course, have had private opinions of the mentality and the morals of their white masters all along, but the movies have made this iconoclastic conception of Western virtue almost universal.

The Chinaman or the Indian who was taught that the white man was a tin god soon learned differently from the Hollywood films, and his deference soured to contempt. He learned that the white man, in his own country, was not too dignified to throw pies, get drunk, smash automobiles, and otherwise make a fool of himself. He saw white women pictured as vampires, strumpets, and faithless wives. He observed Westerners acting not from motives of intelligence but from those of elemental emotion. He saw murder pictured as an almost everyday practice.

Failing to realize that most white people are not like those on the screen, the Eastern movie fan not only was disillusioned but, in addition, received a warped impression of Occidental life. The movies thus added greatly to other influences which led him to think of Europe as a decadent, ill-smelling continent and of America as the home of clowns and crooks, racketeers and lynchers.

To his three causes for the white man's loss of prestige, Lord Irwin might well have added the spread of nationalism and industrialism from the West. The schoolboy in Manila or Shanghai who studies the American Declaration of Independence can not but want to apply its principles to his own country. And the Calcutta student who analyzes Edmund Burke's speech on conciliation with America is unavoidably inspired to help set his nation free.

This new nationalism of the East

is economic as well as political. The Oriental is determined to spin and weave his own cotton, to exploit his own mineral deposits, to manage his own river and coastal shipping. And in gaining these ends, he has instituted one of the most effective economic weapons — the boycott.

The white man's loss of prestige in the East is not due to any degeneration on his part; Western colonialism is now more nearly just, more nearly humane than ever before. But the Oriental is catching up at those points at which his civilization has lagged. He now demands equality, and his getting it is only a matter of time.

The British massacre of defenseless Indians at Amritsar in 1919 and the shooting of protesting students and workers in the streets of Shanghai by foreign policemen in 1925 were epochal events which inflamed millions against the foreign whites. The white people in the East today realize that they remain there by the sufferance of the Orientals, not by any white "dominion over palm and pine" planned by an omniscient deity.

But what of the Christian missionary — does he not bolster the white man's sagging reputation? Far from it. Today the missionary in the so-called "backward" countries is looked upon with almost as much suspicion as the governor and the trader, and his work has been made extremely difficult. Never welcomed with the enthusiasm he suggests when raising funds in the homeland, the missionary is now condemned as the advance agent of the foreign soldier and the greedy industrialist.

In China, the suspicion that missionaries would be followed by Western soldiers was expressed early in the Eighteenth Century by Yung Cheng, who, at the beginning of his reign, was petitioned by Chinese scholars to convert the churches to "other and better uses." "You wish," the emperor said to the missionaries, "that all the Chinese would become Christians, and indeed your creed commands it. I am well aware of this, but in that event what would become of us? Should we not soon merely be the subjects of your kings?"

For a long period, the saying that "trade follows the flag" had as its corollary, "the flag follows the Cross." The severing of this informal relationship is being made only after the connection with government and commerce has begun to embarrass the missionaries and to hinder their work. Missionaries were little concerned over the injustice of China's "unequal treaties," involving special protection for themselves and other foreigners in China until the present revolution suddenly forced them either to side with the Chinese or to lose their remaining influence.

In India, the nationalist has little use for the missionary who accepts half his school funds from the British Government and thus is unable to express any sympathy with the home-rule movement. He resents being taxed to support a foreign religion, and he is indignant at being required — upon entering the churches of several denominations — to show reverence by removing his head scarf instead of by the more normal Oriental custom of removing his sandals.

Most of the missionaries have

changed their tactics in recent years. Scarcely any of them now shows the narrowness of Adoniram Judson, who prescribed in detail the clothing of his women assistants and allowed no converts to be baptized until they had given up all their jewelry. Yet the missionary is by nature intolerant. He opposes Eastern religions and philosophies which he has made no attempt to understand. He exhibits, even though unconsciously, the white man's pharisiac attitude.

In China, where the Christian population never has exceeded three-fourths of one per cent of the inhabitants, the number of Christians has been decreasing. It now takes a salaried missionary from two to four years to make one convert. And, with the nationalization of the mission schools, which the Nanking Government is bringing about as rapidly as its authority and its funds allow, the opportunity for proselyting seems bound to lessen. Both in China and in India, many nationalist leaders appreciate the useful educational and medical work which some missionaries have carried on, but, generally speaking, they would prefer that the whole missionary organization return home and work on the Alphonse Capones and the Albert B. Falls.

TODAY the white resident among the darker races realizes that a new spirit is in the air. The downtrodden are determined to remain underfoot no longer. Democracy never has been an Oriental ideal, but, in spite of caste systems that still exist, democracy has become a battle cry throughout the East. Whatever local customs may prevail, these people now contend, there must be democracy among the nations and among the races. There must be no more colonial despotism, no more draining of Asia's wealth to Europe and America.

Thus the Oriental demands his rights, and if they are not readily conceded he is determined to capture them either by force or by the baffling methods of boycott and civil disobedience. The East African chiefs are calling for representation in the legislative councils, the Filipinos are seeking political autonomy, the Indians are trying to gain immediately the promised dominion status, and the Chinese are abrogating their treaties granting extraterritorial privileges to foreign powers. There is little doubt that the remaining yokes of these colored peoples will eventually be cast off. The day of freedom may not arrive as soon as some of the patriots now anticipate, but it is sure to come.

Does this mean that the white man must withdraw his enterprise to his own lands and must eventually fall a victim to the territorial needs of rapidly growing colored races? Not necessarily, though the question is pertinent. Most of those who were alarmed a decade ago by Lothrop Stoddard's book on *The Rising Tide of Color* have been calmed by now, but just recently the head of the statistical department of the world's largest insurance company conditionally predicted world supremacy for the Asiatic races.

The basis for such a prophecy is in the fact that the white races are limiting their propagation, whereas those of darker skin generally continue to have families of maximum

size. In India, where the British still allow children of six to ten years to toil twelve to fourteen hours for a daily wage of four cents, the population has increased by thirty million in the last decade. Japan, which has doubled its population in less than two generations, now has 64,800,000 inhabitants in a land smaller than California, in an area only one-sixth of which is cultivable.

This situation leads those concerned over Nordic supremacy to fear that immigration barriers can not permanently prevent growing races from bursting geographic bonds and invading fertile territory which has been more thinly occupied. In such a case, would not the white man and his standard of living be snuffed out?

From a more objective point of view, however, there seems little cause for alarm. In the future, as in the past, the fittest are most likely to survive. And if the colored races prove to be the most fit a thousand years hence, why should that possibility worry any one now? Can anybody prove that the white race, despite its destructive wars and its even more deadly automobiles, is really superior? The white peoples are hardly in a position to judge racial merits impartially. And if the Caucasian proves unable to hold his current position, nothing the present generation of Americans and Europeans can do will head off the white downfall.

Moreover, there is no certainty that the Asiatic races will continue to grow at their present rate. The Orient is rapidly being invaded by Western conveniences and luxuries which raise the standard of living. And a higher standard can hardly exist in the same house with an unlimited family.

Today the supposedly backward peoples are having new desires whetted. The Asian householder wants an automobile and a radio. His wife wants a sewing machine and an electric refrigerator. His children want to attend expensive schools. These advantages can not be obtained except by limiting the size of the family, and when the choice is fully understood, it seems inevitable that the colored races, like the whites, will turn to contraception.

The determination of the Asiatic peoples to guide their own destiny does not mean that they want to exclude foreign influences and cut off foreign contacts. They are as anxious as the Western peoples to develop international trade and to avail themselves of whatever they can learn from the experiences of other nations. What has happened in Japan will happen elsewhere in Asia. The prophecy of Theodore Roosevelt that a Pacific era would supersede the Atlantic era, just as the latter displaced that in which the Mediterranean was the centre of commerce, is nearing fulfillment.

The white man doubtless will continue to have profitable contacts with the Orient. But he will not go there as a sharper, a despot, or a Pharisee; instead, he will seek a mutually advantageous exchange of commodities and ideas. Once the white man sought to make the Asian cringe and to bleed him of his possessions. That day, as Lord Irwin correctly declared, is gone forever.

Ella Bernes

By John Lineaweaver

A Story

There was some around the lot used to kid with Ella Bernes. They'd hang out down behind her house-car, evenings before performance time, and try to get her talking.

I never did. There was something about her. I don't know what. Her eyes maybe, that way they had of looking right on through you, like you wasn't no more'n one of them painted figgers on her banner. Or the dirt of her maybe, that mess of greasy bleached hair and the powder sticking in the holes of her crusty neck. Or that crazy sing-song she was always talking to them snakes of hers. . . . Something about her anyhow that give me the creeps. There's no other way to say it — give me the creeps.

Not that I ever actually took exception to Ella, you understand. I didn't. You couldn't, when you come right down to it, because there was nothing about her to really take exception to. She didn't pest around the cookhouse, shooting off her face about the chance she'd got to play the Island, like some, for instance. Didn't try to chisel in on anybody else's trade, or start scraps with the women, or anything like that. She just kept to herself, quietlike, never talking, seeming like she was always waiting for something that never come along.

When she first come on the lot the gossip went around she was half Cherokee. After I got to know her and watched her work her reps a couple times, I had to believe it. Only an Indian could have kept to herself like that, if you understand what I mean. And only an Indian could have handled snakes like Ella could.

There wasn't anything about a snake that Ella didn't know. I'll give her that all right. Some of them stunts she used to pull I never seen the like of. No, and never expect to. I remember one time in Franksville, Texas, I think it was. A smart-aleck farm hand come in. He had a leather bag across his shoulder, sewed shut with cow-hide. He swung it in Ella's face a second, smiling all over. Then he drops it at her feet. "They's a seven-foot diamond-back in there, sister," he says. "If you can handle that varmint I'll say you're a snake charmer — not until." Ella went on with her lecture from where he'd busted in just like he wasn't there at all. When she was done she picks up

a knife as casual as you please. Before you could wink an eye she has that bag slit down the side.

What happened after that I guess I'll never know for sure. There was a flash and a kind of spitting, hissing racket. Then Ella's straightening up, holding that there killer out to us, its body wrapped around her arm clear up above the elbow.

"That's a mighty nice attraction," was all she says. "Thanks."

Well, handling snakes was always Ella's strongest suit. But she knowed how to show 'em too. She had the reputation of keeping a crowd longer than any pit-showman in our outfit. And her crowds weren't all hicks neither — you can bet your biggest flash on that. Every so often one of them guys that studies snakes for a business would come in. They'd ask Ella questions, try to show her up. They never could. Ella was right there, giving 'em back as good as they give her every time.

So that's how I knowed what *he* was that night he come in. A snake guy. He had the look: skinny, pale-faced, neat-dressed, wearing glasses. I'd come in to look over Ella's latest shipment; it was always a treat to see her break 'em in; and I didn't pay no attention to him till he spoke.

"Pardon me, Madame," was what he says. "Did I understand you to say in your — ah — extremely instructive talk a few minutes ago that that moccasin you were handling has its fangs?"

Ella was cleaning off a blanket with a rag and she went right ahead, not looking up. "You did," she says.

"Pardon me, Madame," he starts again. "But I —"

"'You heard me right', I said," Ella cuts in. "The snake's fangs is in."

"Ah yes. I see. . . . And the venom sack?"

"I don't work fixed snakes."

"And the venom sack! Well, well. Now that *is* interesting, I'm sure."

Ella glanced up then and she didn't look no different. Except her eyes. Her eyes was queer.

"I said I don't work fixed snakes," she says in a dead flat voice.

The professor stretched his mouth. It was supposed to be a smile, I guess, but it was the meanest try I ever saw. It made me want to push that sneakin' rat face of his in just to look at it. And it wasn't aimed my way. It was meant for Ella.

"Oh dear me now," he says, smirking all over and waving his hands around. "You mustn't misunderstand, you know. You really mustn't." He had a little skinny stick of a cane in one hand and he reached out and tapped Ella's shoulder with it. "I haven't questioned the — ah — sincerity of your statement at all," he says. "I really haven't, you know. Not at all. Oh dear me, no. It's merely that in my own — ah — profession, I have had occasion, oh more than once, to handle these particular specimens, these 'cotton-mouths,' as I believe *you* people term them, and — ah — well, I have never before encountered any one who laid claim, as we might say — seemed so reckless without — ah — good reason. . . ."

There was another bucketful along that line but I wasn't listening. I was watching Ella. All the time he talked she just stood there, holding on to that there rag. When he stopped for a second she didn't say a thing.

Or even move. Her eyes was getting queerer and queerer, though. They was getting to look almost like a snow-bird's. . . . And then it happened.

One second she was standing there, holding on to that rag, like I said. The next — well the next her hand was in the box and the snake was hanging off the professor's arm.

I never did see how he took it, what he looked like. The second she tossed that snake I jumped like dynamite had hit me. I heard a dizzy sort of noise come out of him — leastways I guess it was him. Then something knocked me up against the pit side and the one woman that had been in the place breezed past.

When I got back my breath he was just standing there, stiff-legged, whimpering kind of, and white around the nostrils. He was staring down at his wrist and I seen two little bubbles of blood on it.

"You better run for a doctor, Joe," I heard Ella say and I looked at her. She was *laughing*. "I can give him the serum," she laughs, "but down home we always called 'em twenty-minute snakes . . . you can't tell. . . ."

Then I was running. I guess I never did run like that. But I wasn't after no doctor. Not me. Doctor be blowed, I thinks to myself. I know what's good for me.

Out that tent I scooted, down the midway, in and out them crowds, till I got to the railroad, and there I climbed the first freight handy.

That was the season I was travelling with the Farms Brothers Model Shows of America. I often wonder what come of Ella.

More Dust

By Frank E. Gaebelein

A Reply to Dr. Barnes and Modern Agnosticism

In the October issue of The North American Review Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes has contributed "a few critical reflections" upon my recent *Evangelical's Defense*. No one who has read both articles will deny that Dr. Barnes's reply has the merit of relevancy and effective expression. Nevertheless, it is such a striking example of the attitude of the modern who boldly does away with historic Christianity on grounds which, while they undoubtedly seem to him adequate, are plainly the result of presupposition and one-way thinking, that I welcome the opportunity of reply.

It is comparatively easy to turn a clever phrase, and Dr. Barnes's effective title, *Throwing Dust*, so aptly describes his own article that it is difficult to refrain from continuing the discussion under a similar head. Seriously, however, I trust that this time I may persuade even Dr. Barnes that I am engaged in an occupation somewhat more praiseworthy than that of "throwing dust" in the metaphorical eyes of my readers.

Dr. Barnes begins by noting my "touching affection for hard, even harsh, facts." Apparently he finds it rather difficult to take seriously this affinity, for he immediately charges me with abandoning the factual basis of my discussion. I have, he says, "made a pretty sorry mess of it with [my] facts," for I "boldly and openly" repudiate "the appeal to facts" and take "the good old neo-Platonic position of subordinating facts to revelation, intuition and ecstasy."

Of course, it is quite true that I used the argument from Christian experience. On that ground I am proud to stand; it will, in fact, take much stronger arguments than those of Dr. Barnes to dislodge me. For the appeal to Christian experience is not by any means a mere retreat into mysticism or ecstasy. To be sure, Dr. Barnes correctly summarizes my insistence on the fundamental importance to Christian theology of the re-birth of the individual. Where he misses the mark, however, is in his failure to grasp the easily verifiable effect of this re-birth, conversion, call it what you will, in the life of the individual. In short, one may not be able to analyze all the spiritual forces in Christian experiences, but the practical results are apparent to any observer. That is why I cited

the blind man at the pool of Siloam, that is why I referred to Begbie's powerful volume of case-histories in *Twice-Born Men*, and that, finally, is why I appealed to the fruits of foreign missions.

Something definite happened to the blind man. Although his initial experience was the simple act of faith in washing his eyes, the sequel to his contact with Christ was an objective fact so startling that his neighbors forthwith brought him to the Pharisees. It was, again, the practical result of the blind man's contact with Christ, "Once I was blind; now I see," that so irritated his interrogators. That was no bit of interior ecstasy. It was a plain fact and even the hardest-headed Pharisee could verify it instantaneously. But, Dr. Barnes may object, the incident happened, if at all, nineteen hundred years ago. What the evangelical Christian contends, however, is that the same kind of thing is happening today. Begbie's book is full of actual cases of lives hopelessly and, to all intents and purposes, permanently wrecked that were suddenly diverted into lasting channels of decency.

GO BACK for a moment to the missionary enterprise. Because Dr. Barnes rules out the reality of the faith which inspires missionaries to heroic endeavor, shall we meet him on his own ground and judge the missionary by the fruits of his labors? One who knows the facts is tempted to be blunt and say that, in belittling the social and civilizing results of foreign missions, Dr. Barnes betrays a useful ignorance of missionary history. *The Case for Foreign Missions*, a recent article in *The American Mercury*, will instruct him on this point. The truth of the matter is that foreign missions have proved one of the most tremendous enlightening influences the world has ever known. Take the single matter of illiteracy, for instance. Every properly equipped pioneer missionary has a working knowledge of phonetics. Whether it be in the heart of Africa, in the South Seas, or in the hill country of India, one of his first tasks is to learn the language *and reduce it to writing*. He then proceeds to translate a portion of the New Testament into the language of the degraded savages, and next he teaches some of them to read. Thus the Bible, in whole or in part, has been translated into nearly 900 separate languages and dialects, a large portion of which were for the first time reduced to writing by missionaries. One need hardly press the point that, having given a backward people the primary intellectual tools, the missionary has made a great contribution toward enlightenment.

After all, it is easy to underrate the beneficent effects of missions. To charge missionaries with injuring the natives through "horrible notions as modesty and immodesty, 'nice' and 'not nice,' " flippantly to link the towering intellect of St. Paul with the well-meaning mediocrity of Anthony Comstock, and to declare that the ideals of right living emanating from these sources "have been hygienically nearly as devastating as the plagues and famines" to which these primitive peoples are subjected is to indulge in a form of smart writing instead of presenting facts. Dr. Barnes forgets that whatever corruption of the savages there may have been has resulted from the greed of

the white trader, not the zeal of the missionary.

The best rebuttal of all this is a concrete example of what missions really have done in the South Seas. Over forty years ago the London Missionary Society sent a valiant Scotchman, James Chalmers, to New Guinea, the largest of South Sea islands and one of the great unexplored regions of the world. As every ethnologist knows, New Guinea is inhabited by primitive peoples with marked cannibalistic tendencies. After more than ten years of heroic service, Mr. Chalmers was ambushed and eaten by the natives. But his work was not abandoned, his place being taken by his colleague, Charles Abel, a young Englishman. In due course, Abel brought up a family in the mission compound at Kwato. His two sons were educated at Oxford and at once returned to New Guinea. Recently Mr. Abel died while on furlough in England, but his family carries on. What is the result of their labors? The same savage tribes that murdered and devoured "the Great-Heart of New Guinea," as Robert Louis Stevenson called Chalmers, have given up their religion of fear and hatred for one of peace and brotherhood. They practise industrial arts, they read and write, they live peacefully in a decent community. There are twenty-six out-stations besides the main mission at Kwato, and trained native evangelists work among their benighted brethren. The natives have built hospitals, churches, and schools. And like a true Christian community these Papuans have a world vision. Recently they raised money for earthquake sufferers in Japan and famine victims in India. To be sure, they do wear clothes (of a type suited to the climate) yet, strangely enough, they seem to suffer none of the devastating moral and physical effects that Dr. Barnes so naïvely associates with the wearing of garments by dark-skinned savages. Even worse, the Abels have plainly taught the Papuan that charming native customs like head-hunting, infanticide, and ceremonial cannibalism, are actually sinful and thus outrageous in the sight of a loving heavenly Father. The queer thing is that the Papuans have thrived on these "horrible notions" to such an extent that, were Dr. Barnes to visit them, they would treat him with open rather than open-mouthed hospitality and, were he so minded, would perhaps amuse him with a game of cricket rather than spear throwing.

Now it may be true, as Dr. Barnes claims, that sociologists can produce the same results. The fact of the matter is, however, that few if any sociologists seem interested in enduring the possible martyrdom and incredible hardships that are the lot of the pioneer missionary. The sociologist may have the requisite technique but he lacks the one dynamic that leads a man or woman to pour out his life a sacrifice for degraded humanity. That glorious dynamic is nothing less than belief in the atonement, a "crude and savage notion" which Dr. Barnes lacks words adequately to condemn, but which I, in common with every true evangelical, gratefully acknowledge as the center of Christian faith. Until non-Christian sociology produces a Raymond Lull, a David Livingstone, an Adoniram Judson, a John G. Paton, or a

Hudson Taylor, the sophisticates are indulging in idle fantasy when they deride the work of foreign missions. Even Charles Darwin, one of whose classic endorsements of foreign missions I quoted, was simply overwhelmed by the evidence for missionary achievement. The fact of the matter is that in foreign missions we have absolutely verifiable proof of the power of that Christian experience which brings man into fellowship with God.

Elsewhere, Dr. Barnes places the case on a numerical, not a quality, basis by boldly charging that "in spite of the fact that it has had to work under a handicap of seven centuries' delay in getting under way, Mohammedanism can count more converts today than the Christians." As this sounds a bit strange, I consulted Dr. S. M. Zwemer, editor of *The Moslem World* and Princeton Seminary professor. Dr. Zwemer tells me that the Moslems number about 234,000,000 and the various Christian groups about 558,000,000. On the word, therefore, of one of the best-informed authorities of the day, Dr. Barnes's statement is "off" to the tune of some 324,000,000.

But I should be the last to argue on mere numerical grounds, for I know how little the nominal convert — Christian, Moslem or Buddhist — really counts. The fact is that Dr. Barnes's argument is specious in an even more damaging way. When he can show us Mohammedanism producing the social and moral results of enlightened Christian missions, I shall accord first place to the Moslems. Until then I shall insist that it is a far cry from the filthy degradation of the zenana, the cruelty of "the unspeakable Turk," and the general social conditions of Mecca or Istambul to life in England or America, imperfect though our society may be. Numbers hardly constitute a mark of spiritual power, and my argument was not pitched on a numerical plane. As to the promotion of inquisitions, persecution, witchcraft, *et al.* by the Church, history surely records these things. But again, my article was in no sense a defense of the formalistic bodies of Christendom, and Dr. Barnes is quite irrelevant if he interprets it as such.

Missionaries, however, work in out of the way places. What about the verification of Christianity at home? I have a friend who was educated at a leading medical college and took post-graduate courses in Berlin. For years he was a prominent surgeon in a large Eastern city. Excessive drinking and regular indulgence in narcotics ruined his practice. He became a two-fold slave to liquor and to drugs. Advice, medical treatment, the entreaties of his wife, "cures," were useless. He was a mental, moral, and physical derelict. One night he attended a simple religious meeting, not the kind of emotional orgy described by Herbert Asbury in *Up From Methodism* and cited elsewhere by Dr. Barnes as a representative example of conversion. A single verse in the Eighth Chapter of Romans flashed into his befogged mind, opening windows into a darkened soul. Instantaneously the craving for drink and drugs was gone. That was over ten years ago. Since that time my friend has been literally a new man, rehabilitated physically, morally, and professionally. Ask him why, and he will tell the story of his conversion.

Here, then, is another verifiable fact of the transforming power of Christ in the human heart. And on the basis of it and many another case I make bold to challenge not only Dr. Barnes but also Messrs. Mencken, Dreiser, Darrow, Lewis, and all our other free-thinking intelligentsia to produce a single similar trophy of atheism, agnosticism, utilitarian hedonism, or even modernism. Let them bring forth a man or woman instantaneously freed from the remorseless shackles of narcotic indulgence through reading a sentence from *The American Tragedy*, *Elmer Gantry*, or *The Twilight of Christianity*. Or let materialistic evolution exhibit a Jerry McAuley, a debauched river thief, whose life has become such a marvelous power for good that thousands of unemployed are still receiving food and drink through the rescue mission it originated. Until Dr. Barnes and his colleagues in an intellectual agnosticism far removed from every-day reality can meet *this* simple pragmatic test, I shall continue to stand with the evangelical believer on the solid rock of Christian doctrine. Until unbelief can match the conquests of the Grace of God working through men, the clever phrases and tired negations of disillusioned moderns remain worthless evidence. The changed life of any pickpocket like the late Billy McQuere contradicts all the atheistic brochures of a Haldemann-Julius.

DR. BARNES'S specific answers to some of my arguments should next engage us. Noting my rejection of the 4004 date of creation, he mentions the æons of organic and cosmic evolution to prove that, whether the creation date be 4004 or 5004, Genesis i can not possibly be true. Now it is beyond the purpose of this paper to read Dr. Barnes an elementary lesson on the exegesis of the original Hebrew of Genesis i. Suffice it to say that there is excellent philological warrant for inferring a tremendous chronological gap between verses one and two, and that many of the most conservative of scholars admit that the word translated "day" means simply an indeterminate amount of time. Thus Genesis i becomes not a chronological chart but something far more significant — an affirmation of the divine origin of life and matter in a certain general order which true science has yet to demonstrate false.

To my contention that orthodox Christians as a body do not believe that God dictated the Bible in the language of the King James version, Dr. Barnes refers to Mr. Butler of Tennessee. As drafter of the Tennessee anti-evolution legislation, Mr. Butler is alleged to have told Charles Francis Potter that God used English when dictating the Pentateuch. Such notions, asserts Dr. Barnes, have been found "'universal' in extensive samplings of the orthodox belief on this point" which he has made "in many parts of the United States." Let me respectfully suggest that this extravagant statement savors of nothing short of omniscience! For one man to claim, on the basis of more or less random investigations, that a certain belief is "universal" among many million persons throughout a great nation is a bit thick. One could aver with far more show of truth that all scientists hold the outmoded Darwinian form of evolution,

or prove by "extensive samplings" many another wild generalization. This kind of evidence sounds strangely like the diverting *Americana* of H. L. Mencken's *Mercury*.

As in the case of Genesis i, space forbids a detailed discussion of the complicated and highly technical question of inspiration. Here Dr. Barnes asks a number of questions. For scholarly replies to all of them, the evangelical believer would refer him to such authorities as Ex-President Francis L. Patton, A. A. Hodge and B. B. Warfield of Princeton (the latter's works are now being published in an extensive edition by the Oxford University Press), James Orr of Scotland, and the notable *Theopneustia* by S. R. L. Gaussen of Geneva.

My citation of archæological discoveries at Ur of the Chaldees and elsewhere elicit from Dr. Barnes a characteristic response. The Biblical reference to Abraham's residence at Ur "can not be regarded as anything beyond legend, folk-lore or rumor." This statement is pure assumption without the slightest historical backing, and the burden of proof rests with the one who denies the historicity of the patriarch. To speak of "Mr. Gaebelein's argument for the cultivated urbanity of Abraham" provokes a smile. However, if Dr. Barnes will turn to my paper he will see that the argument is not mine, but that I have merely quoted C. Leonard Woolley, one of the greatest modern archæologists. His quarrel, then, on this point is with Dr. Woolley and not with me.

Concerning the archæological evidences of the deluge, Babel, and the fall of Jericho, Dr. Barnes again waxes facetious. Personally I am glad that he enjoyed himself writing his article, but, for the sake of reasonable consideration of important issues, he would have done better to substitute facts for flippancy. When he insists that the actual Biblical deluge story means that the flood "covered the entire earth and that Noah's zoölogical and ethnological collection" comprised "a male and female of every extant member of the animal kingdom and insect world," one can only patiently recommend a good course in Old Testament exegesis. His point of view is well met by an apposite passage from an authoritative work by B. Colgrave of Clare College, Cambridge, and Dr. A. Rendle Short, Physiologist at the University of Bristol. "It is an outrage in the use of words to talk like this: words in the Bible as in any other old book are used in the sense they bore at the time of writing, and not in the sense that they have come to bear today. It was the then known world that went under the deluge and the then known animals that were preserved alive. We do not believe that Abraham went out of the world, because the same Hebrew word is used in Genesis xii:1 as is translated 'earth' in the narrative of the flood. When Luke says all the world was to be taxed, he obviously does not mean South America." Similarly, it is in no way a factual retort to my remarks about the Tower of Babel for Dr. Barnes solicitously to enquire about the sentiments of the Deity when He gazes down upon the metropolitan monuments of Walter Chrysler and Al Smith. Here a study of the text affirms that the tower was but an outward expression

of rebellion against God and that God was punishing the rebellion, not the skyscraper proclivities of Noah's posterity. As for Jericho and many another verification of the remarkable geographical accuracy of the most ancient portions of the Old Testament, I can only hope that Dr. Barnes will purchase a new book, *The Foundations of Bible History*, by Professor John Garstang of the University of Liverpool. Dr. Garstang, a great archæologist, not only gives some highly significant facts regarding the fall of Jericho, but finds Joshua and Judges to be of definite geographical accuracy. Regarding Dr. Garstang's manuscript, Professor A. H. Sayce of Oxford says, "This book will produce a profound sensation." I hope that Dr. Barnes will read it!

And now we come to the New Testament. Here, for once, Dr. Barnes and I agree in estimating its historical accuracy to be of overwhelming consequence. Because I gave two passing examples of skeptics converted by examining the evidence for the resurrection and briefly mentioned Sir William Ramsay on Luke and the admitted historicity of the Marcan narrative, Dr. Barnes announces that "against all the 'mountains' of critical evidence gathered in the years between Reimarus and Loisy Mr. Gaebelein cites four items." As if, in a paper considerably shorter than his reply, I could begin to exhibit an infinitesimal part of the evidence gathered between the time of Melanchthon and that of Sir William Ramsay! Let Dr. Barnes go into any first-rate theological library and look at the comparative size of the 'mountains' of evidence for and against the New Testament, since he insists in placing his argument on a quantitative basis.

At this point Dr. Barnes shoots off his heavy artillery against the historicity of the New Testament — a quotation from no less a personage than the late Robert Keable, better known as novelist than Biblical critic. "It is quite impossible to cite conclusive historical evidence that Jesus ever lived at all," says Dr. Barnes, and straightway magnanimously admits that the Galilean probably did live. But, quoting Keable, he asserts that we do not have enough "historical knowledge about Jesus to write a three line obituary notice in the London *Times*." Instead of a novelist writing in a current magazine (Dr. Barnes quotes from Keable's *Atlantic Monthly* articles) let us listen to the greatest of modern New Testament authorities — Professor Harnack of Germany. He says in his *Chronology of Old Christian Literature until Eusebius*, "There was a time — and the general public still lives in it — in which people thought that the oldest Christian literature must be regarded as a tissue of errors and forgeries. That time has gone by. It was merely an episode for Science, in which she learned much, and after which she has much to forget. The results of the study that followed go further still in the 'reactionary direction' than what might be called the moderate position of today."

Dr. Barnes will have none of Professor Shirley Jackson Case of Chicago University because he dismisses the case against the historicity of Jesus in "cavalier fashion." But

what can he do with his good friend H. L. Mencken when, in his *Treatise on the Gods*, Mr. Mencken commits the following outrageous heresy? "The historicity of Jesus is no longer questioned seriously by any one, whether Christian or unbeliever. The main facts about him seem to be beyond dispute. . . . The New Testament is thus an historical document of very tolerable authority, needing only to be read with due circumspection."

But although we agree on the importance of the New Testament, Dr. Barnes and I certainly do not agree on the question of obscenity. Without defining terms one simply can not argue with an opponent who persists in claiming that Luke i (Dr. Barnes is a phenomenal Greek exegete if he can find here any immoral deed of the angel Gabriel) and John viii are as obscene as certain passages in Dreiser's *American Tragedy*. The reader who knows all three citations will have to judge. But I must object to having the stock case of the Watch and Ward Society and Mr. John S. Sumner dragged in gratuitously. Holding, for an evangelical, a rather broad position on the censorship question, I was writing quite without reference to the pathetic persecutions endured by Theodore Dreiser, James Branch Cabell, or Sinclair Lewis and their brave disciples.

WE MAY now properly pause to consider briefly Dr. Barnes's fundamental attitude toward religion in general and Christianity in particular. From the foregoing examples, it is clear that he approaches the question of faith with a strong anti-supernatural bias. That this conclusion is justified is seen from his *Twilight of Christianity* where he repeatedly affirms his antagonism to the supernatural. In this volume there is a revealing reference to his own intellectual experience. Discussing what he is pleased to call "the Jesus stereotype," Dr. Barnes confesses that he "thoroughly familiarized himself with the essentials of Biblical scholarship when an undergraduate and then abandoned completely the traditional view of the nature and authorship of the Bible." Later, some Columbia professors confirmed these deductions, and finally his lingering reverence for the supremacy of Jesus was made intellectually impossible by the cogent arguments of an ex-Unitarian preacher, a certain Dr. Andrew Fish, who was attending his courses at Clark University. (Dr. Barnes will, I trust, pardon this brief *argumentum ad hominem*.)

Now this confession is significant. Dr. Barnes must have been a precocious youth indeed thoroughly to familiarize himself with the essentials of Biblical scholarship when an undergraduate. Did he have a thorough grounding in Greek, Hebrew, Aramaic, and all the other philological studies necessary to thorough Biblical scholarship? To settle, before the age of twenty-four, questions which taxed the intellects of Harnack, Warfield, and the host of great Biblical scholars was no small feat. One wonders whether Dr. Barnes's presuppositions began when he read the wrong books *about* the Bible instead of reading the Bible itself together with some of the believing as well as disbelieving critics. One wonders also about the credulity of the

student who swallows hook, line, and sinker only the radical Biblical critics. The fact is that the theories of the higher critics are even now a maze of conflicting opinion and divergent hypotheses. As late as 1892, Schulz, a reputable higher critic, declared that "the time, of which the pre-Mosaic narrations treat, is a sufficient proof of their legendary character. It was a time prior to all knowledge of writing." Similarly, a stock objection against the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch used to be that Moses could not have known how to write. Even Dr. Barnes would not maintain that position today. The Graf-Wellhausen hypothesis as now held would hardly be recognized by its original authors. Thus the better Biblical scholarship is today profoundly skeptical of "the assured results of modern criticism." I am only a schoolmaster and have never occupied a college professorship, yet I make bold to advise my senior boys not to believe all that they read, not to credit everything college professors tell them, and to hold an open mind on much of alleged proof that comes to them against the Bible. Higher education today is just as definitely influenced by a scholarly, anti-supernatural stereotype as the clergy by "the Jesus stereotype" of which Dr. Barnes elsewhere writes.

For Dr. Barnes to name a few zealous fundamentalists as examples of extreme intolerance is hazardous. An equally effective list of agnostics could be cited to show similar lack of tolerance, and the A.A.A.A. is every whit as fanatical as the Kluxers and reforming lobbyists, all of whom are inferentially condemned in the last paragraph of my article. Joseph Wheless, whom Dr. Barnes elsewhere approves, states, for instance, that "the Bible, in its every book, and in the strictest legal and moral sense, is a huge forgery." Until reading this queer bit of obscurantism, I had thought that such notions perished centuries ago with Hardouin. One is also puzzled to find in Dr. Barnes's list of the *enfants terribles* of fundamentalism the name of J. Gresham Machen. Of a book by this writer, whom Dr. Barnes classes with "Two-gun" J. Frank Norris, Mr. Walter Lippmann says, "It is an admirable book. For its acumen, for its saliency, and for its wit this cool and stringent defense of orthodox Protestantism is, I think, the best popular argument produced by either side in the current controversy." Can Dr. Barnes prove his charges of ignorance and superstition "up to the hilt out of the mouth" of a first-rate thinker and internationally-known New Testament scholar like Dr. Machen?

THERE remains finally only Dr. Barnes's last generalization, "I will close with the categorical assertion that there is not one single item in the complex of beliefs of the orthodox Christian which can in any way be harmonized with the rudiments of modern scientific, historical and critical knowledge." In view of our discussion, this reckless statement speaks for itself. But let us test it on one point. Certainly prayer belongs to "the complex of beliefs of the orthodox Christian." The evangelical believes in prayer, not as a subjective spiritual exercise but as an objective reality. Now if prayer be a workable fact, belief in a Personal God is a

logical consequence, for only a Personal God can know and answer the petitions of His children.

There are millions of Christians living today who believe that God answers prayer because facts have proved the efficacy of prayer. Take two outstanding examples. In 1835 an obscure German pastor, George Müller, founded an orphanage at Bristol, England. He felt called to live and work entirely on faith, never asking for a cent, never making a need known. Prayer was his one reliance. What was the result? At his death there were five orphanages at Bristol. The work still goes on. Fifteen thousand children scattered throughout the world and a record of over $11,000,000 received in contributions attest the faithfulness of the God to whom George Müller prayed. Over forty times in two years, the autobiography of this saintly man tells us, his orphanages with their hundreds of children began the day without any means in hand. But never in all the years has there been one lack. This is the example of the supernatural efficacy of prayer that is said to have confounded one of the greatest Victorian scientists.

In the middle of the last century there entered China a man who, according to the authoritative *History of Christian Missions in China* by Professor Latourette of Yale, "was one of the four or five most influential foreigners who came to China in the Nineteenth Century for any purpose, religious or secular." Dr. Hudson Taylor, like George Müller, believed that God answers prayer. Today his mission is the largest in all China, millions of dollars have been contributed without appeal, and thousands of missionaries have gone to China to labor without salary solely on the belief that God will answer prayer and supply the needs of those who trust Him. Of all mission bodies in China, that founded by Hudson Taylor is today the most aggressive, far-reaching, and vital. Does God answer prayer? Let Dr. Barnes or any other skeptic examine these two cases in detail and explain them on any grounds other than Christian.

The founder of the modern scientific method was Sir Francis Bacon. In *The Advancement of Learning*, a work which Dr. Barnes in his *Twilight of Christianity* declares superior to much of the Bible, Bacon writes as follows: "It was most aptly said by one of Plato's school that the sense of man carrieth a resemblance with the sun, which, as we see, openeth and revealeth all the terrestrial globe; but then again it obscureth and concealeth the stars and celestial globe: so doth the sense discover natural things, but it darkeneth and shutteth up divine." Newton, Faraday, Dawson, Eddington, Jeans, Pupin, Millikan and a host of others have not been ashamed to follow in Bacon's steps. Thus also St. Paul, when he tells us that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God . . . because they are spiritually discerned," is the predecessor of Bacon, and gives us not a vague bit of mysticism but an immutable law of the human understanding. Until modern agnosticism returns to the humility of the great exemplar of modern research, it is as powerless to undermine the sure foundations of Christianity as it is to change the stars in their courses.

The Spur of a Hard Winter

By Robert W. Kelso

Director of the St. Louis Community Fund

Along the docks, in railroad yards, on the curb, and in the doorways of tenement districts men loaf and growl, cursing a world that denies them a chance at hard labor in exchange for bread. Again and again upon the sidewalks the pedestrian is halted by young men, some of them physically well-conditioned and clear-eyed, asking for a dime. Employment agencies are surrounded by mobs of men so numerous that the police have to keep order. This is the ordinary picture to be seen in any city in the United States this winter.

The community reaction to this condition of things affords small credit to the genius of the American people. By January of 1930, when it was apparent that the country was in for a serious business depression, general hysteria for doing something about unemployment set in. Citizens' committees hurried into action, and were soon as busy as a volunteer fire brigade; but for the most part they threw the crockery out the second story window, and carried the feather bed down the stairs. Newspaper companies, with an eye to publicity as well as public welfare, begged money with which to open bread lines and cast-off clothing bureaus. Church missions that were accustomed to setting up free lunches made broadcast appeals for money with which to run soup kitchens. The city of New York, with eighty-three kitchens and bread lines last winter, is an illustration of this hysteria at its worst. Politicians, willing enough to spend public taxes for intensely popular objectives, appropriated money to be expended, not by the tried and trained welfare agencies of the community, but for the most part by emergency committees politically chosen and politically controlled. In cities where public outdoor poor relief has been a long-standing practice these expenditures were somewhat more orderly than in those in which it was a genuine emergency venture.

Great was the effort to make work. Municipalities began to clean up streets and alleys, to rake up the untidy spots in the park system, to tear down an old building here and there, and in general to do a few odd jobs about the town, just as a householder would look about to find a few hours of puttering for an old retainer. A few communities sought hard to discover genuine municipal improvements that could be entered upon at once. With few exceptions, the net result of this search, however, was that this project must wait upon a land

suit; that another required a bond issue not available without an enabling act; that still another called for a vote of the people which could not be had; and that in general those personal and compelling powers that guide our several communities could not afford to let the public do anything of consequence on its own.

Our President, following the lead of a noble predecessor, insisted that in a free democracy the people should support the Government, and, *per contra*, that the Government should not support the people. The Congress disagreed with him, and undertook to give away public taxes on the plea that unemployment distress constituted an emergency. Veterans' insurance under the strain of the stampede was transformed, not nominally but in effect, into a soldiers' bonus.

The efforts of the seventy-first Congress represented the first chapter in this sorry struggle of the American people, to avert the pauperizing British dole. It is the current winter that will stage the real battle.

And so we come to the worst winter in our history, with public appropriations and borrowing power seriously depleted, with community chests and individual benevolence money scarcer and harder to get; with the numbers of persons and families in distress nearly, if not quite double, that of the winter before; yet with neither rhyme nor reason, nor a programme with which to face the crisis.

We may look forward with confidence, as the burden of privation draws toward its winter peak, to seeing the soup kitchen and bread line queue renewed. Society women will drive their motors up and down the town begging for food and cast-off clothes. Ward politicians will make flowery speeches about saving money on parks and municipal administration (outside of salaries) so that the money can be given to the poor. We shall see churches opening their basements to the transient and homeless, there to be slept and fed. We shall see hospitals and other institutions giving their broken food at the back door to a line-up of indigent; and we shall see many a poor old woman digging something here and there out of the garbage can in the alley. All these are the outside trappings of inner tragedy. And so far as the community seeks to meet the issue at all, we shall have to admit that the effort is haphazard and virtually without plan.

But our efforts at remedy may be a shade better than last winter; for if the American learns only by experience, he does nevertheless learn. The Prosser committee's $10,000,000 in New York ran away like water into sand. The $5,000,000 raised in Chicago went the same way, and both efforts have probably produced more emptiness in the giver than fullness in the recipient of the aid. Many of those who have worked hard on emergency relief, believing that what was needed was money and supplies for a quick tide-over, are coming now to see that quick relief of this sort is justified only when coupled with a more serious effort to help people in distress to help themselves. Many cities that began their appropriations for emergency relief with a declaration of independence, and set up separate machinery for its application, find,

by bitter experience, that their money is gone, they hardly know where, and they seem only to have created more of the problem that they sought to relieve.

A few communities began their public appropriations with the determination to expend the money through established relief agencies. It is these communities that have laid the ground for increasingly intelligent public relief; and the public may expect, under this example, to find public monies more and more intelligently spent in the relief of the unemployed, and are sure to find less and less favor bestowed upon the sentimental and socially ruinous soup kitchen method of relief.

In every considerable city in the United States there is at least one family relief agency that undertakes to help families in distress. These societies work hard for high standards of efficiency in friendly and humane relief. They employ persons trained in the readjustment of broken social relations. They pay these people money for their professional service, thereby incurring unfavorable criticism and some abuse from the sentimental, but vastly increasing the permanent value of the work they do. These agencies are the key to sound family relief where the breadwinner is unemployed. The need of advancing them to a place of leadership, even in the expenditure of public monies, where public relief departments are not developed, must be increasingly obvious, as the winter wears on.

But although the right way of relief is becoming more and more apparent, each day as we advance through our period of business hardship, it is becoming increasingly apparent, also, that relief can never be more than a palliative for our present distress. If we are to dance merrily through seven fat years, only to find ourselves plunged into the depths of a business crisis once in every decade or less, we shall be forever scrambling to help the hungry without ever getting farther than a feeling of sympathy for their trouble. It is not the way of America to accept things as inevitable. On the contrary we have always been incurable meddlers in our own destiny. Wherefore, it is more than likely that the voluminous talk and discussion now heard on every hand regarding fundamental causes of hard times will not blow over completely. Necessity stands out boldly as a factor in our social economy today. Most likely she is big with invention, seeking real remedies.

TONS of newsprint paper have been used, setting forth the reasons why this dread condition of things should prevail in a nation that has the greatest wealth and the highest living standards in the world. The tariff, post-war readjustment, inevitable cycles of trade, the automatic machine, expenditures for military preparedness — these and a further catalogue unbelievably long are set forth solemnly as the reasons why men are out of work and their families hungry. The truth is likely to be found in a combination of many of these alleged causes. The exponents of the riddle would probably agree that in some way the proximate cause of our present social discomfiture lies in the industrial system; either in the nature of it or in the way we have managed it.

The machine age, to which all of us owe our daily bread, has made it possible for vast numbers of people to live in compact swarms at places remote from their sources of food supply. The people of the city of New York, for instance, requiring an estimated 18,000,000 acres of land on which to grow the food they consume, have their supplies brought to them by rail from the breadth of the continent and by ship over the seven seas, preserved from spoiling and regular in supply. As a consequence the human family, instead of remaining spread out over the land to secure its food by delving individually into the soil, may live in compact cities, with the assurance that so long as the machine age operates the individual is not likely to starve. At the same time the taking of raw materials out of the soil to provide men with food, clothing and shelter has been rapidly speeded up. It is no marvel that more members have been added to the human family in the past one hundred years than had accumulated hitherto through all the eons of time during which man has inhabited the earth. On the old agricultural basis the new age has set up a false security and fostered an unjustifiable birth rate. Numbers which by an immutable law of nature tend always to outstrip available food supply have increased so rapidly in the United States that the comfort level of existence was passed at the turn of the century, and we are now well advanced in the decades of struggle toward the point of saturation in population growth.

While the machine age is thus holding out false security for the breeding and the survival of more individuals than the system itself can find work and food for, mechanical efficiency itself comes forward rapidly to close the door to thousands of workers by replacing hand labor and un-coördinated jobs with the automatic machine. This "iron man" in industry is largely responsible for the heavy labor surplus carried in the best of times in American industry. New workers are being added to our working population at the rate of a half million a year; yet the total number of workers in the great basic industries upon which we live has been falling at an approximate rate of 300,000 per year. Insecurity of labor has been increased immeasurably by the ever present threat of overproduction through a producing capacity more than double the absorption power of available markets.

These are important considerations in appraising the effect of our new machine age, but they are not the fundamental. That basic consideration is found in the purposes thus far demonstrated in industry. Modern man carries on his feverish activity in the making and selling of goods in order thereby to gain personal profit. Whatever his avowed intent, this is his purpose in practice. When machinery swept the English peasant off the countryside and transformed him into a class of free labor, it had no intention, and did not as a fact, accord to him as his share of the new operation anything more than the barest living. Dwelling in his cottage on the land aforetime, he had been poor; but he might delve for himself and reap the fruitfulness of the soil: now he became in effect the victim of an op-

portunity — the opportunity to get and hold a job which was contingent upon industry being able to find market enough, or to secure profit enough from the operation, to give him the work to do. From that time until now, the fellow who works with his hands has struggled to increase his share beyond bare sustenance, and the system has traveled on like a lumbering Juggernaut, crushing a frightful number of its dependent devotees under its wheels.

Industry in the United States today is working against the best interests of society. In its present form, hypothecated on the making of profit, it proceeds at accelerated speed, to make a few of the rich richer and the great body of the working group poorer. This winter, with production and purchasing power still out of adjustment, we shall see the legitimate fruits of selfish industry. It is altogether possible that even the captain of industry himself will be able to see by the end of the winter that any industrial system not hypothecated upon the greatest good to the greatest number concerned in it — that is to say, upon the common welfare — is certain to bring the human family to disaster. The meteoric speed with which this condition is coming about is demonstrating this ultimate truth with tragic suddenness.

With the Russian challenge to private property presenting a real menace to the permanence of our industrial system on its present basis, the people of the United States have an added incentive to seek an analysis of the causes of our present distress, and to make a start at least toward permanent remedy. But first we shall have to purge from our minds the English malady of the public dole.

CANDIDATES for public office become increasingly vocal as election time approaches. One advocates huge Government loans; another would set up a rump convention to discuss unemployment relief in the event that the politicians are to be done out of a special session; a third would declare unemployment distress to constitute a disaster comparable with an act of God, and extend Federal relief directly. All of them want votes; but over and above that they are canny enough to realize that they are voicing widespread public sentiment in the direction of using the United States Treasury to relieve the poor. The patient reasoning of former sages like Story, John Marshall, Chief Justice Shaw, and Webster seems to have departed forever. Why talk about the obligation of the citizen in a representative democracy? Why bring up the principle that charity and family distress, like crime, is a local problem? Are not these people hungry, and did they become hungry through fault of their own? Should any one be allowed to starve when the people collectively have money in the bank; that is to say in the United States Treasury? If we don't spend our public money for the relief of misery, won't we spend it for battleships, with which to create more misery?

All this and much more crops up in the discussion of Federal relief. There is imminent danger that before the seventy-second Congress has adjourned, the United States of

America will have established the system of direct relief out of the public treasury to persons in distress through unemployment in times of business depression. For, when the beneficiaries of a legal policy become the majority in a vote to sustain it, that policy will be continued, be its foundation in public policy sound or false, so long as personal advantage accrues from it.

Whatever the guise, direct Federal relief means in the end a supplement to wages out of taxes. Wages should come out of industry; not out of the public treasury. Let a so-called proletariat once taste the sweet honey of public subsidy, as a beast may get the taste of blood, and the basic reasoning of government, the logic of self-support in society, and all tenets of the duty of the citizen in a republic, are set aside. When such a policy is entered upon, the re-distribution of wealth by compulsion will have set in.

When the magistrates of an English district, met in the village of Speenhamland in 1795, decided to supplement laborers' wages out of the poor rates, they inaugurated for England a system of dole subsidy that today is costing her people some hundreds of millions of pounds a year. It is this same subsidy that is breaking the back of old England.

Through all the drab history of the English midlands, in the half century following the invention of the steam engine, when women and children were driven like slaves on the factory floor; during the long day in the Welsh mines when the expectancy of life itself dropped in Merthyr Tidfil, to eighteen years, owners of English manufacturing enterprises took their profits and let the public poor rates mop up their human waste. The laborers of England have lost the balance of power in government, but the dole still remains a great and undeniable factor in the British decline.

Our statesmen have just reason to fear this policy of subsidy, should it once take root in our Federal policy. Sentiment strongly favors it; the only force against it is reason, and as between these two, the forces of reason are weaker in a democracy.

But if by chance we shall be able to avoid the Scylla of the statutory dole, we have still to pass the Charybdis of constructive readjustment of industry itself, where lies the basic cause of our problem.

There is one palliative measure for unemployment distress that has real worth; and there is probably understanding and intent enough at the present time to effect it, if legal rules can be modified sufficiently to make it practicable. This is the rational programming of public works. With Government enterprises involving labor estimated at some $4,000,000,000 per year, counting Federal, State and local Governments together, it is possible, by the ordering of these improvements on a time schedule not out of keeping with governmental need, but more nearly in line with the volume of slack employment, to place a large measure of relief in the form of economic labor, at the disposal of the unemployed.

It is only the ABC of sound governmental management to develop public improvements with a long look ahead. That we seldom if ever reach this stage in American practice

is no denial of the principle. There should hang upon the wall of the superintendent's office in every public institution in the United States a blue print plan of the development of that institution to the maximum limit of its efficiency as a unit of service. Subject to changes brought about by time and new thinking, that plan should be followed in the putting up of new buildings, the construction of roads, the development of new acreage and the like. Highway departments, park and playground management, larger projects in the development of rivers and harbors, the construction of administrative units, all lend themselves readily to such a rational plan. The practical difficulties of short appropriations, myopic political vision, and personal interest of elected representatives and their constituents, although great obstacles to be overcome, are obstacles of our own making. They are not inherent in the problem of administering government for the benefit of the people.

However difficult it may seem to organize public work on a rational basis in view of the imperfections of our governmental practice, such a step is simple compared to the larger operation that must be performed upon industry itself before the worker in our machine economy can be given even partial guarantees to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In this phase of the case, government is weak; the effort must come from industry itself.

From the day when James Watt invented the steam engine down to the present moment, our modern age of machinery has been tending constantly toward the development of an aristocracy of wealth. In the United States, while our population was spreading out from our seaport villages westward into virgin areas, we thought of the new world as a land of blessed opportunity. For a period of decades the man who had a dog and a gun, could settle in the new forest, rear his family and secure at least the comforts of the pioneer. This great development of an agricultural economy delayed for us the picture of future misery lurking in the industrial régime. We joined our spiritual leaders in reviling priest Malthus for his gloomy predictions about overpopulation and an inevitable margin of poverty. From 1810–60 our population practically doubled its numbers every twenty years.

But the time was sure to come when numbers would catch up with the opportunity for comfortable living, and intensive manufacture would take the place of the hoe as the instruments by which men must live. From 1880 down to the present this metamorphosis from agricultural to urban economy, from the land to the machine, from the soil to the job has been going on with accelerating speed. By the census of 1920, we suspected ourselves of being a nation of city dwellers; by the census of 1930 we know it.

Home industry giving way to the water power mill of New England grew quickly into the larger steam power plant with railroad facilities and now has come the age of large unit centralization, with the elimination of competition in every sense but its legal fiction. The corporate form of industrial organization, with

its comet's tail of negotiable securities, goes driving on in its constant progress, lodging the wealth and the power of America in the hands of a few. It is the logical result of basing human industry upon the making of profits instead of the welfare of mankind.

Ambassador Gerard can name forty persons who, he alleges publicly and without fear of contradiction, are the rulers of America, meaning thereby that they own most of its wealth and have the power to command. These forty individuals represent a group to be numbered only in the hundreds, who possess more in personal property than any 50,000,000 other persons in our population. They have come by their wealth through legitimate means, with the assent and the cooperation of all of us. In placing the blame, it should lie, not upon them, but upon the system under which they have operated.

However, therefore, we may come at it — and the ways will be difficult and the processes undoubtedly slow, if it is to be free from violence — the larger operation which industry must perform upon itself is the voluntary readjustment of its rewards. Unlimited profit-taking must give way to a reasonable incentive for private initiative, limited by common understanding. The scramble of competition must be replaced by a scramble for organized efficiency under such limited supervision as the whole people, through government, can bring to bear. The rewards of labor must be elevated from the present basis of a bare living to the level of a decent living with the opportunity for reasonable advancement.

These steps are easy to name; they seem at present impossible of accomplishment; but nothing that is possible at all is impossible of accomplishment when necessity leads the way. For modern civilized man, as for the peasant of France and the slave of Rome, the ugly danger of destructive overthrow lurks nearby. 163,000,000 of the Russian people undertake a bloodless overthrow of this man-killing industry by denying the right of private property, and America sleeps on, six and a half million of her laborers out of a job and millions of wives and little children begging for bread.

Already industrial statesmen like Proctor, Eastman, Dennison, and others feel the necessity of regularizing their respective industrial ventures; which is another way of saying that without the loss of reasonable profit to themselves, they believe more can be done to make their industries stable and continuing forces of competent livelihood for their employes. It is not unlikely that under the strains and pressures of the pains and penalties now growing out of the world crisis, these forty industrial statesmen and their colleagues may yet come to such an understanding of American business as to put the power of money behind a definite plan to limit profits and turn the surplus to the general use of the working man and his family, calling upon industry not to give him a wage for a stipulated number of hours and weeks, but rather to afford him support for himself and his dependents through their lives.

The widespread use of unemployment, health and old age insurance schemes may well be the entering wedge by which this more equitable

apportionment of the reward of industry is to be effected. These schemes involve the relinquishment by industry of a part of the gains usually assigned to profit, and the assigning of that margin to the worker in case of need. Such schemes will spread and attain far greater perfection in operation. The funds which they establish will grow and in the end may convince industry of its fallacy that a laborer is a clod and his service a commodity.

It is altogether likely that man stands at the close of the first chapter of his machine age. It was the chapter of mechanical evolution. Now, or soon, he must enter the second chapter. It is the period of social application. Whether the citizen of today likes it or not, his intense individualism must take account of the common welfare; and those of us who believe in the principle of private property and individual liberty must apply ourselves, even with a degree of other-mindedness, to the problem of more equitable distribution of the rewards of industry. In that day, we may hope to find the present system of a wage for labor and charity for the infant and the aged supplanted by an industrial reward adequate to family life.

The Spinster Looks at Marriage

By Louise Maunsell Field

Once upon a time, all fairy tales had the same ending: "And so they were married, and lived happily ever after." The Age of Innocence preserved and tried hard to live up to the fairy tale theory, but this too has now become a thing of the past, and marriage, far from being regarded as all to the good, is not infrequently considered all to the bad. The popular description of bachelors as selfish unintentionally testifies to the advantages possessed by the unmarried male. These are reluctantly admitted; but not half as reluctantly as the advantages possessed by the unmarried woman, though spinsterhood, too, often receives the tacit compliment of being called selfish.

Most of us, however, derive more of our opinions from convention than from experience, and the superior position of the married woman is a convention which has long been defended by every available weapon, from preachment to ridicule. The woman whose spinsterhood was obviously a matter of choice was denounced as cold-hearted, frivolous, and entirely lacking in the much-belauded maternal instinct. When overwhelming evidence of choice was lacking, ridicule was heaped on the "old maid." Thackeray presents us to foolish Miss Crawley and acidulous Miss Osborne, while Dickens' spinsters vary from metallic Miss Murdstone to catty Miss Wardle. Charlotte Brontë described the pitiful lot of the unmarried woman of her day in a manner which makes it easy to understand why husband-hunting was the chief feminine pursuit, though Jane Austen allowed her Emma to say a good word for spinsterhood. The woman without an independent income could earn a living only as a wife or a teacher, and to many women teaching is another name for torment. Even the woman of fortune couldn't live alone until she was at least middle-aged. Propriety required her to share or make her home (!) with some relative, whose chief thought usually was for her Will.

Most of these spinsterial disabilities rested on an economic basis. The woman who had money wasn't supposed to know how to handle it, while she who had none was only too likely to become a dependent, or in other words an unpaid nurse, seamstress and general houseworker in the establishment of some married brother or sister.

If reform was ever needed anywhere, it was certainly needed in the calling of spinsterhood. It came,

yet despite the enormous change in the facts, theorizers rely on ideas derived from the old, sentimental idealization of marriage and motherhood, and its no less sentimental corollary, the vision of the spinster as an unhappy, frustrated creature, eating her heart out with envy of those women who have "husband, home and children," the truth being that nine times out of ten she is thanking her lucky stars for her escape from the humiliations and disappointments of her married friends!

The change in the economic status of the spinster is well known; quite as important, and a good deal less discussed, is the change in her mental attitude. The intelligent spinster of today doesn't feel either superfluous or apologetic. She has a definite object or ambition, a definite occupation. If she is rich, she may do some of the unpaid charitable, scientific or civic work often so much needed; if she lacks an inherited income, she has her business or profession. The curse which lay heaviest on the well-to-do spinster of old was lack of employment. Freudians to the contrary, it was idleness which often made her neurotic or hysterical, precisely as too much, usually distasteful work, and the harassing sense of being looked upon as a pitiable failure, did her penniless prototype. But look about you among your friends of today, and see if you don't know at least as many married women as spinsters who suffer from nervous disorders. You will probably find the proportion larger among the married, especially among the married who combine an exhausting effort to "hold" their husbands with the unending anxiety of children, their accidents, illnesses and so-called "difficult" tempers. Among my women acquaintances are no less than four dipsomaniacs; all of them married, and none of them childless.

THE up to date spinster doesn't sit at home, waiting for some kindly soul to ask her somewhere. Besides her regular occupation, her friends, her clubs, her hobbies and her charities, she finds time to keep up with what is going on in the world, to read the latest books, hear the new music and see the new plays. When John Smith comes home at night he is usually and quite honestly too tired to take Mary to concert or theatre. Besides, how can they leave the baby, since the maid, provided they are lucky enough to have one, probably "sleeps out"? And should they, for the children's sake, have elected to live in the suburbs, the trip to town is a more or less formidable undertaking, they can't get back till late, and John must be up in time to catch the eight-fifteen next morning.

"I've scarcely been inside a theatre since we moved to Oak Vale," Mary tells her friend the spinster when they chance to meet. If the maid is good-natured, if John doesn't mind, and if no one of the children is down with mumps or measles or scarlet fever or whooping cough, Mary may invite the spinster to Oak Vale "just to give the poor dear a taste of real home-life." And seldom if ever does she suspect her guest's heart-felt rejoicing when Monday morning enables her to escape from the maid's bad cooking, which has given her indigestion, the baby's crying, which has kept her awake

most of the night, and John's long stories about his golf handicap and what he told the plumber, which have bored her almost to tears, not to mention Mary's own dissertations on the children's ailments, John's irritability, and the difficulties of keeping a servant.

Matrimony at its best, the sensible spinster will readily admit to be the greatest happiness that can befall man or woman; but how often, she will ask, do you see it at its best? Marriages that can fairly be regarded as having been made in heaven apparently represent an extremely limited industry, with a remarkably small output and no hint of overproduction. For every Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning there are thousands, if not millions, of John and Mary Smiths, and the reasonable spinster will be inclined to suspect that she herself resembles Mary Smith just a little more strongly than she does Elizabeth Browning!

The average man, she contends, is neither better nor worse than the average woman; if he grumbles, she nags or whines. It is the combination which so often proves disastrous, the living together among all the petty annoyances of daily life. Which is perhaps one reason why separate establishments for the married are occasionally advocated. Among the truly modern the ideal of marriage, apparently, is to be as little married as possible, with infidelity a mere incident, occurring as often as opportunity or inclination may suggest. Bertrand Russell, one gathers, regards occasional adultery as giving spice to matrimony.

The majority of present-day couples are, of course, by no means as advanced as Mr. Russell. The utmost they venture to hope for is temporary relief, temporary escape from the home, escape, above all, from each other. Bridge, radio, jazz, the talkies; would any of these be as popular as they are if married couples really took pleasure in each other's society? When you invite John and Mary Smith to dinner, you don't place them side by side. You separate them by the full length of the table, thereby giving them an illusionary freedom, and a chance to enjoy themselves.

Disregarding the divorces which proclaim failure to the world, and looking disinterestedly at the still-married couples she knows, the spinster finds more cause for self-congratulation than for envy. There is Jane B——, whose husband Tom is immersed in business, coming home at night only to read the evening paper and go to bed; he and Jane haven't really talked together in years. Maggie R——, whose Henry demands a strict accounting for every penny, finds life almost as difficult as does Kitty Y——, Jim Y—— having a dread of seeming stingy which makes it impossible for him to live within his income, while Kitty hates being in debt. The spinster envies none of them. Nor does she envy Clara K——, when she sees Dick K—— trying to hold hands, at least, with every passably good-looking woman he meets, the spinster herself included. Yet Dick's behavior is mild compared with that of Jack Y——, who fell in love with his pretty young stenographer, and promptly informed his middle-aged wife that he had no use for her any longer. She hasn't divorced him, and they live under the

same roof "for the children's sake," as Mrs. Y—— tearfully declares, and her pitying friends pretend to believe. The spinster reflects that had she married, her marriage might have resembled some one of these, rather than that of Paul and Jessie W——, who are not merely married, but mated.

But modern writers are practically unanimous in asserting that love is a fleeting emotion, which though it may outlast the honeymoon, can't reasonably be expected to endure much longer. When it vanishes, the couple have to put up with each other as best they can, hoping they may be lucky enough to become good friends. If marriage is to have any sort of permanency it must be based, we are told, upon the home and the children. So the spinster looks at these.

But the home, for urban dwellers at least, has dwindled and dwindled until decent privacy has become one of the most expensive of luxuries. When a four-room apartment is the "standardized" size for four people, when a couch in the living-room is regarded as a normal and proper sleeping place for at least one member of a family, the home automatically becomes an affair of restrictions and discomforts. If the young people of today have left the home, it is partly because the home has contracted until it has squeezed them out. The old-fashioned, four-story, brownstone house, the scarcely less old-fashioned eight or nine room apartment, has been divided into units of two, three or four rooms, at a rental as large or larger than that of the original, reasonably spacious quarters. Apart from the comparatively few women whose husbands can afford huge rents, it is only the independent spinster who can command any respectable amount of privacy; not to mention peace. She may be obliged to live in one room; but that room is hers alone. The discord which usually results from crowding several people within a small space doesn't trouble her serenity. It isn't often that *all* the members of even the best bred families have the dispositions of angels!

Except in the discourses of professional moralists, the spinster observes that "home, sweet home," is looked on as a sort of prison, a place to get out of as soon as possible, and to stay out of as long as possible. Any other resort, no matter what, no matter where, seems preferable to home in the eyes of the average member of a modern family, while to most wives and mothers in this almost servantless age home means housework. And if there is anything in this world women hate, it is housework. Only heroines portrayed by masculine novelists regard cooking, cleaning and dish-washing without utter abhorrence.

As for the vaunted joys of motherhood, the thoughtful spinster is often inclined to wonder whether these too are not a good deal more extensive in theory than in fact. The most earnest desire of present-day fathers and mothers is to find a parking place for their offspring. The child of today is away from his parents as frequently and as continuously as they can afford to pay some one to take him — or her — off their hands. The amount modern parents see of their children, in whose company

they are supposed to find such ecstatic delight, is in direct ratio to their income; the one decreases as the other increases. To the programme of kindergarten, day school, boarding school and college, has been added the summer camp. Until recently, all save the very wealthiest parents were obliged to put up with the presence of their children during vacation; now all the even moderately well-to-do joyfully despatch them to some one of the camps which have multiplied with such illuminating rapidity. It is all, no doubt, eminently satisfactory to every one concerned. But if children give such pleasure to their parents, why do these same parents struggle and economize in order to get rid of them?

Constantly does the spinster hear mothers complain, "I can't do a thing with Susy," or "Bobby is getting quite beyond me," as an excuse for turning Susy or Bobby over to some sort of paid guardian. And Susy and Bobby are quite ready to go; sometimes anxious to go, even in the rare instances when their absence isn't desired. The strength of a mother's influence has long been proclaimed by press and pulpit; but putting conventional sentimentalities aside, what are the facts in the case? Doesn't Bobby pay a good deal more attention to the pronouncements of the councillor at the summer camp, the leader of his Boy Scout troop, or the head of his "gang," than to those of his mother? And the spinster herself, especially if she happens to be a smartly dressed, good-looking woman who has been professionally successful, often finds herself receiving the confidences Susy withholds from her mother, and discovers to her surprise that she has more influence over Susy than any member of that young person's family. Not because she especially desires that influence, not because she began life with a better brain or more charm than Susy's mother, but because she has been better able to keep up with the times, because she is more alert, a more acute judge of people and events than the woman whose energies have been absorbed by housekeeping, baby-tending, and husband-holding. "I can't talk to mother; she doesn't understand." The spinster hears that plaint from many Susies.

And she also hears the woes of Susy's mother. "I've sacrificed everything for my children! And I did think that when Susy came back from college she'd give me a little companionship. As it is, I scarcely see her from morning till night. She's always off somewhere with some of her friends."

The spinster hears such confidences again and again. But she is wise enough not to remind Susy's mother how often she has disapproved of the books Susy reads, the plays she sees, the ideas she advocates. This, if she is conservative. If she prides herself on being advanced, she has either treated Susy as a problem to be studied under a microscope or avoided her altogether, in order "not to hamper her development." For just as the advanced ideal of marriage seems to the spinster an effort to be as little married as possible, so does the advanced ideal of parenthood seem an effort to be as little of a parent as possible. But she finds it difficult to

discover much evidence of the frequently extolled joys of motherhood, unless these may be supposed to consist principally of the consciousness of having given life; which may prove a somewhat dubious blessing.

Yet neither Susy nor Bobby represents an extreme. Susy's mother, however disappointed, can at least remind herself that Susy has never been brought home at four a.m., too drunk to stand, as happened to Anne W——, and Bobby's mother hasn't been obliged to take the witness stand at her son's trial for forgery, as was Mrs. D——, whose Harry is now in Sing-Sing.

THE spinster is perfectly aware that she is asked to luncheon, where the married woman is invited to dinner. Her position as a social liability to the anxious hostess who welcomes an extra man with joy and deplores the possibility of an extra woman, she thoroughly understands. That spinsterhood has its drawbacks, that the carrying of her own latchkey and money to pay the taxi is something of a nuisance, she is the first to acknowledge. She merely asserts that these hardships, however difficult to endure, are not quite the most agonizing fortune can inflict!

But when all others have been answered, there remains one argument invariably urged against the spinster's protest that single blessedness is not without its advantages. To be single, she is told, is to be lonely; especially in old age.

This is a truth she doesn't attempt to deny. She only asks herself whether loneliness is not part of the average human lot, and her kind of loneliness far from the worst. Never having entered into the pact of companionship and mutual assistance which is a more or less tacit part of the marriage vow, she has adjusted herself to the need for standing unsupported, erect on her own two feet. What comradely help she may receive from friends, male or female, is just so much clear gain, a free gift, not the payment of an obligation. Moreover, that tacit pact is not always fulfilled, and to live, day after day and night after night, in the outward alliance and inward alienation of many of the married, seems to her loneliness of a type far drearier than her own. These inwardly estranged couples may and often do have a certain community of interests, especially when they have children, but those very children may be merely so many bones of contention. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are alike devoted to their son Billy. But Mr. Jones is an ardent pacifist, and Mrs. Jones passionately desirous that Billy shall go to a military school. He believes in self-expression, and she in discipline. The very fact that they both love the boy is forcing them further and still further apart. The spinster doubts whether her loneliness is any greater than Mrs. Jones'.

She knows, of course, that there are many married women who live in happy and satisfying comradeship with their husbands; she has several of these fortune-favored ones among her friends. But even then — well, consider Mrs. X——, whose married life was a notable success until Mr. X—— died, leaving her to loneliness of a poignancy the spin-

ster will never suffer. For Mrs. X—— is too old to make that adjustment to solitude the spinster made long ago. Mrs. X—— has had a full and rich emotional life, has experienced a greater happiness than has ever befallen the spinster; and her loneliness is therefore just so much the more intense. She has children, but they are busy with their own interests and occupations. They are fond of Mrs. X——; the duty visits they pay her every now and then are made without reluctance; but she is in no way a vital factor in their lives.

And since the proportion of married women who outlive their husbands is very large — there were 4,734,000 widows in the United States in 1930, the latest date for which figures are available — marriage is no insurance against a solitary old age, and Mrs. X—— is possessed of many counterparts among the once-fortunate few. Not to mention the more numerous not-quite-so-fortunate, whose marriages were affairs of mutual toleration. For these, though they never had perfect companionship to lose, have at any rate lost their jobs.

One of the greatest differences between the Victorian and the modern is their attitude towards spinsterhood. To the Victorian the spinster was either pitiable or contemptible, simply because of her spinsterhood. Not only was marriage the one possible career for a woman; it was the great object of every woman, and she who did not attain to it was a complete failure. For the Victorian believed, or affected to believe, "this love-way," the greatest, most significant thing in life. Few were ready to admit with Thackeray that "the fever goes, but the wife doesn't." To the modern, the spinster is a woman who for one reason or another has remained unwed, but whom that fact doesn't prevent from leading a successful and satisfactory existence. The Victorian idolized and idealized love, and often had a good deal of trouble trying to reconcile fact with theory. The modern, when not inclined to regard it as a nuisance, and perhaps even to think it more than a pleasant interlude, considers it only a part of life; a part which is by no means greater than the whole.

And so the modern spinster, freed at last from every vestige of her once all-pervading inferiority complex, and looking about her with eyes undimmed by any haze of Nineteenth Century sentimentality, feels no great distaste for her single lot, but accepts it philosophically, even contentedly. For, while she believes that her fate could be very much better, she knows that it could be very much worse!

Our Scrambled Local Government

By Lane W. Lancaster

Continuing his discussion of last month with improvements now in progress

The changes needed in local government are comparatively easy to state. There is first of all the imperative demand for larger areas in the interest of sound administration. This necessarily involves the outright abolition of many areas and authorities now vested with governmental and administrative powers. The difficulty of such a task is at least twofold. There is first to be considered the fact that we do not have a clean sheet to start with. Local government in the United States consists very largely of what might fairly be called an undergrowth of institutions, and much of this will be tough hewing for the ax of reform. Government, like every other human institution, has at any given moment many vestigial remains, useless, perhaps, but troublesome, and to be eliminated only by radical means. There is also the more specific difficulty of finding a completely adequate local area, so infinite are the conditions surrounding the scores of functions yearly crowding into the field of public administration. A district satisfactory for the care of the poor might be unfit for the management of schools; one suitable for health work might be unsatisfactory for corrections. Assuming, moreover, that an adequate area has been found into which a whole State might be divided there would be the difficulty of keeping it satisfactory and preventing a new institutional undergrowth.

But solving these difficulties is only half the problem. Beyond a certain point in size a unit of government ceases to be manageable by the usual devices of popular government. What Aristotle said with reference to the Greek city-state still has some application: "To the size of states there is a limit, as there is to other things, plants, animals, implements; for none of these retain their natural power when they are too large or too small; but they either wholly lose their nature or are spoiled. When a state is composed of too many it is almost incapable of constitutional government. For who can be the general of such a vast multitude, and who the herald unless he have the voice of a Stentor." The state of which the Philosopher wrote was quite a different thing from any area with which we now have to deal but his words are none the less apposite

in that the problem of control is closely related to the question of area. In order that those who rule may be compelled, in the words of Madison, to rule themselves, it is vital that they be close to the governed. This nearness need not be entirely in terms of physical distance. Simplicity of governmental organization and the creation of definite lines of responsibility may do much to combine efficient administration with popular control. Any plan, then, for the recasting of areas involves a knowledge of the detailed facts of administration and the actual mechanism of popular control which few can bring to the task.

It is important, therefore, to state at the outset that no single or simple solution of the problem with which we have to deal can be found. The extremely decentralized character of administration in the United States may be fairly characterized as legally organized anarchism, the territorial expression of the primitive American individualism. It has permitted, as doubtless no other system could, the perfect flowering of each distinctive regional and sectional culture. Under its ægis each community has developed as its environment has dictated, producing its own brand of institutions sending their roots deep into the soil of the past. Wherever the reformer sets about his task he finds a different history, a varied background, an obstinate adherence to tabus, traditions, and predilections, and a tangled set of personal and local loyalties. He must build upon what he finds and he must build slowly, for the stuff with which he works is of life itself. And no preconceived pattern, thought out in the quiet of his study, will fit, without much cutting and patching, the set of institutions which he finds. He will need wisdom, infinite patience and the willingness not to take himself and his plans too seriously. And all that the detached student can fruitfully do with the problem is to point out and evaluate promising lines of approach to its solution.

One requisite in any reformation of local administration will be found to lie in a clearer recognition of the actual primacy of the State with regard to many public functions. The legal supremacy of the State over its local areas is as firmly settled in our law as any principle can be. In practice, however, no effective provision has usually been made for insuring compliance by local officials with the expressed will of the State. This has been due very largely to the lack of any well-conceived plan for the allocation of functions and also to the fact that, regardless of legal theory, functions have been delegated to locally elected officials engaged primarily in handling matters of interest mainly to the locality. In view of the variety of points of view found within most of our States, common political prudence has permitted the enforcement of State law to be tempered by local public opinion. With regard to legislation affecting personal habits and customs, this will long continue to be the case and there is, in fact, much to be said for it from many points of view. But in the more strictly administrative phases of government there is a growing need for making more real the legal supremacy of the State.

This might be done, as a matter of

theory, in one of two ways: the State might take over a function entirely and administer it directly from the State capital; or it might leave it in the hands of local officers and subject them to strict administrative supervision. The first of these possible schemes is not feasible. Not only would it be objected to by the localities but it is doubtful whether in all cases it would in the end be more efficient. The State is not necessarily the best area for handling certain functions, even though as a matter of strict theory they may concern the State as a whole. Many States are, in fact, too large to realize economies through centralized control, and there are sound reasons, apart from "politics," for a large amount of delegation in certain fields. Moreover, it does not follow because the State has the paramount legal power that it will be competent to perform directly functions which theoretically belong to it. We can not be greatly encouraged in this respect by the general character of our State administrative staffs in many parts of the country. It is often the local governments which have led the way in developing a better technique. From this point of view our suspicion of centralization is basically sound: every extension of State power ought to be compelled to make out its own case. That it has done so in such fields as the care of the insane and the delinquent, highway construction and in the regulation of industry and the professions may be conceded, though here it is obvious that local attempts at regulation could not long survive. Some closer approach to more direct State management might well be made in such fields as charities and corrections by regionalizing the State, and it is likely that the next generation will see a good deal of experimentation along this line.

The growing financial inadequacy of many local areas is likely to lead to new developments in the way of State subsidies for certain purposes recognized as of State-wide concern. A survey of Virginia county government in 1928 showed that there were fourteen counties in that State in which "the primary functions of roads, schools, and health could not be carried out without substantial subsidies from the State." A study made the same year under the auspices of the New York State Tax Commission brought to light a similar situation with regard to many of the rural areas of that State. State subsidies have had as yet a comparatively slight development, but wherever they have been used they have been accompanied by State supervision of the function involved. Effective central supervision, in connection with the grant of subsidies or otherwise, may be regarded as nearly all that is immediately possible in the direction of the constructive enlargement of the area of administration and recognizing the paramount interest of the State. This suggestion may be justified as being in line with actual developments, which have gone far towards providing for central oversight in such fields as finance, public health, education, dependency and delinquency and various other functions now performed in the first instance by local authorities. The need for greater local economy and the increasing technical complexity of these and other services will probably acceler-

ate this tendency in the future. Experience seems to indicate that, in comparison at least with rural localities, the State commands better administrative talent and has evolved higher standards than are likely to be found in the smaller districts.

The State may make its influence felt in still another way, more imponderable and subtle, and yet pervasive. This consists in the establishment of coöperative arrangements between local and central government. An interesting suggestion in this connection was made by the commission to investigate county and municipal taxation and expenditure in New Jersey, which reported early in 1931. The commission, which devoted a large part of its report to the problem of local areas, recommended the creation of a State bureau of municipal standards to compile data on standards and costs of local service for use by localities in budget-making; and the inauguration of "coöperative home rule" involving State contact with every local service. Both these suggestions are promising and in practice should do a good deal to reconcile the application of home rule doctrines and sound administration. Some acquaintance with the statute law of the various States gives one the impression that an advisory relationship of the sort suggested by the New Jersey commission is now possible in many States. The strengthening of such a relationship ought, without seriously disturbing local susceptibilities, to aid in raising standards and in removing many of the evils associated with extreme decentralization.

"Centralization," then, may be expected to take at least three forms: direct assumption of activities, perhaps through a regional organization of the State, a strengthening of central supervision over local officials, and the development of closer cooperation between State and local administrators, under formal statutory authority or informally through the exigencies of actual administration.

A RECENT movement of some promise in the direction of cutting down the number of areas of local administration is that towards what has been called regional government. By this term is meant the creation of a single authority for the handling of one or a few functions of interest to a group of local areas and previously managed by them individually. For example, the legislature of Connecticut in 1929 adopted for the metropolitan district of Hartford a charter which conferred upon a popularly chosen commission wide powers over highways, sewage and waste disposal, water supply and regional planning, hitherto handled by the city of Hartford and four smaller adjacent towns. It will be noted that while this law created a new area of local government it at any rate put an end to the attempt of five authorities to deal in piecemeal fashion with matters which can be managed best by a single authority. Similar authorities are the Port of New York Authority, the Metropolitan District Commission of Boston and numerous regional planning commissions now operating in various parts of the United States. Significant in the same connection is the proposal recently made in New Jersey for the division of the terri-

tory of the State into four "regions" each having power to make and execute plans for carrying out functions in connection with water supply, sewage and waste disposal, swamp and waste reclamation, rapid transit, and the prevention of floods and steam pollution. Though not enacted, the plan presented had merit and it is perhaps safe to predict that its general principles will eventually be accepted. Such a proposal was made with the needs of New Jersey in mind and could not be made to fit conditions in other States. In urban regions, however, something of this sort offers a way out of the present intolerable conflicts of jurisdiction which have paralyzed action with regard to vital public functions.

Though it is everywhere hampered by legal and constitutional obstacles a good deal may be expected in the future in the way of consolidating cities with the counties of which they are a part. The governmental relations between city and county are of serious importance in more than a score of the larger cities of the country. In most of these cases the city contains the great bulk of the combined population, yet both areas maintain organizations more or less independent of each other. For example, of the some 800,000 people who live in Suffolk County, Massachusetts, less than 100,000 live outside of Boston; in Ramsay County, Minnesota, less than 10,000 of the population live outside of St. Paul; and in Hennepin County only about 35,000 of a total population of about 430,000 live beyond the corporate limits of Minneapolis; while in such centres as Indianapolis, Chicago, Seattle, Portland, Oregon, Kansas City, Cleveland and Columbus, from seventy-five to ninety per cent of the total county population live within the metropolitan city. To the layman, unacquainted with the subtleties of the law, it would seem a reasonable thing to create one government for the entire area in such cases. To a limited extent this has actually been done. In spite of some remaining anomalies, considerable progress has been made in Baltimore, Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis and Denver, and the question of consolidation is a live one in many other communities. City-county consolidation, by doing away with the duplication of services by two authorities, has meant economy, efficiency, simplification, and greater responsiveness. For closely settled areas it seems to offer a feasible method of removing some of the layers of government under which we live.

It is a general principle of the law of municipal corporations that a public corporation can not exercise authority outside its limits. Even though corporation lines may be obliterated by the growing together of two legal entities, the authority of each stops at its boundaries. Hence, in the absence of State action what is essentially a single function, such as law enforcement, water supply, or certain types of public works, must perforce be managed by as many sets of officials as there are legal corporations in the area affected. Where it is impossible or undesirable to create a regional authority, recourse is occasionally had to voluntary inter-county or inter-municipal coöperation in performing such functions. For example, in New Jersey counties have joined in building and maintaining

bridges, and there is a considerable number of joint school districts and districts for fire fighting and street lighting. Various North Jersey municipalities have joined voluntarily in building large trunk sewer projects. If special conditions exist such schemes may be successful, but the difficulties are obvious. It is difficult to get unanimous agreement on any necessary public project and a wise plan may be frustrated by a short-sighted municipality, or by the tendency of one or more to drive a hard bargain unacceptable to the others. Moreover, since the coöperating municipalities must all be represented on the directing authority, that body is likely to be unwieldy in size and subject to frequent changes in its personnel. Allocation of the cost among the various units also gives rise to complications. Though for brief periods and under special circumstances, voluntary coöperation may succeed, it is in general much inferior to a regional plan which, while allowing local representation, operates under State supervision and is equipped with corporate powers independent of the passing whims of the component units.

A species of coöperative action between governmental units, which really has the effect of reducing the number of areas of administration, is now in use in many States under statutes permitting joint action by counties in the performance of certain functions. Under such statutes many counties are now joined in providing such services as almshouses, jails, poor farms, tuberculosis sanatoria, health service, general hospitals, orphans' homes, agricultural schools, libraries, and highways. Provision for joint action with regard to such functions is an implied recognition of the inadequacy of our traditional administrative areas. Though such statutes have not been widely used in some States, due apparently to local conservatism, they do represent an effort in the direction of finding a more economical and efficient unit and also afford a way of making a harmless concession to the sentimental desire to retain existing county lines.

THE county is frozen into our system of local government in most States by detailed and specific constitutional provisions, which are overlaid with a tangled mass of judicial decisions. In view of the difficulty of changing such provisions we must accept the county as one of our data in any scheme of reformation. It is obvious that we now have too many counties. It is equally clear that in almost every State a large proportion of the counties are small in population and poor in resources. Assuming that we shall have to begin with the county in any plan to secure a better area, current discussion centres about two possible reforms: the grouping of counties into a limited number of larger areas, and the consolidation of adjoining counties. If we could cut ourselves off from our traditions and begin anew it would be possible to divide many of our States into a small number of regions, each composed of half a dozen to a dozen counties. The savings made possible by such a plan, in eliminating a large number of officeholders and other portions of overhead cost, would be very large, to say nothing of the increased possibility of introducing

various economies in administration not now possible in small units. But the obstacles to such a plan are enormous. The perquisites of office have been sufficient to raise up powerful opposition in legislatures largely controlled by county politicians. However, concrete suggestions of the sort have been made in Tennessee and notably in New York by Governor Smith.

Probably a safer, if slower, way to create larger units is through the gradual consolidation of existing counties. This is possible in a good many States so far as the constitution and the laws are concerned and has actually taken place in a number of instances. It is perhaps wiser on the whole to feel our way in this manner towards a more economical unit. In all probability, in any scheme of reconstruction many small counties will remain, for it will often be found that the small unit is more efficiently managed. Mere size is no guarantee of sound administration, but under most circumstances, where the county represents no natural economic area, it will probably be found both feasible and wise to consolidate adjoining counties. The method of consolidation is now receiving much consideration; it has the outstanding merit of allowing an important problem to be approached with reference to concrete local conditions rather than with preconceived notions.

The weaknesses of county government are found both in its organization and in its methods of conducting the public business. Broadly speaking, the American method of dealing with county organization has been to enact a general plan and compel its adoption by all counties regardless of needs or resources. The natural effect is to saddle small and poor counties with a governmental organization more extensive and costly than is needed. Similar difficulties in the case of cities have been partially met by granting home rule powers. The county, however, is primarily an area for the performance of State functions, and it is doubtful if it would be wise to grant it complete home rule. On the other hand it would be a real step forward to permit to counties a greater degree of freedom in choosing from amongst alternative plans submitted by the State legislature one which would most nearly fit their needs. The same result might be attained by classifying counties and providing an organization for each class. A limited degree of home rule of this sort has been attained in a few States, but legal and constitutional obstacles have often prevented sufficiently radical changes.

The chief weaknesses in the internal organization of county government are the absence of any responsible head and the use of the long ballot in the choice of county officers. County affairs are almost universally in the hands of a board, numbering from three or five to more than a score of members, depending upon the electoral system in use. If counties were genuine governmental units there would be valid arguments in favor of recognizing the representative principle by providing for board control. As a matter of fact, however, most counties are primarily administrative districts and their functions could be better performed under a system which centralized

authority and responsibility in fewer hands. It is impossible to report much progress in this direction. A few counties now have managers and in a few others such officials as the clerk or the auditor or the engineer have developed a wide range of authority over matters outside their own departments, but plans looking towards further concentration of power have not met with much favor from those directly responsible for county organization. There are, in fact, strong legal, theoretical and practical objections to the general application of the manager idea to county government and the more probable line of development would seem to lie in the direction of centralizing larger powers over business affairs in the hands of some existing officer and using experts in the more specialized fields of administration. This is what is actually happening in many places, where such matters as purchasing, budget control, accounting and personnel are being placed by law or by local practice under the supervision of the county clerk or other officer. In other places a good deal may be accomplished by recognizing a certain primacy in one of the board of commissioners, at the same time permitting his colleagues to continue in an advisory and representative capacity.

Questions of organization will have necessarily a direct bearing upon those of efficiency. Under modern conditions the use of the long ballot in counties violates every rule of sound administration. When the voter is asked to express an opinion upon from a dozen to twenty elective officers, he is bound to do some unintelligent choosing in all but the smaller counties where he may be able to know something of the calibre of the candidates. Even though his choices were wise the continued use of the long ballot is an almost insurmountable obstacle to the creation of a good administrative machine. The responsibility of elective officers is to the law and to the electorate, and no centralized executive can be developed and no efficient business methods can be introduced where such is the case.

As long ago as 1917 a committee of the National Municipal League reported that "county government is the most backward of all our political units, the most neglected by the public, the most boss-ridden, the least efficiently organized and most corrupt and incompetent, and, by reason of constitutional complications, the most difficult to reform." A good deal of this indictment must still stand. In one respect, however, it must be modified. While twenty years ago the labyrinth of county government was known only by the professional politician, the general public is now coming into the possession of the facts. In Illinois, New York, North Carolina, New Jersey and Virginia diligent research by public commissions and individual students has produced a mass of information concerning the ways of the troglodytes. The reform movement which has wrought significant changes in State and city government is concentrating on the counties. Though difficult to get at because of the "legal refractoriness" of the problem, the county is beginning to be renovated. Changes are being brought about not so much by frontal attacks upon the whole system as by piece-

meal reforms of vicious and inefficient practices and outworn types of organization. These may be followed through the dreary pages of the session laws and the unexciting volumes of State and local reports, but the student comes away from his dusty task with a feeling that even in the realm of the almost forgotten county "the world do move."

All things considered and taking the country as a whole, reformation of county government seems the most hopeful step in the direction of better local administration. In many cases the county will be found too small or too poor to serve as a unit for all purposes. In such cases recourse may be had to county consolidation or joint performance of functions of common interest. But the county has back of it through most of the United States such sturdy traditions that there is little hope of erasing it from the administrative map. This has been recognized to the extent of making the county in many States the unit in health and welfare work, in education, and in highway administration. About one-sixth of all counties now have full-time health officers and a considerable number are developing, in coöperation with the United States Public Health Service, satisfactory health programmes. A large number of counties now maintain libraries and hospitals and in some States they are permitted to carry out county planning projects. The county is very definitely growing rather than decreasing in its importance.

Where the county has become the recognized unit for the administration of a function such as health and sanitation, we are in a position to strike a blow at the existence of hundreds of special districts which now clutter up the map. Larger powers conferred upon county authorities should make it possible to do away with petty sewer, lighting, fire, water and sanitary districts and wipe out once for all these enclaves in our system. This should have the effect of placing these functions in more competent hands, simplifying the structure of government, and making easier the problem of popular control. As things now stand such districts have almost no place in the popular consciousness. St. Paul, to quote an English commentator, could boast that he was a citizen of no mean city, but no one is ever heard to boast of his citizenship in Sanitary District No. 3. The county is after all a unit to which people have grown accustomed and to which in many cases they are sentimentally attached. If it can somehow be made, even to a modest degree, a satisfactory area of administration, there are sound practical reasons for bending our efforts in that direction. A county government reformed along the lines which are generally being followed and subjected to reasonable supervision by the State with regard to those matters in which it acts as a State agent would, in most of the country, be an acceptable unit of local government.

About all this there is, it is to be hoped, no air of Utopian planning, no mere wishful thinking. One can only feel after studying the field as Taine felt after a lifetime devoted to modern history — that it is all very complicated. The professor and the laborer whose capabilities Jefferson

often compared are equally incompetent to set things right by simple formula. Wisdom urges that we keep our feet on the ground and history dictates our building upon what we have. The road to good local administration is littered with the flinty boulders of an eroded past and beset by the Robin Hoods of the law. Enormous labor is needed to get over the one, and endless circumspection to outwit the other. But something can be done and some *is* being done. During the next generation we may confidently look for much successful experimentation with regional government in the neighborhood of large cities, as local boundaries lose their significance and a regional consciousness takes the place of the feeling for the neighborhood. City-county consolidation has passed beyond the experimental stage, and though it is beset by legal and constitutional difficulties, we may expect a good deal of progress here also. The answer to the suspicion of extra-metropolitan populations is likely to be found in some adaptation of the Federal principle of government to the new area. It is altogether possible that a major contribution to the breaking down of the more selfish sort of localism will be made by the progress of regional planning efforts. Success in this field will not only add to the amenities of both urban and rural life but will also subtly create a larger loyalty than that which now centres about the town pump and the village boss. The preservation of democratic control over administration in large areas is dependent upon the growth of such a new loyalty. For rural districts we may pin our faith to rehabilitated county government. Some functional reorganization will take place where existing counties are small and poor, and the share of the State in administration will increase, but the public is alive to the defects of the unregenerated county, and the demand for efficiency in technical functions is driving into limbo the old practices and the old leaders.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

IT MAY be safely enough predicted that by the time this article is in print there will be several books under way on foreign exchange, and more especially on the gold standard, the latter a subject of the most remote and seemingly quite academic interest to the masses of population in civilized nations until recent weeks. We are at this moment definitely gold-conscious; we realize that our economic troubles can not be cured until something is done about the gold situation, until, in fact, there can be a transfusion from our bursting veins to those of more anemic nations. How did it happen that between 1913 and 1931, America's gold supply rose from a mere 23.1 per cent of the world's hoard to 42.7 per cent? Happily we do not have to wait for the books mentioned above to find out, nor to discover what is likely to happen to us and the world unless we mend our ways. James Harvey Rogers' *America Weighs Her Gold* (Yale University Press, $2.50) may be purchased in any book store, and it will furnish the ordinarily intelligent reader whose notions of economic principles are most elementary with an understandable picture of the present situation. Professor Rogers is of the opinion that everything which has come to pass might and should have been foreseen; that is to say, the turn of events which made this country and France the world's bankers did not come suddenly, but was the result of stupid policies such as our own high tariffs and the insistence of the collection of reparations impossible in size unless the nations expecting the money had used all their efforts to help Germany earn the necessary amounts.

Granting that his premises are true — the Landscaper is in no position to argue the matter — it is certainly not an edifying picture that is painted by Professor Rogers. If it were at all necessary to hunt for material to justify a pessimistic outlook upon the word's future, there would be no difficulty in discovering it in *America Weighs Her Gold*. The underlying truth is that the great nations of the world have acted as if there were no such things as economic principles; they have done very little to give any one confidence in their ability to preserve the complicated financial

structure of the modern world. But this is borrowing trouble, and there ought to be sufficient on hand for everybody just now without looking too far into the future. The point is that Professor Rogers has written a clear and simple book that should help the orientation of a large number of people. There seems little enough hope that we shall find a way out of the depression until the whole question of foreign trade is threshed out, unless we are going back to what they are calling "pot-licker prosperity" down in Arkansas. One hears that old smokehouses that had been converted into garages have become smokehouses again, and that the pungent smell of hickory smoke has taken the place of gasoline fumes, while the completely moneyless farmers have nothing to eat except fried chicken, home-cured meats, every kind of vegetable, cornbread and preserves, and nothing to drink except fresh buttermilk and corn liquor . . . There is very little reason for these people to read Professor Rogers' book.

Trouble in the East

One suspects, too, that before long we shall have a flood of books on the Sino-Japanese question, at this moment the one disturbing factor in the field of world politics, since virtually all other countries are feeling too poverty-stricken to rattle the sabre, and certainly too poor to undertake to seize large chunks of their neighbors' territory. Like the question of the gold supply, the Manchurian problem is not at all new; in fact, Manchuria has been marked as a danger spot on the map of every good internationalist for several years at least. Just now, the only book on China at hand is Thomas F. Millard's excellent *The End of Extra-Territoriality in China*, published by the A. B. C. Press in Shanghai. The Chinese made a long stride toward freedom when they rid themselves of extra-territoriality, foisted upon them so cold-bloodedly by the civilized nations, the majority of whom were sending in missionaries at the same time. But on the larger question of world peace, there are two good books — good in the sense of being intelligently written, but without any very new suggestions to offer for keeping nations from each other's throats — and out of each other's pockets. *They That Take the Sword* by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford (Morrow, $4) is an earnest and comprehensive study of war and what can be done to prevent it. The author has written *Those Earnest Victorians* and *A History of British Civilization;* these titles are mentioned as an earnest of his importance. He is not just another pacifist, writing wistfully about the blessings of peace. *Goose Steps to Peace* by Jonathan Mitchell (Little, Brown, $2.50) is a newspaper correspondent's look at the world today and a discussion of the sore spots, including Manchuria. He believes there are sufficient peace-loving Americans to force their President to lead the world into ways of peace. The Landscaper is frankly doubtful that this is the case. The Manchurian question will serve as an interesting test of our power in this regard, however. What shall we do if the Japanese do not surrender the territory they covet? Will the mobilization of world-

opinion be sufficient to keep a great nation from going ahead with the realization of its "manifest destiny"? If so, it will be the first major victory for moral pressure and a new chapter of history will be started. But whether one agrees with Mr. Mitchell or not he has written a well-informed and timely book.

This Country and That

LAST month the Landscaper wrote with somewhat unrestrained enthusiasm of Stuart Chase's book on Mexico, which he still considers an unusually readable volume. But pondering the whole question of this comparison of cultures — and the train of thought was set in motion by reading Simeon Strunsky's delightful *The Rediscovery of Jones: Studies in the Obvious* (Little, Brown, $2) — there came the belief that fairness in such comparisons was of all things the most difficult to attain. While all this heavy thinking was going on, an English friend arrived from London on a bright October day, blue sky, clear air, and hot sun . . . After three days of holiday-making, he announced that he would rather live in New York than any city in the world, and he knows most of them from Leningrad to Melbourne. Then he went with the Landscaper on another day of the same general variety for a tour of the New England countryside, and wondered audibly and repeatedly why we Americans came to Europe to find peace and beauty and dignity, or whatever else it was we said we were seeking. Remembering that a brilliant young Spanish architect had nearly leaped from a speeding automobile when all the calm loveliness of Ridgefield, Connecticut, suddenly burst upon him, and that he had sworn he was going straight home to build a New England cottage on the Bay of Biscay, the Landscaper decided, with all this help, that there could be no detached judgment of a country, or a people. Of course, the catch in Mr. Chase's book, which glorifies a handicraft civilization, is that Mr. Chase saw this civilization from the outside, and probably did not discover its disadvantages. Even in the Landscaper's terrestrial paradise of Mallorca, a contractor who seemed to have everything any one could want, including a job of work that would last him two years — building one story on a small building — complained that he could not keep his wife away from the movies . . .

An American Named Jones

MR. STRUNSKY'S book is about an average American by the name of Jones, who is not anything like so bad a fellow as the Lewises and the Menckens have been trying to make us believe, or, at least, so says Mr. Strunsky. This reader is not fully convinced by Mr. Strunsky that all is well with Jones, but there is no doubt that as a counter-blast to much of the stupid criticism of this country and its civilization that has filled magazines and books for the past decade, his book is worthy of the attention of all thinking Americans. The book is done with skill and subtlety, and is filled with the right kind of spoofing of the intelligentsia. Flag-waving, except by real estate men and politicians, is so rare in this country that we should all enjoy the

spectacle, although, as has been indicated, there remains a chance that Mr. Strunsky is over-enthusiastic about Jones. Of course when he resorts to the *tu quoque* argument, as he does frequently, the Landscaper is right with him; that is to say, when he replies to the charge that American tourists are awful, so are English tourists and French tourists and German tourists, there is nothing to do but cheer. One wonders which tourists are really the most awful . . . This observer would divide the prize between the Germans and the English.

A well-tempered and reasonable book on the other side of the question — that is, a criticism of this country and what it seems to stand for — is *Reflections of a Resident Ex-Patriate* by Gerald Chittenden (Longmans, Green, $1.50). Mr. Chittenden is an American who prefers to live in France, and to call himself "non-competitive." There is the farthest gap imaginable between his judicial manner and the ordinary attitude of the smart young things who find life in all its richness and freedom at the Café du Dôme; Mr. Strunsky might not agree with him at all, but the Landscaper is willing to wager he could read Mr. Chittenden's book without any more than a desire to debate the questions raised, knowing that the debate would be conducted in a gentlemanly fashion.

More About Our Past

One of the most characteristic current trends in American literature, often mentioned here, is the astonishing number and variety of books now being written and published on the early days of this country, particularly of the West. Having come very definitely to the end of our frontiers, we are now setting about the study of the period when we suddenly shot across a continent, coming bang up against the Pacific before we had stopped, and evolving a civilization — a culture, the sociologists would call it — that has left its stamp still strong on the nation. An excellent example of this type of book is *Forty Niners* by Archer Butler Hulbert (Little, Brown-The Atlantic Monthly Press, $3.50), awarded a prize of $5,000 by the *Atlantic Monthly*. Here is the full and comprehensive chronicle of the California trail, with many illustrations, including a wealth of contemporary cartoons. *The Early Far West* by W. J. Ghent (Longmans, Green, $3.50), a recognized authority in the field, tells the story of Western America from the first Spaniard to the admission of California into the Union in 1850.

Then there is *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal*, which we shall borrow from the biography shelf, because its background is so well done and so characteristic of the old West. Stuart N. Lake is the author of this excellent book, which is published by Houghton Mifflin at $3.50. Dodge City, Deadwood, and Tombstone are three of the places that appear in it most often. Earp himself was a magnificent figure of a frontier American. He could have and would have with pleasure licked a whole city full of modern gangsters; look at his face when he was past eighty, and then turn to the countenance of Mr. Capone. Whither are we drifting?

Our Brown Brothers

AN UNUSUALLY interesting volume on a contemporary American problem is Edwin R. Embree's *Brown America* (Viking Press, $2.50), which deals with the Negroes of this country, of whom there are some twelve millions at present. It is Mr. Embree's theory that a new race is being evolved in this country, with mixed African, Indian, and white blood, and that it will eventually find a satisfactory place in our midst. Mr. Embree is executive secretary of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, and in a position therefore to know something of his subject. His book is also a plea for racial tolerance, and contains much heartening information about improved relations between the races, especially in the South, where economic considerations have had much to do in the past few years with helping the status of the Negro. The American Negro is a person of mixed blood, even when he is black, as Mr. Embree points out, since slaves from different tribes in Africa began to mix as soon as they reached these shores, something they would never have done at home.

The American section of the Landscape can not be closed without at least a mention of the fact that there is now available a one-volume edition of Lincoln Steffens *Autobiography* at $3.75. Harcourt, Brace are the publishers of this truly remarkable book.

Plenty of Fiction, as Ever

THERE are just as many novels around as usual this month, and a good many that in ordinary times would warrant buying. Suppose we start with a few of the important and significant ones, and let the marginal choices take their natural place at the end of the procession. Evelyn Scott's very long two-volume work, *A Calendar of Sin* (Cape and Smith, $5), deserves a place well toward the top of the list. Its length has kept the Landscaper from reading every page but the sampling indicates that it is a much more closely integrated piece of work than *The Wave*, and that in telling of the loves of many people against the shifting backgrounds of various periods and places in our history, Mrs. Scott has written a novel of real importance. Important, too, and a safe recommendation because of its solid qualities, is Knut Hamsun's *August* (Coward-McCann, $3), a long novel that follows *Vagabonds*, from which August will undoubtedly be remembered. The new book tells of August's return to the little Norwegian village of Polden, which he promptly tries to develop into a modern industrial town, and in which he has many adventures. Merle Colby's *All Ye People* (Viking Press, $2.50) is perhaps less a novel than an antiquarian's catalogue, but it is a solid piece of work, done with great care and thoroughness, and presenting an endless number of pictures of life in the West during pioneer times. It will stand up to re-reading. Then there is a re-issue of Geoffrey Dennis's admirable novel of several seasons past, *Mary Lee*, which Simon and Schuster have brought out with an introduction by Clifton Fadiman at $2.50, and which really ought to be read in case you have missed it before, and most people have. In its two trials for American favor, it has found few friends, although those it has made

have been staunch. Dennis is a striking example of a writer the excellence of whose work and whose rewards bear no relation to each other.

Other Good Novels

VERY nearly in this first class are such brilliant books as Arnot Robertson's *Four Frightened People* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), the third novel by a young woman whose work has been consistently good thus far. She has set this book in the Malay jungle, and placed her characters in a situation designed to bring out the best and the worst. She is hard-boiled, but unfailingly intelligent, and readers who are pleased rather than otherwise to find sentiment missing from their fiction will like this book. At the other pole, but a good, sound piece of work, and one of the best of all the war-novels, is *Katrin Becomes a Soldier* by Adrienne Thomas (Little, Brown, $2.50), which is the story of five years of war-time in the life of a girl of Alsace, a book of rare tenderness and understanding. For those who enjoy novels of English country life, especially the really well-done ones, there is Ruth Manning-Sanders' *The Growing Trees* (Morrow, $2.50), Mrs. Manning-Sanders having already presented us with *The Crochet Woman*. Her new book is primarily a novel of the tragi-comedy of young love; it has beauty of style and plenty of quiet wisdom.

Perhaps the next piece of fiction deserved a place among the sure-things, although the three books reserved for that honor will stand more than one reading, while this one will not. Katherine Brush's *Red-Headed Woman* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2) is the book in question, at this moment established as a nation-wide best-seller, and likely to find readers reaching into the hundreds of thousands. It is the story of the rise of a beautiful woman, who uses her good looks to help her up the ladder, a cold-blooded hussy, portrayed relentlessly by the clever Miss Brush. It is pretty nearly sure-fire stuff, but not quite, because here and there a reader who knows his way about will mind the slickness of Miss Brush's technique, and will realize that there is an artistic gap many miles wide between the best of her short stories and her novels. She undeniably has her qualities, but they are not the qualities of a writer of fiction that will live beyond the moment. Miss Brush deserves a bow, however, for refraining from calling her novel *Red-Headed Virgin*. This is, as the Landscaper has observed before, the Year of the Virgin in American fiction, in titles, at least.

This One Cost a Job

THERE are a number of "regional novels" on hand that merit mention, one of them having caused its author to lose his job at Louisiana State University. This is *Cane Juice* by John Earle Uhler (Century, $2.50), a novel of a Louisiana lad from the Cajun country and his adventures at the State University, and of his eventual success as the hero of the revived sugar industry. Perhaps Professor Uhler forgot that George Washington Cable was exiled from Louisiana for what he once wrote about the Creoles; apparently the State is still not in a mood for criticism, although outsiders will be hard put to it to understand the

agitation. Outsiders usually have very little appreciation of these fine points of local pride. *Cane Juice* is, on several counts, a readable novel, and the university might have had cause in time to be proud of its author. *Some Go Up* by Samuel Tupper, Jr. (McBride, $2.50) is another novel of the Southern scene, in which the reader follows the fortunes of two families, one on its way up, the other down. A bank crash plays an important part. We shall have more novels of bank crashes; what Wall Street calls "ironing out the weak spots in the banking system" is packed chock-full of drama, as any one knows who has been in a small town when the fatal notice appeared on the doors of some trusted institution and watched its effects in terms of human life. Perhaps Will James' new book belongs with these novels, but no matter where one puts *Big Enough* (Scribner, $2.50), which is the story of a boy and a horse who grew up together, with illustrations by the author, it is a rattling good yarn. Mr. James can draw a bronc as well as ever, if not better than ever, and he has done a fine story of the vanishing West as well.

More Good Fiction

Two other recent novels that are worth reading are a recent Book League choice, R. E. Spencer's *The Lady Who Came to Stay* (Knopf, $2.50), and *Ice in Egypt* by A. M. MacCrindle (Morrow, $2.50). The first is a first novel, and the tale of the deathless antagonism among four sisters, their visitor — The Lady Who Came to Stay — and her daughter, a child of unusual beauty, whose lover figures later. This is the revelation of a fine talent. *Ice in Egypt* is a story of every-day life in Egypt, color, smells, humor, and all, a novel that is sure to appeal to those who have a liking for life in far-away places. Two volumes of short stories need to be mentioned before we pass on to more serious matters. These are William Faulkner's *These Thirteen* (Cape and Smith, $2.50), the first collection of shorter pieces by this talented young novelist; and Donald Corley's *The Haunted Jester* (McBride, $2.50). Mr. Faulkner is very nearly as good a short story writer as he is a novelist, and while not everything in this volume is first-rate, his admirers will find much to be happy over. Mr. Corley writes delicate fantasy about the people of many lands in rarely beautiful prose, and at his best is very good indeed. There are some jewels in this collection.

One of the Indispensables

Probably all literate Americans have heard by this time of *Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence* (Putnam, $5), a collection of letters exchanged by these two famous people a good many years ago, so that there is little for the Landscaper to do except to say that this is one of the indispensable volumes of the current year's literary production. Mr. Shaw has provided a preface, and there are upward of two hundred letters from each of the two correspondents, who were very much in love with each other over a period of twenty-five years. Whatever gaps occur between the letters have been carefully bridged either by Mr. Shaw or by Miss Christopher St.

John, who edited the correspondence, and who collaborated on the Terry memoirs published as *The Story of My Life*. The Landscaper's high opinion of this volume has very little to do with its purely sensational elements; the letters themselves have intrinsic value, and ought to give pleasure through many readings.

Biography offers its usual riches this month, and while there are somewhat fewer lives of the famous being published at present than was the case a year or two ago, the quality, by the same token, seems to be higher. André Maurois' *Lyautey* (Appleton, $3.50) is the remarkable story of the builder of the French Colonial Empire, written by a man whose skill as a biographer needs no comment. Maurois calls Lyautey "the last of the great builders of Empire," which is a striking characterization of a most unusual man. His lengthened shadow was over the Colonial Exposition in Paris this year, an impressive show, the international significance of which one could hardly overlook.

Lives of Literary Men

ANOTHER fine biography is *A Season in Hell*, Jean Marie Carré's life story of the poet Rimbaud (Macaulay, $3). Rimbaud will never cease to fascinate people; the story in the barest outline is interesting. At nineteen Rimbaud's work as a poet was done, and he never wrote again. His friendship with Verlaine, his adventures in Africa, and the sadness of his death all make dramatic reading. There are available also *Temperamental Jane* by Grove Wilson (Washburn, $2.50), a life of Jane Carlyle, about whom the Landscaper never tires reading, having fallen in love with her through her letters a number of years ago; *Gustavus Adolphus: The Lion of the North* by Lieut-General Sir George MacMunn (McBride, $3.50), a solid piece of work about the savior of Protestanism, and *The Life of Dostoevsky* by E. H. Carr (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), with a preface by Prince D. S. Mirsky, who points out the decline of interest in the subject, and pays tribute to the author for taking advantage of the new material that has come to light since the earlier lives of the great novelist were written. The life itself is full of dramatic material, and Mr. Carr's book seems likely to stand as definitive for years to come. Interesting as an example of contemporary Spanish writing is *Mirror of a Mage* by Vicente Huidoboro (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), a tale of Cagliostro, done in a technique that owes much to the movies, too much, perhaps. Señor Huidobro has also written the story of the Cid in *Portrait of a Paladin*.

This hurried survey of a few of the important current biographies leaves only a small amount of space for a few more books that deserve reading. One of these is a delightful little volume from England called *The Perfect Hostess*, by Rose Henniker Heaton (Dutton, $2.50), and another *Psychology: Science or Superstition* by Dr. Grace Adams (Covici-Friede, $2.50), an intelligent survey of the -isms of recent years against an historical background, during the making of which the author keeps a straight face except for an occasional breakdown. This in itself is certainly a feat, considering the subject.

By Way of Introduction

HARRY W. LAIDLER (*Prosperity from the Poor*) executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy, has been for some years a director of the National Bureau of Economic Research and since 1921 on the editorial board of *Labor Age*. This fall he has been campaigning as a candidate for alderman from the Borough of Brooklyn.

HILTON BUTLER (*Bilbo — the Two-Edged Sword*) was formerly managing editor of the *Army and Navy Journal* at Washington and is now a staff correspondent of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*.

A. G. WEST (*The Anti-Aircraft Fable*), in gathering material for many aviation articles, has been closely associated with Army and Navy officials.

C. O. MOSER (*Why Kick the Farm Board?*) is president of the National Coöperative Council. Prior to the incorporation of the American Cotton Coöperative Association, of which he is vice-president and secretary, he served for several years as president of the American Cotton Growers Exchange. He has been identified with agriculture since his graduation from Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College in 1906.

GEOFFREY DENNIS (*New Heaven and New Earth*) is associated with the Interpreters' and Translators' Bureau of the League of Nations. His book, *Mary Lee*, published now for the third time, is attracting attention, as ishis *The End of the World*, which he quotes in this article.

WAYNE GARD (*The White God Cracks*) is an editorial writer for the Des Moines *Register and Tribune*, a part-time lecturer at Drake University and a frequent magazine contributor. As a result of three years within the past decade spent in India as correspondent for the Associated Press, and after travels in Asia, he is well fitted to write on this subject.

JOHN LINEAWEAVER (*Ella Bernes*), whose first story *Hexa Buch* was published recently in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, studied at Haverford College and the University of Virginia.

FRANK E. GAEBELEIN (*More Dust*) since 1922 has been headmaster of the Stony Brook School, of which he was the organizer. His article, *An Evangelical's Defense*, appeared in our July issue.

ROBERT W. KELSO (*The Spur of a Hard Winter*) is the author of several books on social welfare, and of magazine articles and radio editorials on that topic. He is at present director of the Community Fund in St. Louis.

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD (*The Spinster Looks at Marriage*) is a book reviewer, dramatic critic, and author of novels. Her articles appear frequently in this magazine.

LANE W. LANCASTER (*Our Scrambled Local Government*) is a professor of political science at the University of Nebraska and a writer of articles on government and politics.

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